WALKER's
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
OR,
Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,
For JULY, 1793.

Some Remarks on the Mode of Acting of Mr. MUNDEN.

(With an elegant full length of that celebrated Actor.)

AS Mr. Munden is unqueſtionably the beſt actor *in his line* our theatre has produced ſince O'Reilly, we have endeavoured in preſenting him to the public, to pay every tribute due to a perſon of genius, by procuring a critical drawing of him in his finiſhed character of Jemmy Jumps, engraved by one of our firſt Iriſh artiſts. We preſume it muſt prove a treat to the lovers of the drama, and conſequently to all the friends of this excellent performer.

The print repreſents the ſituation at the cloſe of the ſong, "Gad a Mercy," &c. in which he has been *encored* ſo repeatedly, that we are at a loſs which to admire moſt, his ſkill or powers, for nothing leſs than a union of both *in the moſt eminent degree*, could produce the variety of effect and quick repetition, which Mr. Munden has given in that arduous ſong; nor can there be a ſtronger teſtimony of univerſal approbation than the unceaſing plaudits he has *deſervedly* received at each repreſentation.

From Mr. Munden's performance of Jemmy Jumps one would be apt to conclude his *forte* lay in the *outre* line of broad farce, but we find in his old men a chaſte vein of humour, with a happy mixture of the *vis comica*, and a ſtyle perfectly *nouvelle*.

We are ſorry Mr. Munden's engagement in England, has ſhortened his ſtay here, as it deprived us of ſeeing him in ſome favourite old characters which he has performed to admiration in London; of theſe Old Dornton (in the Road to Ruin,) is one, he anxiouſly wiſhed to have given it to us in his beſt manner, but an inſuperable difficulty prevented the getting up of the play.

It muſt give infinite ſatisfaction to the patrons of merit to find a man of abilities on his *entré* in a ſtrange country, ſo well attended as Mr. Munden was at his benefit; perſons of the firſt faſhion graced his boxes, and all the other parts of the houſe were reſpectably filled. His exertions to pleaſe on that night were evidently great and muſt apologize for the choice of his entertainments, which was by no means happy. Jemmy Jumps in the Dumps, is a ſtupid production, and had its *influence* on the audience. The Pad was indelicate and offenſive, and his Lingo was unintereſting; he got entirely out of his chaſte walk, and extravagant grimace *only* prevailed. It certainly, brought Edwin to our recollection, but it baniſhed Munden, in ſaying this, let us not confound; Edwin was an actor perfectly original. A copy is bad at beſt, Churchill obſerves, "even Garrick I hate at ſecond hand."

Mr. Munden's good ſenſe will not conſtrue theſe remarks to ill nature, he muſt know, the neareſt approach to human

perfection is by attending to wholeſome advice, and avoiding falſe praiſe, and ſhould he return to Dublin hereafter he may be better enabled to hit the taſte of an Iriſh *audience*, at his benefit.

Shakſpeare Gallery.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

I ſend you an outline of the Shakſpeare Gallery; your inſerting it in your uſeful Magazine will oblige

A DISTRESSED IRISH ARTIST.

WHISTLER's Great Room, Exchequer-ſtreet, has been fitted up for an exhibition of pictures, intended to form a new Shakſpeare Gallery, after the manner of Boydell.—Admiſſion, *One Britiſh Shilling*. An advertiſement ſtates the painters of this work to be Benjamin Weſt, Eſq. preſident of the Royal Academy; Henry Fuſeli, Eſq. R. A.; William Hamilton, Eſq. R. A.; James Northcote, Eſq. R. A.; John Opie, Eſq. R. A.; Mr. Peters; Francis Wheatley, Eſq. R. A.; and Iriſh artiſts of approved merit. The engravers, Hall, Sharp, Bartolozzi, Bromley, Fittler, Rhodes, Neagle, Clements, Stow, Legat, &c. &c. and Iriſh artiſts of *approved* merit.—The names of the proprietors are not publiſhed; it is therefore preſumed, they are *modeſt* men.

Eighteen pictures form the exhibition; and when the eye of curioſity is ſatiated with this collection, a freſh parcel, of the ſame number, takes place of the former, and furniſhes the Iriſh connoiſſeur with variety, and the *Engliſh* proprietors with ſilver, which they are ingenious enough to *change* into gold, without the aid of the *philoſopher's ſtone*.

The preface of the plan and propoſal for Shakſpeare's plays and poems, runs thus:——"The proprietors are induced to engage in this work, with the hope that it may be rendered conducive to the promotion of the arts in Ireland: by furniſhing a noble collection of original pictures, from the pencils of our greateſt maſters, to be exhibited in Dublin; that ſo ſplendid a diſplay of the choiceſt productions in the art, might ſerve to awaken a generous ardour in the breaſts of the ingenious youth of that kingdom, and excite them to a laudable emulation."

It is not my intention at preſent to remark particularly on the pictures which are now exhibiting; I ſhall confine myſelf to a few obſervations on the plan and propoſal. "*The proprietors are induced, &c. &c. in Ireland.*"—If this *was* the inducement, it is certainly praiſe-worthy;—but I would aſk who the proprietors are, and why their names are concealed?

The arts in Ireland have ſlept ſo long, that even an attempt to awaken them would merit the thanks of the wretched artiſts that are ſcattered thro' this country.

It is known the proprietors are *Engliſh*; and when Engliſhmen come to Ireland with a work of ſuch magnitude, merely to promote the arts *here*, how muſt we deplore our ignorance of their names and characters, being compelled to receive a dawn of new and unexpected happineſs from *unknown* hands, and not have it in our power to pay even common *public* acknowledgments.

"*By furniſhing, &c. &c. in Dublin.*"—This promiſes a ſight highly intereſting and gratifying to the ignorant and learned; the former compoſe the majority of connoiſſeurs in Dublin, (as the preſent ſtate of the arts teſtifies) we therefore muſt applaud the choice the proprietors have made in furniſhing their room, which cannot fail of pleaſing the million.

"*That ſo ſplendid a diſplay*," &c.—This paragraph requires a paraphraſe of praiſe, which will call forth the abilities of "the ingenious youth of *that* kingdom" to compoſe. It is hoped, (ſhould a month paſs away ere theſe things be done,) the proprietors will not abate in ardor, but perſevere in their ſcheme with full expectations of having all their ends fully anſwered.

As to the premium of admiſſion, the artiſts are determined that *beggary* ſhall not prevent their ſupporting a plan ſo benevolently conſtructed for their future

ture welfare; and they are certain, their fellow-citizens, *to a man*, will ſubſcribe to a meaſure deſigned to *raiſe* money at a period, unexampled in diſtreſs, as the preſent is in poor old Ireland.

(To be continued.)

Regiſter of the Theatre-Royal, Crow-ſtreet.

(*Continued from page* 483.)

June, 24, 1793.

JANE SHORE; Haſtings Mr. Pope, Jane Shore Mrs. Pope, Alicia Mrs. Whitlock. It would be ſuperfluous to ſay thoſe parts were well performed. Mrs. Pope's excellence in that part when Miſs Younge was acknowleged *twenty one years* ago, when ſhe performed it here with applauſe. Mr. Pope gave the higheſt ſatisfaction in Haſtings, and Alicia ſeemed to be the line of acting beſt ſuited to Mrs. Whitlock.

26.] *The Gameſter.* Mr. and Mrs. Pope in Beverly and Mrs. Beverly, diſplayed juſt feelings and great theatrical merit.

28.] *Venice Preſerved*, with the *Spoil'd Child*—The ſame performers ſtill augmented their fame in Jaffier and Belvidera—their merit was univerſally acknowledged; tho' the public complained that they were beheld chiefly in *Old* Pieces, whoſe frequent repetition took of every edge of novelty.

29.] *The Deaf Lover—Who's the Dupe*—and *Oſcar and Malvina*—thoſe who complain of the want of novelty, muſt have been much gratified this ſeaſon, where the *nouvelle* contrivance of giving two or three farces, was introduced in ſtead of the *old cuſtom* of play and farce. However as Mr. *Munden* performed a part in each, with his uſual excellence, the public were ſomewhat reconciled to a repetition of this innovation on the cuſtom of the drama.

July 1.] The New Comedy of *How to Grow Rich*, with the *Deaf Lover*—This real novelty, by the aſſiſtance of Meſſrs. Pope and Munden, and Mrs. Pope, gave ſome ſatisfaction, but not equal to the high raiſed expectation of the public.

2.] The *Rivals*, and *Oſcar and Malvina* There Mr. Munden's Acres was indeed a treat to every judge of comic merit.

3.] *How to Grow Rich*, a ſecond time---with the *Farmer*, Jemmy Jumps by Mr. Munden, performed in a ſtyle that put every other Staymaker (who is a coxcomb) quite out of countenance.

4.] *Louis the Unfortunate*, repeated the ſeventh time—with *Oſcar and Malvina*.

5.] *The Earl of Eſſex*, with the new muſical farce of *Sprigs of Laurel*—The Pope's diſplayed new excellencies in their *Old parts* of the *Earl* and *Queen Elizabeth*. And Mr Munden in Nipperkin in the farce, ſeemed not content with a ſprig, but adorned his brows with a whole *crown* of laurel.

6.] *Who's the Dupe*, with the *Farmer*.

8.] *How to Grow Rich*—a third time—with *High Life below Stairs*.

10.] *Columbus* or *a World diſcovered*, ſtiled in the Bills a new *Grand* Hiſtorical play—with a flaming diſplay—*in the Bills*-of dreſſes, decorations, proceſſion, &c. &c.—Yet the World diſcovered did not afford a mine of gold or ſilver—in the Crow-ſtreet treaſury—the farce was *Sprigs of Laurel*.

11.] *Louis the Unfortunate*—for the laſt time—with *Who's the Dupe*.

12.] *Columbus* and *Sprigs of Laurel*.

15.] The *Shipwreck*, a pantomimic prelude---*Such Things Are* and the *Follies of a Day*—for the benefit of Mr. Daly—There was a very poor houſe, which was rather wonderful, as this was but the *third* benefit this ſeaſon for that gentleman—but, *Such things are!*

16.] The new Comedy of *Every one has his Fault*, with *the Farmer*, well caſt, and well performed.

18.] The *Chapter of Accidents*—the *Pad*—and the *Agreeable Surpriſe*, with many interlude Songs—for the benefit of Mr. Munden—If a full houſe is a proof of the public eſtimation (which it certainly is on the nigh of a *performer*, who has not the power

of forcing tickets on the tradesmen of the house) Mr. Munden had no reason to doubt that his playing had given universal satisfaction, for it was seldom more crouded.

19.] *As you Like it*, with *Sprigs of Laurel*, were advertised for the benefit of Mr. Hitchcock, deputy manager—There was that evening a very heavy fall of rain—which so washed away the audience, that the house, (that is the few that were in it) were dismissed.

20.] The entertainments announced for the last night were performed this evening, to indeed the worst house that had been seen since the theatre opened. We are at a loss to what to attribute this great failure: many think if the benefit had been for *Mrs.* Hitchcock it would have been very productive; as every one knows *her* merits; whereas those of the *deputy manager* were all hidden *behind the curtain.*

22.] The *Belle's Stratagem* with the *Lovers Quarrels*—Mrs. Pope's night.

23.] The *Waterman*—The *Devil to Pay*, and *another farce*, to make up the medley—forthe benefit of the Baron de Krifft—composer of music to the theatre.

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The Cruel Seperation, or; Love Subservient to Glory. A Dialogue.

(Embellished with a Characteristic Engraving.)

Soldier. IT grieves me exceedingly to part with you—In leaving you behind, I leave every thing that is dear to me.—But consider, my dear Eliza, how I am situated.

Eliza. You have your choice, my Henry; you know you have. You are not obliged to face a perfidious enemy, and risque a life so dear to me.—I now begin to doubt of the protestations which you have so often made me. Another soldier, who has no tender attachments to any one, has not only offered, but even wished to supply your place!

Soldier. But would you not, Eliza, despise a man who should, in times of peace, receive the wages of valour, and when his services were required, meanly shelter himself from danger and from honour?—Forbid it gratitude! Forbid it justice!

Eliza. Think of what I shall suffer in your absence!

Soldier. Think how unworthy I should be of your esteem, how much I should be entitled to your contempt, could I be villain enough to be a robber of my king and country!—Adieu!—your persuasions are wholly useless—Should I return, after having signalized myself on the post of duty,—I shall then be ambitious only of your smiles. You shall be my sole commander.

Eliza. Well, I would not wish to be a *field officer*. In what expedition would you suffer me to have the command?

Soldier. In a matrimonial expedition.

Eliza. Were I to attempt to storm a church, would you assist me?

Soldier. Yes, and oblige the parson and his curate to capitulate upon honourable terms.

Eliza. Well, unwilling as I am to part with you, you have made me a convert to your doctrine. Forgive a selfish wish—For my sake, heaven preserve you from death and danger.—Adieu!

Soldier. Adieu, dear Eliza.—Adieu!

General Character of the Swiss. (*From Watkins's Travels through Swisserland, Italy, &c.*)

THE commerce of Swisserland is very inconsiderable. Its exports consist of linens, muslin, hides, and the produce of their dairies, which are small huts called Chalets; built on the mountains, where during the summer months, their cattle are sent to feed.

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The Swiſs cheeſe is excellent, and conſequently much eſteemed in the neighbouring countries, particularly in France where a great conſumption is made of it. Their imports are conſiderable, though a frugal people, they being in want of corn, iron, and ſalt; the latter article they draw from the French, and according to the treaty of alliance ſubſiſting between the two countries, they receive annually a certain quantity at a much more reaſonable price than it is ever ſold by the French Government to their own ſubjects. Nevertheleſs, even in Swiſſerland it is a dear article, being retailed by the officers of ſtate, who monopolize, and draw a principle part of the public revenues from its ſale. The total receipt of Berne amounts to about 75,000l. and of Zurich to a little more than one half. Excluſive of this tax on ſalt, the revenue is made up by cuſtoms and duties on merchandize, the profits of demeſne lands, and the tithes of the general produce of the country (the clergy being paid by government) to which might be added the money that the different cantons receive from foreign powers for the hire of their troops. This is a cuſtom that has given riſe to a difference of opinion among the Swiſs, relative to its advantage or ill conſequence. They, who oppoſe it, maintain that the officers and ſoldiers of theſe regiments, acquire the vices of the different countries in which they ſerve, and on their return to Swiſſerland, by ſpreading them, corrupt the purer morals of its inhabitants. In anſwer to this it is aſſerted, that as the revenues of the cantons are inadequate to the expences of government, and the ſupport of a ſufficient army for the national defence, it is neceſſary to purſue this ſyſtem laid down by their anceſtors, as it gives them all the advantages of a regular army, without the expence of its maintenance, it being ſtipulated in their treaties that in caſe of attack from a foreign enemy, theſe troops, which amount to 30,000, ſhould be at liberty to return home and act in concert with their countrymen. Both of theſe arguments are plauſible; but the queſtion is, if they be admitted as fact, whether the morality of a nation ſhould be ſacrificed to its policy; but it may be aſſerted again, that true policy is inſeperable from good morals, and ſtill further, the Swiſs cannot be apprehenſive of the encroachments of any foreign ſtate, as long as they perceive that the general aim of Europe is to preſerve an equilibrium of power: this balance is their beſt and indeed their only ſafeguard; for though no ſoldier, I think I might aſſert that Swiſſerland with all its force, could never maintain a defenſive war againſt either France or the Emperor. The Swiſs and their allies are ſuppoſed to amount to more than two millions of ſouls. Their manner of living is much more ſimple than that of their nighbours, as they are more reſtricted by their reſpective governments; ſumptuary laws being in full force among them, and no amuſement, ſuch as games of hazard, plays, operas, or even dancing, except at appointed times, being permitted. As every citizen is a ſoldier (the clergy excepted) they on Sundays after divine ſervice go through the military exerciſe; they are careful of the education of their youth, as is evident from their public ſeminaries or univerſities; the principal of which are at Baſil and Berne.—In giving you a ſketch of the national character, I ſhall confine myſelf to the popular governments, as I think the people there retain the temper and manner of the ancient Swiſs more than the other cantons. Of them I think very favourably, provided I except thoſe of the lower claſs, who have ſeen other countries, or have any communication with travellers; as ſuch are not only in this, but I believe in every country of the world, deceitful and mercenary; with regard to the general inhabitants of theſe cantons they ſeem to be frugal without meanneſs; brave without vanity; and hoſpitable without oſtentation: to ſtrangers they are courteous and polite, without being either deſigning or troubleſome. They value but little thoſe diſtinctions of rank, birth, and fortune, which in other countries of Europe, and indeed in the other cantons of Swiſſerland,

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are ſo obſequiouſly cultivated, as they meaſure the dignity of the ſituation by the merit of the individual. Every man here knows the advantages of his own free government; and as he alſo knows himſelf to be a component part of it, is from intereſt as well as principle a real patriot. Such is their attachment to their country, that, of the Swiſs regiments in foreign ſervice, many of the ſoldiers after a long abſence pine and ſicken for their return. Should that liberty be refuſed them (which never is from experience of the ill conſequence) their death is inevitable; as neither promotion nor emolument can diſſipate the melancholy that preys upon them. Home is the only cure of this ſingular malady, which is called the Swiſs ſickneſs*, and that infallible. In domeſtic life their private virtues flow from their public character; to their parents they are grateful and obedient; to their families affectionate and attentive: inflexible in friendſhip: mild as ſuperiors, and benevolent as men.'

A Remarkable Account of a Widow burning herſelf on the Funeral Pile of her Huſband, at Benares, in Hindoſtan.

[*From 'Travels in India, in* 1780, 1781, 1782, *and* 1783, *by William Hodges, R. S.*']

WHILE I was purſuing my profeſſional labours in Benares, I received information of a ceremony which was to take place on the banks of the river, and which greatly excited my curioſity. I had often read and repeatedly heard of that moſt horrid cuſtom among, perhaps, the moſt mild and gentle of the human race, the Hindoos; the ſacrifice of the wife on the death of the huſband, and that by a means from which nature ſeems to ſhrink with the utmoſt abhorrence, by burning. The perſon whom I ſaw was of the Bhyſe (merchant) tribe or caſt; a claſs of people we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe exempt from the high and impetuous pride of rank, and in whom the natural deſire to preſerve life ſhould in general predominate, undiverted from its proper courſe by a proſpect of poſthumous fame. I may add, that theſe motives are greatly ſtrengthened by the exemption of this claſs from that infamy with which the refuſal is inevitably branded in their ſuperiors. Upon my repairing to the ſpot, on the banks of the river, where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of the man on a bier, and covered with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the river. At this time, about ten in the morning, only a few people were aſſembled, who appeared deſtitute of feeling at the cataſtrophe that was to take place; I may even ſay that they diſplayed the moſt perfect apathy and indifference. After waiting a conſiderable time the wife appeared, attended by the Bramins, and muſic, with ſome few relations. The proceſſion was ſlow and ſolemn; the victim moved with a ſteady and firm ſtep; and, apparently with a perfect compoſure of countenance, approached cloſe to the body of her huſband where for ſome time they halted. She then addreſſed thoſe who were near her with compoſure, and without the leaſt trepidation of voice or change of countenance. She held in her left hand a cocoa nut, in which was a red colour mixed up, and dipping in it the fore finger of her right hand, ſhe marked thoſe near her, to whom ſhe wiſhed to ſhew the laſt act of attention. As at this time I ſtood cloſe to her, ſhe obſerved me attentively, and with the colour marked me on the forehead. She might be about twenty-four or five years of age, a time of life when the bloom of beauty has generally fled the cheek in India; but ſtill ſhe preſerved a ſufficient ſhare to prove that ſhe muſt have been handſome: her figure was ſmall, but elegantly turned; and the form

of

NOTE.

'* They call it in German *das heim wehe*. There is a motive that induces us to recollect the places which we love more than the muſic we have heard in them; and from this it is, that all ſongs and tunes that were popular in their country are ſtrictly forbidden among the Swiſs regiments in foreign ſervice.'

of her hands and arms was particularly beautiful. Her dreſs was a looſe robe of white flowing drapery, that extended from her head to the feet. The place of ſacrifice was higher up on the bank of the river, a hundred yards or more from the ſpot where we now ſtood. The pile was compoſed of dried branches, leaves, and ruſhes, with a door on one ſide, and arched and covered on the top: by the ſide of the door ſtood a man with a lighted brand. From the time the woman appeared, to the taking up of the body to convey it into the pile, might occupy a ſpace of half an hour, which was employed in prayer with the Bramins, in attentions to thoſe who ſtood near her, and converſation with her relations. When the body was taken up ſhe followed cloſe to it, attended by the chief Bramin; and when it was depoſited in the pile; ſhe bowed to all around her, and entered without ſpeaking. The moment ſhe entered, the door was cloſed; the fire was put to the combuſtibles, which inſtantly flamed, and immenſe quantities of dried wood and other matters were thrown upon it. This laſt part of the ceremony was accompanied with the ſhouts of the multitude, who now became numerous, and the whole ſeemed a maſs of confuſed rejoicing. For my part, I felt myſelf actuated by very different ſentiments: the event that I had been witneſs to was ſuch, that the minuteſt circumſtance attending it could not be eraſed from my memory; and when the melancholy which had overwhelmed me was ſomewhat abated. I made a drawing of the ſubject, and from a picture ſince painted, a plate was engraved.

In other parts of India, as the Carnatic, this dreadful cuſtom is accompanied in the execution of it with ſtill greater horror. It is aſſerted, that they dig a pit, in which is depoſited a large quantity of combuſtible matter, which is ſet on fire, and the body being let down, the victim throws herſelf into the flaming maſs. In other places, a pile is raiſed extremely high, and the body, with the wife, is placed upon it, and then the whole is ſet on fire. Whatever is the means, reaſon and nature ſo revolt at the idea, that, were it not a well-known and well-authenticated circumſtance, it would hardly obtain credit. In truth, I cannot but confeſs, that ſome degree of incredulity was mingled with curioſity on this occaſion; and the deſire of aſcertaining ſo extraordinary a fact was my greateſt inducement to be a ſpectator. —The plate, which Mr. Hodges mentions to have had engraved of this awful ceremony, is indeed a very ſtriking and intereſting repreſentation of it.

Britiſh Theatre.

May 22.

THE *Female Dueliſt*, a Farce, was acted the firſt time at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Mr. Whitfield and Mrs. Ward.

27. *The Pad*, a farce, was acted the firſt time at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Wild. After which *The Shipwreck*; *or French Ingratitude*, Pantomime Ballet, by Mr. Byrne, was for the firſt time repreſented. The former of theſe ridicules the faſhion now prevalent with ſome ſucceſs. The latter is well conducted, ſhowy, and what might be expected from ſuch kind of entertainments.

June 10. Drury Lane Theatre cloſed.

11. Covent Garden alſo ſhut up.

On the ſame evening Mr. Colman's ſeaſon commenced with the Spaniſh Barber and the Son-In-Law.

EPILOGUE,

(A-LA-READYHEART*)
Spoken by Mrs. CECEY,
AT HER BENEFIT,
At the THEATRE-ROYAL,
NORWICH.

OFT' have I changed my ſhape, with humble view,
To amuſe my Patrons—ſuch I feel are you.

NOTE.

* Vide the Coventry Act.

My

My ev'ry action ultimately tends
To gain the favour of my candid friends.
For that great end I'll try each winning art—
Mine is, you know, an ever READY-*heart*.
To night another change I beg to make,
The sketch from modish life I mean to take.
Before you now imagine that you see
An old fine Lady, high in quality;
Tog'd out in each extravagance of fashion,
And every modern folly prompt to dash on.
Like each *esprit d'haut ton* and *tip-top* rank,
I can't do less than keep a Faro Bank;
To live in style, 'tis now the only way,
To win ourselves—we others cheat at play.
Oh! how my heart enjoys the dear delight
Of risking thousands each revolving night;
Let those despise it who are overnice—
No music charms me like the sound of dice:
Not even now, when harmony's the ton,
Can Mara please me like the rattling bone.
What's the white hand?—soft voice, *nous nous animons?*
[*As if playing and singing in the Italian style.*]
To the red fist and hollow—*Seven's the main?*
Oh! if I win I seem to tread on air,
And if I lose, I e'en, like others—swear,
My morning's round, alike uncharm'd I lead,
I rise at noon, like one with care half dead;
My toilet sees my bust put in repair,
And forth I come patch'd, painted, *debonair*.
My person dress'd my *spirits* claim attention;
And here what catalogues the Papers mention;
Such fine liqeurs with nectar may compare.
From *Marischini* to the *Vin Musca*.
Next after this I furnish forth my head,—
The modern Novels, to myself I read;
The *private memoirs* of some *public cub*,
Or the coarse rancour of the *Jockey Club*;
For fashion now with candour will dispense,
And sets at nought good humour and good sense.
Then the soft poems which my head bewilder—
Of Laura, Della Crusca, and Matilda.
Thus stor'd from these with small talk for the day,
To morning calls I post myself away;
And when the sun and dust their aid uniting
To make the air unwholesome, uninviting,
I mount my car, and take my magic wand;
Swift thro' Hyde Park I drive my four in-hand;
Meet the *Beau Monde*, nod, "How d'ye?" No, I tear—
But stop to meet some friend *en militaire*:
He tells me of the fate o' th' *Sans Culottes*,
And how our Neighbours change their merry notes.
No more in frantic mirth can light-heel'd France
Pronounce her once beloved *Ici l'on danse*;
That was a movement glorious to the cause
Of our great IDOL, FREEDOM and her Laws.
But how, alas! has mad misguided zeal
O'erturned the freedom of the public weal!
Brittania triumphs now—*Ici l'on danse*—
She rises glorious from the wreck of France!

Alexis

Alexis; or, the Cottage in the Woods.

(*Continued from our laſt Vol. P.* 494.)

THE clock ſtruck eight, when I reached my lodgings; I was gloomy and abſorbed in thought. A woman ſhabbily dreſſed accoſts me—ſhe ſeemed to be extremely indigent. Sir, ſaid ſhe, in a weak and ſuffering tone, relieve me with ſome little gratuity?

My mind was ſo much pre-occupied with other objects, that I rebuked the woman without any farther reflection; ſhe perſeveres in her ſolicitations—I rebuke her again. I go, ſaid ſhe; but Heaven will puniſh you! Heaven! exclaimed I, what a reſemblance! What a voice! Arzelia! Yes, ungrateful marquis! It is Arzelia!—I wiſhed to ſee if you would know me. But how! —in ſuch an appearance? To it, I owe the bliſs of ſeeing you again! It is a precious dreſs! O, my worthy ſpouſe, don't ſpeak ſo loud, perhaps I am followed!

Her ſuppoſition was juſt: ſhe goes with me to my lodgings ſits down, and gives an account of what had happened to her, which my tranſports of joy interrupted an hundred times.

"Forced by the advice and threats of miſs d'Anfort, I followed her to a convent, where ſhe left me, giving orders to the mother abbeſs, not to ſuffer any body to converſe with me. The next day ſhe came to ſee me again, and was exact in her viſits every ſubſequent day. I wiſh you had ſeen her in our converſations how ſhe extolled the chevalier's merits, and every effort to repreſent you as vicious. "My dear, ſaid ſhe, Corſange cannot marry you;—he has legally renounced marriage, and if he per ures himſelf, he forfeits an annual income of two hundred thouſand livers. I hope you will not be his ruin. D'Anfort will much better ſerve your purpoſe. He is a fine youth of eighteen, well made, and his heart and mind are equally excellent —moreover, d'Anfort will be very rich: I ſhall make him my ſole heir; with him, my dear, you will be happier."

"This diſcourſe rouſed my indignation; but I was too much afraid ſhe would gueſs our ſecret, had I then given her a deciſive anſwer. From that inſtant miſs d'Anfort imagined ſhe had conquered my heart for her nephew; and when ſhe informed me of the death of my father, ſhe dwelt chiefly upon that paſſage of the letter, where he ordered me, ſaid ſhe, to give the chevalier your hand. I ſaw him every day with her, and they became ſo aſſiduous and intruding, that I had ſcarcely time to peruſe your letters: I dared not to anſwer them leſt I ſhould confide in a perſon that might betray me. The ſervant who Mr. Dulys ſent, might have been prevailed upon to take a bribe, and we would have been undone.—I had alſo another motive to be cautious againſt my tyrants —dear huſband, I am pregnant! O God! Yes, my dear, I expect every minute to bring to light that precious pledge; and this made me eſcape from my priſon, and meet you here! My dear ſpouſe, how was you able to effect that eſcape? Oh, it was a bold expedient! but it proved ſucceſsful.—An unfortunate and very poor old woman came often to beg alms of the nuns;—ſhe conceived ſo great an attachment for me, as to ſpend whole days in my apartment. I liked her, and was much entertained with her wit and converſation. I thought her a fit inſtrument to deliver myſelf from ſlavery. In conſequence, I told her my ſituation; and from the concern which ſhe ſeemed to feel for me, I requeſted her to change her dreſs for mine, or rather to bring one like that ſhe had on, and to lend me her own. She agreed to my demand. Thus equipped, and fearing to bring the poor woman into trouble on my account, I let her go out before me. When I ſaw through my window that ſhe was at a good diſtance in the ſtreets, I ventured myſelf down ſtairs in the ſame dreſs, in hopes to make my eſcape. The good old woman uſed to come to and fro ſo often in a day, that the domeſtics were accuſtomed to it.—I ſtooped, pulled my cap over my noſe, and paſſing before the porter, even took care to make a crooked bow, which made the fellow laugh. Well, mother, ſaid he, you juſt went out, how did you get in?—Without loſing a minute by giving him an anſwer, I advanced, and as ſoon as I was in the ſtreet,

run as hard as I could to the poſt-office, where I prepared myſelf to ſet out without delay. The poſt-maſter made ſome difficulty, but dazzling him with my gold, he could no longer withſtand my demand. I remained under this diſguiſe all the way, for fear of being diſcovered. Now I ſee thee again, my dear huſband, I am no longer grieved."

I embraced Arzelia, and begged her to take ſome ſuſtenance. Meanwhile I feared the purſuit of our tyrants. We of courſe determined to take other lodgings on the next day, or rather to leave the town. But all theſe projects were ſubverted by our friend Dulys, who entered our apartment in the dead of night, and had but time to utter theſe few words:—Fly, unfortunate couple, the count and his ſon are at my heels!

Arzelia ſwooned; I went to her aſſiſtance, but ſo violent was the effect of her panic, that ſhe was delivered of a child! How embarraſſing was my ſituation! I had no light, my door was open, I took my little Alexis in my arms!—Several voices cry: Where are they?—Where are they? Dulys leaves the room to keep off my tyrants. I attempt to ſhut my door.—A man oppoſes me, enters in ſpite of me, tears the child from my arms, and endeavours to run away. I become quite frantic, and ſuddenly take my ſword: *Treacherous d'Anfort, thou ſhall be puniſhed!* I purſue the man who carried off my child, overtake him at the bottom of the ſtairs, thruſt the ſteel in his body, and retake the new-born infant. Heaven! what terror ſtruck me! I heard a dying voice: *Cruel Corſange! Could'ſt thou ſlay thy friend, when he ſaved thee?* It was the voice of Dulys!—It was Dulys I ſtabbed!—O remorſe!

Meanwhile this noiſe had ſpread the alarm among the ſervants of the inn; they come up ſtairs, followed by count d'Anfort and his ſon! What muſt have been my feelings, when, lights being brought, I ſaw Dulys ſprawling on the ground, and weltering in his blood!—Heaven! that dreadful ſcene is ſtill before mine eyes! My guardian and his ſon are moved: they ſtoop and raiſe the unfortunate victim. He is put to bed; a ſurgeon is ſent for, he gives us ſome hopes, by aſſuring us that the wound was not mortal.

That ſcene of horror was not yet terminated:—My ſpouſe laid on the floor bereft of her ſenſes, my infant ſon, by her ſide, ſhrieked lamentably; the count and his ſon ſtood before me, ready to ſnatch from me the precious pledge! I leave you to imagine if there can be a ſituation more cruel and embarraſſing!

The count was the firſt who broke that fatal ſilence. Wretch ſaid he—if thou art not ſatisfied with having butchered thy own friend, then take my life too;—thy hand, which made a miſtake, was going to bereave me of my ſon! Ah, rather plunge thy ſword in his father's breaſt, and quench thy bloody thirſt!—What has he done to thee? Thou alone haſt involved thyſelf into guilt!—Thou alone art the author of all our miſery!—I will pardon all—I will forget all, provided thou deliver into my hands that child, the fruit of an illegitimate union?—My ſon! nay, cruel count, I would break his mother's heart!

The count inſiſts upon my obedience; I fall in a paſſion: my rage ſtill more aggravated at the preſence of my brother, becomes exceſſive.—My guardian, who feared the conſequences, reſolves to withdraw; he takes his ſon with him, and leaves me alone by the bed of my ſpouſe, to whom I give every ſuccour in my power!—Soon ſhe opens her eyes; ſhe ſees me, demands her ſon, embraces, and ſmiles at him. The unhappy mother was ignorant of my crime: I took care to conceal it from her, and ſhe knew it only two months after.

The count and his ſon remained at the inn, as long as my ſpouſe was forced to keep her bed. They avoided ſeeing us, and we were rejoiced at it. Arzelia nurſed Alexis. Dulys, who was ſoon able to leave his room, and condeſcended to pardon my miſtake, took it upon him to find a proper nurſe for my ſon, and had him chriſtened, becauſe we could not keep him with us: uncertain, if we ſhould be ſuffered to live together. Our marriage was void by law; the count had a right to have it diſſolved; but, on the other hand, he was much at a loſs to prove the legality of the deed he had made me ſign, becauſe a gentleman of

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the law who had been conſulted, convinced him of its nullity, becauſe it had been made in haſte, and by an ignorant attorney. I certainly promiſed never to marry; but then I was only twenty, and it was neceſſary that I ſhould ratify the promiſe when I came to be of age. As ſuch, the deed would have been valid. The count, who knew all this, endeavoured to intimidate me, though he was conſcious that it was out of his power to hurt me; as for my part, I was afraid leſt he ſhould diſſolve my marriage; we were therefore forced to adopt gentle means on both ſides.

The day before my departure from Beſançon, he entered my apartment alone: "Corſange," ſaid he," you are ſtill dear to me: I loved your mother; ſhe has intruſted you to my care; ſhe ordered you to obey me as you would have obeyed her, and even to grant me all your confidence. Undutiful ſon! —Have you reſpected her commands? —You have contracted a clandeſtine marriage, and violated the moſt ſacred engagements! Hear me, I will be candid with you; I am old: folks at my age are ambitious; I ought to have that ambition.—I cheriſh the moſt lovely ſon, his fortune and advancement lies cloſeſt to my heart, but you diſappoint my hopes. It is your brother! —Who can be dearer to you than he? Did you but love each other, I would be happy. In a word, love and intereſt have ſeparated you; make me happy again; O! my ſecond ſon make me happy again!" Reſpected ſir, it is my earneſt deſire; but, what ſacrifice do you exact of me? "Hear me; your marriage is illegal, of this you cannot entertain the leaſt ſhadow of a doubt.—I have it in my power to diſſolve it; but I will not have recourſe to extremes. Live with your wife: I permit it: but give me up your ſon, dear Corſange, and be ſure that I ſhall train him up with the tenderneſs of a real father: the only thing I require, is to conceal from him for ever his name and family. This complaiſance in you will inſure you the poſſeſſion of your ſpouſe, and I promiſe to deſtroy the deed which is in my hands.—You know I can ruin you, and make you an object of poverty and diſgrace. Conſent to your happineſs, dear friend.—Every day you ſhall ſee that ſon; but never ſhall he know his father: this is the ſole reſtriction I wiſh to lay him under."

The old man's diſcourſe was captious; but it could not dazzle me, I pryed inſtantly into his policy; and was ſenſible, that ſhould I be ſo weak as to yield up the offspring of my union my ſpouſe would be ſnatched from me in the ſame manner, and that my compliance would become a manifeſt diſavowal of the deareſt titles conferred on me by nature and love; beſides was it not perhaps diſpoſing of my ſon's life? I did not fear the count; but the chevalier was, in my opinion, capable of every crime: nevertheleſs, I found it then ſeaſonable to diſſemble. I ſeemingly acquieſced in my guardian's deſign, and promiſed to put my child under his care, after our return from Paris, where Dulys kept him under his protection. D'Anfort, calmed by my ultimatum, communicated it to my brother, who was equally ſatisfied; ſo that we all four ſet out with apparent content. Arzelia, who conſidered it as the ſum of wretchedneſs to be parted from her ſon, ſeconded my views, and we both hoped to find ſome ſubterfuge for not delivering our Alexis into thoſe cruel hands, which intended to deprive us of what we held deareſt on earth.

What was our grief when we arrived at the metropolis! Dulys, my dear unfortunate Dulys was no more! The fatigues of a premature journey, and the embarraſſments under which he ſaw himſelf for our ſake, had brought on a ſlow diſtemper;—his wounds reopened, he had juſt given up the ghoſt in his mother's arms, to whom he had wrote, and who left Dreux with the greateſt precipitancy, to come and cloſe the eyes of what was moſt dear to her in nature!—That woman left the houſe of the relation where ſhe had put her ſon to board, immediately after the death of the latter, and without doubt ſhe returned again to the country.—What had then become of my ſon?—Who could tell me where he was?

An old houſekeeper of that relation who had obſerved my grief, and heard

ſome exclamations, took me in private one day: "Sir, ſaid ſhe, are you not uneaſy about a little child?" Alas! my good woman, could you give me any intelligence? "Here, ſir, my maſter's nephew intruſted me with this letter, a moment before his death, and ordered me not to give it to any perſon but you." I haſtily took the billet, and read in it theſe words, traced by the moſt generous friend, by that friend whom I have murdered!—Judge of my remorſe!

"Cruel, yet ever dear friend,

"Be not uneaſy about your ſon: You will find him at Vitry, in the houſe of Mary Vincent his nurſe: I had him chriſtened by the name of Alexis Corſange.—You will find it ſo in the pariſh book of the church of Vitry; but believe me, bring him up ſecretly, and make your tyrants believe he is dead; this is the laſt advice of your expiring friend Dulys,—He might have been able to render you more ſervices, ſtill dearer to his heart, if your hand ——But I grieve you, I ſharpen the ſting of your remorſe.—Pray forget me, and forgive yourſelf my untimely end, as I forgive it you! All I am ſorry for, is, that I muſt leave you unhappy in this world!—Alas, pity me not, I am happier than you!"

I imprinted a thouſand kiſſes on this letter, and admired my friend's generoſity, who had ſtill my intereſt at heart even when my barbarity cauſed his death!—How all this aggravated my guilt!—How I abhorred myſelf!—Arzelia ſhared my ſorrows, and we both gave tears to the moſt feeling and moſt generous man, who, perhaps, ever exiſted on earth!

Meanwhile I was determined to follow the laſt advice of Dulys, and however repugnant I found it to diſſemble, I and Arzelia ſpread the report of the death of our friend and the child; and our ſorrow, of which Dulys was the ſole object, appeared ſo natural to count d'Anfort and his ſon, that they believed it, and made no farther enquiries.

We lived five years in our hotel, *Rue de Richelieu*, not without finding that the count and his family had for us a great regard. In compliance with their requeſt, I and my ſpouſe inhabited each a different apartment, I might as well have freed Arzelia from that reſtraint; but the fear of a law ſuit, which we ſhould have been forced to ſtand, in order to have our marriage confirmed, made us wait till the death of d'Anfort ſhould remove that obſtacle.

I was afraid of going too often to Vitry; I entruſted my ſon's nurſe with the ſecret of his birth; and leſt the little innocent ſhould betray himſelf one day. I had him brought up by the name of Alexis, and would not permit the leaſt hint with regard to his family ſhould be given him. Thus I hoped to enjoy the ſweets of a tranquil life, when a certain circumſtance came to rouſe my prudence, and overthrow all my projects. I was one day walking with the count and his ſon in the yard of the hotel, when a milk-maid, who came from the kitchen, ſtops, ſtares at me, and cries out with a naivete, which ſhe could not refrain: O lord!---Is it poſſible there can be ſuch a likeneſs between them! What do you ſay, good woman? aſked the chevalier. I ſay, my lord---I beg your pardon?—O good God!—If he was his father? Whoſe father? Why, we have a little child at Vitry—he is an orphan, and ſuch a a pretty boy; he is abſolutely like my lord, there! Sure, the woman is mad, replied I.—What is there to be wondered at? Many folks reſemble each other, I beg your pardon, my lord; my little Alexis! he is ſo pretty!—Ah, you cannot think.

The milk maid was going to continue her chat, which wounded my very ſoul, I take, without ceremony, the father and ſon, to another part of the premiſes, and endeavour to change the ſubject of the converſation; but my confuſion had betrayed me. A ray of light came to illuminate their mind; they began to ſuſpect the cheat, and growing cooler by degrees, leſt me no doubt, to conſult what meaſures they ſhould adopt in that conjuncture. I was fortunate enough to read their deſign

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in their eyes, and, without loſing time, I mount on horſeback, fly to Vitry, take away my ſon, and bring him to the Royal Botanical Garden, neither knowing what to do, or where to hide him. It was twilight, and not choſing to paſs through the ſtreets of Paris with ſo precious a treaſure, I determined to enter the garden, and concert ſome means of conduct in my preſent dilemma. I was ſitting on the turf, in the little grove; my ſon was in my lap; I bathed him in my tears, and preſſed him to my heart, when an old lady ſtops, looks at me, and addreſſes me as follows, in ſo moving a tone, which tore my ſecret from me, even in ſpite of myſelf. Alas! my dear ſir, are you the father of this pretty child? Yes, madam. What a lovely little creature!—But you weep, have you met with ſome ſiniſtrous accident? Oh! I have indeed! Well, it muſt be conſolatory for you that you never met with ſo many as I!—Mayn't I know the nature of your misfortune? but I beg your pardon! I was a mother once, and ſtill ſhould be, had not death ſnatched from me a moſt amiable ſon!—Ah! let flow my tears for a moment, and then I will endeavour to dry yours? Madam, it is a ſecret! Oh! you ſafely can truſt me; I am a ſtranger in this city; I have only been in it two months; and, beſides, who knows? I may be able to render you ſome ſervice: I am alone, have neither huſband or children; I am abſolutely ſolitary, without acquaintance, and without the leaſt wiſh of having any.—Speak, I beg, ſpeak my dear ſir?—I am concerned for you—I feel a very ſingular concern! Generous ſtranger, what could you do for me? Whatever lies in my power. Well then, pleaſe to ſave that child from thoſe cruel wretches, who will raviſh him from his father! Who will raviſh him from you? Ambition, the covetouſneſs of a brother! I underſtand you!—Oh! what a pity!—Is this child your natural ſon? No, he is the offspring of a lawful union;—but alas! that union is croſſed by unfeeling relations! Pray, is it not a clandeſtine marriage? Yes, that is our only fault. A fatal misfortune it ſurely is; but it ſhould not be puniſhed with death.—Give me the child, I will be his mother?—I will bring him up?—Poor innocent babe! He puts me in mind my of ſon's age! Was he born in Paris? No, madam, in Benſançon. How long ſince? Five years. Five years. Five years—Good God, you muſt have lived there at the ſame time when my ſon—O cruel remembrance! Your ſon! Have you known him, ſir!—he was ſweet, amiable, and generous!—Alas! he was barbarouſly murdered! Murdered? Yes, by a fellow collegian! What was his name? Dulys—did you know him. A little—madam—Have you heard of his caſe? I ſhall never forget it! Pray could you give me all the details of it. Madam, I beg—in pity, excuſe me? Theſe were the ſelf ſame words he told me, when he expired in my arms: he was at Benſançon to render ſome ſervice to a certain marquis de Corſange, whom he many times had mentioned to me in his letters. A giddy headed young nobleman, with whom he got acquainted at college, began a quarrel with him, and run his ſword through his body!—Is not that the real account? It is much like it. My ſon added that he would have bled to death of his wound, had it not been for the marquis de Corſange, whom he always deſcribed as a good natured and humane young gentleman. Ah! Heaven!—What do you bring to my remembrance?

This converſation, my friends, overwhelmed me with ſhame and confuſion!—To claim the ſupport of a woman, who is the mother of the friend whom I have immolated!—The mother of the friend whoſe proceedings were moſt generous—Far from denouncing my guilt to his family, he had that grandeur of ſpirit to mention my name, only to be my eulogium.—O God! I was then in one of thoſe indeſcribable ſituations which can only be felt!

Mrs. Dulys ſeeing me turn pale, aſked me the reaſon of my confuſion. I anſwered her, that I was that marquis de Corſange, whom her ſon had ſo advantageouſly pourtrayed in his letters. Mrs. Dulys expreſſed the joy ſhe felt at ſeeing me; invited me to

ſtep in her carriage, and begged for an account of my adventures, promiſing to take every maternal care of my ſon, from the very night.

The ſting of remorſe was going to make me commit an indiſcretion; but after a mature deliberation I began to think better. I would not therefore undeceive Mrs. Dulys, as ſuch an avowal would not only have kindled her wrath and indignation, but have hindered her from undertaking to conduct my ſon's education. Such a diſſimulation laid, however hard upon my feelings. After having related the ſtory of my misfortunes, and intreated her to take every care of my Alexis, and above all, to conceal from him his real parents, I withdrew, after having received aſſurances of friendſhip, ſecrecy, and an implicit obſervance of my injunctions.

(To be continued.)

Short characteriſtical notices of the late William Tytler, Eſq. of Woodhouſelee.

NATURE beſtowed upon William Tytler a kind and beneficent heart; a warm and a vivid temper; an upright and affectionate diſpoſition, in which a ſtrong ſenſe of moral rectitude was a prevailing feature; to theſe were conjoined a decided predilection for poetry, muſic, and the belles lettres, which he cultivated as the ſolace of his leiſure hours, through every period of his life. Theſe propenſities gave a bias to his ſtudies, his actions, and his purſuits, on all occaſions; and will ſerve as a clue to account for every peculiarity that occurred in his progreſs through life, whether in a public or private capacity.

The *mens ſibi conſcia recti* produces in many men a harſh and uncomplying ſeverity of manner. The contempt which they feel for meanneſs and vice, ſerves as an apology to their own minds, for a harſhneſs originating in their natural temper alone. The mind of Mr. Tytler, naturally prone to kindneſs, felt no bias of that kind; and being improved by an habitual attachment to objects of taſte, which gives a delicacy to the perceptive faculties, and a mildneſs to the finer propenſities of the human heart, it never ſeems to have felt an impreſſion of that unamiable ſeverity in the ſmalleſt degree. His temper was ardent, but his diſpoſitions mild; his feelings were quick and ſtrong, but malevolence never found a place in his boſom. During the haſty impreſſions of the moment; he might have appeared to be ſometimes unwiſe; but no perſon could accuſe him of ever having been unjuſt.

Perhaps the ingenuity of man is never exerted with greater ſucceſs than in deceiving himſelf: hence, under the name of virtues, many of the moſt unamiable diſpoſitions of the mind are cheriſhed with care, while the fineſt propenſities of the heart are ſtigmatized as failings. A man whoſe heart is as callous as the ſtones on which he treads, and all whoſe thoughts are centered in ſelf-alone, ſhall perſuade himſelf into a belief that he is humane, beneficent, and ſympathizing, becauſe he can talk with pity of the diſtreſſes of thoſe he is not called upon to relieve, and make many pompous ſpeeches in praiſe of charity and kindneſs; but as ſoon as the caſe comes home to himſelf, his heart contracts, like the ſenſitive plant, at the firſt approach of danger; *prudence* is inſtantly called to his aid, under the name of *virtue*, which ſternly oppoſes a ſhield to defend him from every attack. Behind this impenetrable ſhield he reſts ſecure, like the tortoiſe within its ſhell, and utters his moral apophthegms in ſafety. To this virtue, when thus applied, the object of this memoir laid no claim. When the miſeries or the misfortunes of others called for ſympathy or aid, his heart was never ſhut againſt the claims of juſtice, or the impulſes of humanity. The parade of ſpeeches he did, indeed, deſpiſe; but he warmly intereſted himſelf in the cauſe of the unfortunate; nor on any occaſion forgot to avail himſelf of every opportunity to ſerve them. He directed, where he could not otherwiſe aid; and his ſympathizing lenity afforded a balm to the wounded heart which no pecuniary gratification could ever have procured.

Nor is it the ſevere and the ſelfiſh, alone,

alone, whose propensities dignify vices with the name of virtue. There is also a *vicious* sympathy which does infinite mischief in the world. Some persons, by being profusely tender to the object which immediately claims their attention, neglect the infinitely stronger claims of others, who happen to be out of sight at the time. They do not advert that a strict regard to justice and truth is the basis of all virtue. Without it, sympathy becomes weakness, and benevolence itself a vice. But when a tender disposition is under the steady regulation of this powerful principle, it gives an exaltation to the character, and a mildness to the conduct, that becomes irresistibly engaging. Great, indeed, must be the foibles that a conduct regulated by this principle will not effectually cover. In the moral world, its effects may be compared with those of a credit in the mercantile world that is above the reach of doubt. It gives a man the power of acting, in some measure, as he himself sees right, without ever incurring the imputation of blame. To this temper of mind Mr. Tytler was indebted for that great respectability he bore among his acquaintance in public and in private; a degree of respectability, which without this ingredient, talents of a much more brilliant cast would never, alone, have insured. What a noble tribute is this which the public voluntarily pays to virtue! If happiness be the chief pursuit of man, how miserably do those err who hope to attain it by departing from the fair path of virtue and munificence!

From the over-ruling influence of the propensities above explained, resulted natural ease of manner, and an unaffected simplicity of conduct, that could not otherwise have been attained. When the mind is fully engaged in some interesting pursuit, the secret impulses of vanity, implanted in the minds of all mankind, imperceptibly lose their force; and the consideration of self, in some measure, ceases to be the leading motive for conversation. When the objects, especially, it contemplates are pleasing, the social principle is called into full play; and every vivid emotion excites a desire of participation. This is one of the earliest, and the strongest propensities of the human mind. The child feels a want in every enjoyment, until the nurse be called to participate in its joy; and every mind that partakes of the innocence of childhood, feels that this is a never-failing ingredient in every enjoyment. But when envy, jealousy, pride, or the over-ruling influence of selfish passions that dare not be openly avowed, come to predominate, it becomes necessary to assume an artificial disguise, in order to conceal the natural depravity. Conversation then becomes a study; the lips are taught to speak a language that the heart never dictated; and an overstrained complaisance is the necessary result. Mr. Tytler experienced none of these restraints. When he felt an emotion that he thought would give pleasure to others, he frankly communicated it, without disguise. When he felt no emotions of that sort, he thought not of conversing, and naturally bestowed attention to what fell from others, in the hope of obtaining information and pleasure in his turn. The social converse of select friends was, therefore, to him at all times a source of high enjoyment, and what he coveted above all others.

The same kind of impulse that prompted Mr. Tytler to converse with vivacity, induced him to become an author. Never could the observation of Rosseau, "that most authors write merely from a desire to gratify their own vanity," apply with less propriety than to him. He, who was at all times interested in the cause of the friendless, and zealous in defence of truth, naturally became keen in his researches concerning the unfortunate Mary of Scotland. The result of these enquiries was a discovery of circumstances, that, to all the world, appeared undoubted evidence that she had suffered great injustice, and which convinced himself that the opprobrium with which her memory had been so long loaded, owed its origin solely to forgeries and frauds of the most atrocious kind. To be silent in such a cause, he would have believed implied a participation in the guilt: he therefore stepped forward as

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the willing champion of what he deemed ſuffering innocence, againſt an hoſt of foes; who at that time wore a much more formidable aſpect than they do at preſent. His vindication of Mary * firſt appeared in the year 1759: and forms an æra in the literary hiſtory of Britain. Before that time, it was the faſhion for literary diſputants to attack each other like miſcreants and banditti. The *perſon* was never ſeparated from the *cauſe*; and whatever attached the *one*, was conſidered as equally affecting the *other*; ſo that ſcurrility and abuſe bloated even the pages of a *Bentley* and a *Ruddiman*. The *Hiſtorical Inquiry* was free from every thing of that ſort; and though the higheſt name produced not a mitigation of the force of any argument, the meaneſt never ſuffered the ſmalleſt abuſe. He conſidered it as being greatly beneath the dignity of a man contending for truth, to overſtretch even an argument in the ſmalleſt degree, far more to pervert a fact to anſwer his purpoſe on any occaſion. His reaſoning was forcible and elegant; impartially ſevere, but always polite, and becoming the gentleman and the ſcholar. When this book appeared, it was looked on as a phenomenon in the literary world; and was read with the greateſt avidity. His arguments did not indeed produce univerſal conviction; but his work commanded univerſal applauſe. In the cauſe of injured innocence, he neither thought it neceſſary to brandiſh the club of defiance, like the ireful Whitaker; nor to have recourſe to the ſecret ſtiletto, like the artful Gibbon. His object was not to attack, but to defend. He never deſerted his poſt to purſue a fallen opponent; but he ſhrunk not from the moſt renowned aſſailants; and his ſucceſs has been ſuch as to in-

N O T E.

* Entitled, "An Inquiry, Hiſtorical and Critical, into the Evidence againſt Mary Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Hiſtories of Dr. Robertſon and Mr. Hume, with reſpect to that Evidence," 8vo. 1759. After running through ſeveral editions it was printed in 4to, 1790, and in 8vo, two volumes, with large additions.

duce many others, ſince that time, to range under his banners; all of whom have imitated his example, in as far as their reſpective talents and diſpoſitions would permit. As a ſupplement to this work, he read in the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, of which Society he was a warm friend and protector, and for many years Vice-preſident, "A Diſſertation on the Marriage of Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwel," which forms a diſtinguiſhed article in the firſt volume of the Tranſactions of that Society, publiſhed in the year 1791 in 4to.

All his other writings related to his favourite ſubject *belles lettres*. Theſe his miſcellaneous works conſiſt of.

1ſt, "The Poëtical Remains of James I. of Scotland, conſiſting of *The King's Quair* in ſix cantos, and *Chriſt's Kirk of Green*, to which is prefixed a Diſſertation on the Life and Writings of King James, Edinburgh 1783."—This Diſſertation forms a valuable morſel of the literary hiſtory of Europe; for James ranked ſtill higher in the literary world as a *poet*, than in the political world as a *prince* *. Great juſtice is done to his memory in both reſpects in this Diſſertation; and the two morſels of poetry here reſcued from oblivion, will be eſteemed by men of taſte, as long as the language in which they are written can be underſtood.

2d, "A Diſſertation on Scottiſh Muſic," firſt ſubjoined to Arnot's Hiſtory of Edinburgh. The ſimple melodies of Scotland have been long the delight of the natives, many of which, to them, convey an idea of pathos that can be equalled by none other; and are much admired by every ſtranger of muſical talents who has viſited that country. They have a powerful effect indeed, when properly introduced, as a relief, into a muſical compoſition of complicated harmony. Theſe are of two kinds, pathetic and humourous. Thoſe

N O T E.

* There is a beautiful hiſtorical picture of this Prince playing on the harp, with his Queen and a circle of his courtiers liſtening to the muſic, by Graham, in London, one of the moſt eminent artiſts of the age.

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wish to receive information concerning this curious subject, will derive much much satisfaction from the perusal of this Dissertation. There is yet another kind of music peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, of a more wild, irregular, and animating strain, which is but slightly treated here; and requires to be still more fully elucidated.

3d, "Observations on the *Vision*, a poem," first published in Ramsay's Evergreen, now also printed in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. This may be considered as a part of the literary history of Scotland.

4th, "On the Fashionable Amusements in Edinburgh during the last Century;" *ibid.* It is unnecessary to dwell on the light that such dissertations as these, when judiciously executed, throw upon the history of civil society and the progress of manners.

The above are all the publications that are known to have been written by Mr. Tytler; nor have I heard if he has left any in MSS behind him; but if he has, they have fallen into good hands; and his son, I doubt not, will take care that nothing of that sort, which ought to be made public, shall be lost to the world.

Mr. Tytler was the son of Mr. Alexander Tytler, writer in Edinburgh, and was born there A. D. 1711. He received the first rudiments of his education at the High-school, and completed his studies at the University of that city. In the year 1742 he was entered one of the clerks of his Majesty's Signet in Scotland; a respectable and opulent society of men: and in 1785 appointed treasurer to the funds belonging to that society; a trust which he discharged with great appobation till his death, which happened on the 12th day of September 1792.

He married Anne Craig, daughter of Mr. James Craig, writer to the Signet, by whom he has left two sons, the eldest Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate and Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh, and the youngest Captain Patrick Tytler of the 57th regiment of foot.

In his person, Mr. Tytler was rather thin than corpulent; his stature about the middle size, or a little below it. Before the writer of this article knew him, when he was in the decline of life, he had been seized with a slight paralytic affection, which rendered his walk and other motions less firm; but it had never made the smallest impression on his intellects and mental faculties, which continued uncommonly keen and active till his dying day. In his speech he had a small impediment,—extremely different from a stutter. It was a slight kind of stop, which, when connected with the animation of his manner, seemed to proceed from an excess of eagerness, which, to his friends, gave rather an energy and emphasis to his utterance than any uneasy sensation. The expression of the countenance depends so much on the idea that has been formed of the person in other respects, that those of one's acquaintance are, of all others, the least fit to judge of it. But his was deemed by them universally pleasing and energetic. The public will be able to judge of this from a very fine portrait of him, painted by Mr. Raeburn, which is justly reckoned one of the best of his very excellent paintings. A good mezzotinto has been made from it by Jones, Engraver to the Prince of Wales. If the painting has any fault, it is that the figure is rather fuller than the life.

Mr. Tytler had not only the happiness to enjoy his mental faculties unimpaired, in the usual sense of that word, to a good old age; but he had the singular felicity of preserving, to a very late period of life, that ardent glow of enthusiasm, which is in some measure peculiar to youthful minds. The writer of this article was present in the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the 19th day of April 1784, when Dr. Carlisle read Collins' Ode on the Genius of the Highlands, at which time he could not help contemplating, with a pleasing astonishment, the enthusiastic ardour that animated the whole frame of Mr. Tytler at the recital. He afforded also an example of another peculiarity that is seldom seen—a man of acknowledged genius and distinguished talents who

had not an enemy or detractor; for it is believed there is not a man in Edinburgh who ever heard a living creature who would venture to detract from, or ſpeak ill of, William Tyler.

Anecdotes of Mrs. Corbet.

MRS. CORBET was a female character handed down to poſterity in a celebrated epitaph, from the elegant pen of Mr. Pope.

I have enquired and find with pleaſure, that this ſepulchral inſcription was not a fiction, as is too often the caſe with the language of poets.

Mrs. Corbet, ſays Dr. Johnſon was not diſcriminated by any ſhining or eminent peculiarities.

"Yet ſhe was a character that makes the felicity though not the ſplendor of life, and ſuch a one as every wiſe man will chuſe for his final and laſting companion, in the quiet of privacy and in the langour of age, when he departs weary and diſguſted, from the oſtentatious, the volatile, and the vain.

"Of ſuch a character which the dull overlook, and the gay deſpiſe, it was fit that the value ſhould be made known, and the dignity eſtabliſhed.

"Domeſtic virtue as it is exerted without great occaſions, or conſpicuous conſequences, in an even unnoted tenor required the genius of Pope to diſplay it in ſuch a manner, as might attract regard and enforce reverence."

It is common to lament the increaſing number of batchelors, and to cry out againſt the number of young men in the preſent age, who, preferring an unſettled life and licentious amours, to the ſolid comforts, and manly cares of a family, ſink into old age, without that beſt ſolace for infirmity, a tender wife, and fall into the management of inſolent favourites, or ſelfiſh relations:

"Who mould their paſſions till they make their will;"

God forbid that I ſhould be the defender of diſſipation, or illicit love; the general tenor of this work, and other proofs I could give, will, I hope, exculpate me from the charge.

But is not he a bold man, who, in a profeſſion, a buſineſs, or even with a tolerable fortune ventures to marry.

Is a woman capable (even if ſhe were inclined) of forming a rational companion, or to inſpect and ſuperintend the concerns of a family, whoſe education has been wholly and ſolely directed to accompliſhment, to ornament and to pleaſure.

Depoſited in a female boarding ſchool, thoſe peſts calculated for the ſemblance, but not the reality of virtue a young lady able to draw, talk bad French, work in fillagree, dance, and thrum her harpſichord, conſiders her education as compleat.

If indeed dreſs and amuſement were the only buſineſs of life, her deciſion would not be wrong, but the frequent, the hourly bankruptcies, journeys to the continent, and ſuits at doctors commons prove the preſent ſyſtem of my fair country-women to be fundamentally wrong. I agree that there are many exceptions, and that "among the ſex, there are numbers as greatly good as they are fair."

Yet I ſtill affirm, that the expenſive turn for dreſs and amuſement, which equally pervades the daughter of the peer, and the tradeſman, is the grand, ſource of the preſent faſhionable celibacy.

Nor can we hope this enormous evil will be remedied, till parents ſhall be wiſe enough to devote ſome portion of their miſpent time, to inſpecting, if not managing the education of their offſpring. Every deſirable purpoſe of emulation can be anſwered, by ſending our children to a well regulated day ſchool; but out of ſchool hours, ſons and daughters ought to be under the roof of their parents, to correct the redundancy of evil habits, to form their manners, and adorn their hearts!

We have no right to expect that a mercenary motive will act ſufficiently powerful on a preceptor, to fulfil thoſe duties, which we neglect, and young people left together uncontrouled and undirected in their hours of leiſure and amuſement

amuſement, will inevitably corrupt each other.

I wiſh not to offend my female readers, I love them, (and a ſigh burſts from my boſom whilſt I make the declaration) I love them with ardour, honour, and diſintereſtedneſs.

But let them not imagine that every young man they ſee profeſſing to live ſingle remains ſo from choice; let them be aſſured, that there is a woman on whom he doats with all the fondneſs of genuine love, but that her purſuits, her habits, and her pleaſures, put it out of the power of one, who is not a nabob, a contractor, or a friend of Mr. Pitt's to make an offer of his hand and his heart. For no man in his ſenſes, would prefer the obſcene and bought embraces of a proſtitute, ſteaming with diſeaſe, with all the unintereſting hurry, and deceitful joys of diſſipation, to the bliſsful enjoyment of beauty, virtue health and tranquility, if the marriage ſtate had not, like the garden of Eden, a flaming ſword at every corner.

I cannot quit the contemplation of ſo amiable a woman as Mrs. Corbet, without repeating to thoſe young people, who are ambitious of attaining different renown, the following lines of Prior.

" All this world which tempts them ſo,
Is a dull farce, and empty ſhow ;
Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A riddle of romance and lies,
Falſe oaths, and real prejuries,
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir,
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare."

ANNALS OF MASONRY.

From the Creation to the Preſent time.

(Continued from Page 531 of the laſt Volume.)

SECOND PERIOD.

From the Deluge to the Birth of Abraham.

THE traditions of the ancient Jewiſh Rabbins (amplifying the brief account given by Moſes) as handed down the pure ſtream of *high* enlightened maſonry, informs us that on the tenth day of the month *Marcheſvan* (*a*) in the ſix hundredth year of Noah's life, he began to cauſe the animals he was commanded to ſave, to enter the ark. This work employed ſeven days, and on the ſeventh day of the ſame month, the animals being all entered, then Noah, Japhet, Shem, and Ham, with their four wives went in alſo, and *the lord ſhut him in.* That on the next day, (anſwering our ſeventh day of November) began the flood, which continued conſtantly encreaſing for the ſpace of forty days; when the waters being at their heighth, the rains ceaſed, on the evening of the twenty-eighth day of the month *Kiſleu* (*b*) (or the thirteenth day of December). One hundred and fifty days did the flood continue at its heighth ; that is to ſay the two remaining days of the month *Kiſle* the twenty nine days of the month *Thebeth* (*c*) the thirty days of the month *Shebeth* (*d*) the twenty-nine days of the month *Adar*, (*e*) the thirty days of the month *Niſan* (*f*) the twenty nine days of the month *Zif* (*g*), and the firſt day of the month *Sivan.* (*h*)

On that day the waters began to abate, and on the ſeventeenth day of the ſame month *Sivan* the ark reſted on a mountain of Armenia (now ſo called). Here it is proper to remark that in the account of Moſes (Gen. viii. 4) the text runs " and the ark reſted in the *ſeventh* month, upon the ſeventeenth day of the month"—Here the maſonic tradition explains it, not the ſeventh month of the *year*, of which it was really the *ninth* month, but the ſeventh month of the *flood.*

The maſonic tradition adds alſo, that the ark drew eleven cubits of water, as will be preſently ſeen. The waters continued ebbing, till the tenth of the next month *Thamuz* (*h*) when the raven was ſent out on the fortieth day of the ebb. On the nineteenth of the ſame month the dove was ſent forth, and returned alſo, and on the twenty-ſeventh the dove being ſent out again, returned with an olive leaf in her

mouth, which ſhe had plucked from a tree that had began to appear from under the water. On the firſt day of the next month *Abib* (*i*) the tops of the mountains appeared, and then the waters had fallen fifteen cubits, which Moſes ſays was the heighth of the flood above the mountains: (Gen. vii. 20), And this proves that the ark drew eleven cubits of water: for as the waters had been abating fixty days from the firſt day of Sivan to the firſt day of Abib, they had abated at the rate of one cubit in four days; by which we find that on the fixteenth day of Sivan they had abated but four cubits, and yet on the next day the ark reſted on the mountain when the waters yet lay eleven cubits above it.

The month Abib is called the tenth month (Gen. viii. 5) that is the tenth month of the flood, and not of the year. And on the fixth day the dove was ſent out the third time, but returned no more, for then ſhe had the mountains, tops dry to reſt upon. The waters then being got within the compaſs of the mountains decreaſed more rapidly than when they lay above them. For as then they were ſixty days in abating only fifteen cubits, in fixty more they were abated the whole depth of the higheſt mountains, for on the firſt day of the month *Tiſri* (*k*) which was but two months after, the face of the whole earth was dry. (Gen. viii: 13.)

The remainder of the month Abib, and the whole of the month *Elull* the waters continued to abate, and on the firſt day of the month Tiſri, which was the firſt day of a new year of the world the year 2263, and 3609 before the Chriſtian Æra, Noah removed the covering of the ark, and the whole earth had its ſurface compleatly dried. Yet as the righteous Noah did not enter, neither did he quit the ark without the expreſs order of the great architect of the univerſe: for he did not go out of it, for yet thirty-ſeven days, namely till the twenty ſeventh day of the ſecond month Marcheſvan. Hence we may reckon exactly the time that Noah and his family reſided in the habitation that had preſerved all the then living ſouls, viz.

In Marcheſvan	—	13 days
Kiſleu	—	30
Thebeth	—	29
Shebeth	—	30
Adar	—	29
Niſan	—	30
Zif	—	29
Sivan	—	30
Thamuz	—	29
Abib	—	30
Elul	—	29
Tiſri	—	30
and Marcheſvan		27
		365

A compleat ſolar year.

We may here remark that the antediluvian year conſiſted of twelve months of twenty nine, and thirty days alternately, ſo that it comprized but three hundred and fifty four days, wanting eleven days and ſome hours of the ſolar year: but that deficiency was compenſated by an intercalery month called *Ve-Adar* every fourth year, of thirty three days.

From the firſt eſtabliſhment of the *Brotherly Covenant*, geometry had been the peculiar ſtudy of the brotherhood; and the dimenſions of the ark were a complete proof that Noah underſtood it well. It was in length three hundred cubits, in breadth fifty cubits, and the height thirty cubits; a proportion the moſt adequate for what it was to contain. Had it been an exact ſquare at the top, it would have contained 450,000 ſquare cubits within, but its ſloping in the roof, like the roof of an houſe, till it came to be but a cubit broad in the Ridge of it, abated full 50,000 cubits; yet it had ſpace enough to receive all the animals, and the proviſions for their ſubſiſtence. There were in it three ſtories; and in every ſtory were ſundry partitions; not ſo many as to ſeclude one ſpecies of animals from another, for that was needleſs, as they were not in a ſtate of enmity whilſt therein, and it would have increaſed unneceſſarily the trouble of Noah and his family to bring their proviſions to them: but the Rabbins tells us, that there were ſuch partitions

to

divide between beaſts, and their ſtore; and between ſuch proviſions as by lying near together might receive damage. The door was in the inſide of the loweſt ſtory; and therefore was under water all the time of the flood, but the Eternal, by a ſpecial providence, had *ſhut them in*, that it leaked not.

The *Sepher Meginnah* above cited, is not only a great and authentic light to the brethren, but enables all men to attain to ſundry explanations of holy writ, about which the moſt learned commentators, who were not in the *maſonic* light, have been much puzzled. In Geneſis, chap. vi.. verſe 16. Accoſding to our verſion the text runs "a *window* ſhall thou make to the ark." This expreſſion hath ſtaggered many. Several perſons have ſa'id, how could a window of but a cubit high give light to every part of ſo vaſt a building?—light was certainly much wanted for the ark muſt be dark, not only in the night but alſo in the day: for, as the learned and judicious Mr. Lightfoot well obſerves. "The violent rains, ſuch as never were before, nor ſince, nor ever ſhall be, doe ſo cloud the world in univerſal darkneſs, in which the wicked are cloſed, before they are cloſed in utter darkneſs: ſo it was the caſe of the Egyptians (Exod x.) and of the Jews at the death of our Saviour (Matthew xxvii) and of Sodom (Geneſis xix ii.)—When God, after the flood, promiſeth that *day and night ſhall no more ceaſe* (Gen viii. 22.) it argueth that their courſe had ceaſed before. It is commonly ſeen in an extraordinary ſhower, or ſtorm, that even night cometh upon the world, at noon day: how much more would darkneſs ſeize upon it in the times of thoſe rains, which were beyond all parallel and compariſon."

In the caſe of the flood it plainly appears that no *window*, however placed or large could afford an introduction of light into the ark, ſufficient for the neceſſary occupations of Noah and his family. We muſt therefore ſeek ſome other meaning for the word tranſlated *window*; and here the *maſonic* Rabbins come to our aſſiſtance, and plainly ſhew the defect of our verſion of the writings of Moſes.

The *Lights* and *Perfections* called in Hebrew *Urim and Thummim* which during the whole theocracy, denoted the oracles of god, were in being from the creation. They were placed in the ark and irradiated every part, ſo that there was a ſufficiency of light for every purpoſe. The *Urim* (and what it really was ſhall be fully explained in its place) was the ſole light of the ark, and it is that which is meant by the word, tranſlated window.

That this is the true interpretation will appear obviouſly to every perſon who will conſider, that the word צהר. *Tzohar* is not uſed to ſignify a *window* in other parts of the ſcripture. In 2 Kings vii. 19. *If the lord ſhould make a* window *in heaven*, and in Iſaiah lx. 8. *as doves to their* windows. The Hebrew word is ארכה *Arebah*. In 1 Kings vii. 45. *there were* windows *in three rows, were ſquare with the* windows *and light was &c.* מחזח *Machazah* is the word. In Ezekiel lx. 25. *and there were* windows *in it*, ibid. 29. In Jeremiah xxii. 14. *and cutteth him out* windows—In 1 Kings vi. 4. *and for the houſe he made* windows *of narrow lights*, and in Jeremiah ix. 21. *For death is come up into your* windows. The Hebrew word is חלון *challon*. And in Judges v. *looked out at a* window. In Proverbs vii. 6. *for at the* window *of my houſe*. The Hebrew for window is שנב Shanab. Amidſt theſe many words of various derivations that are uſually employed to ſignify a window we do not find *Tzohar* which now ſhould be particularly conſidered. Its root is צהר Tzahar, which ſignifies, light, ſplendor, or brightneſs, which cannot be applied to any aperture in the ark. Eſpecially when we reflect, that as glaſs was not yet known, that aperture or window could not be made to introduce light but only when it was opened; and how improper it might be to open it during the preter-exceſſive rains any one may conſider. No, the Tzohar was the ſhining ſplendor of God, that diſpelled darkneſs from every part of the ark;

that was a manifeſtation of his divine preſence; that afterwards gave the commands of God from the jewels of the high prieſts; that is emblematized in every *myſtic meeting* of the *enlightened*, and that ſends its ray to illuminate the breaſt of every *true* and *worthy* maſon in the world.

(*To be continued.*)

Eſſay on the Writings of Sundry Capital Authors.

(An Original.)

Rien rieſt beau que le vrai, le vrai ſeul eſt aimable.

BOILEAU

"THE Henriade is a finer epic poem than the Iliad, the Ænead, the Jeruſalem delivered or than the Paradiſe loſt." Well ſaid lord Cheſterfield! I like a man that has an opinion of his own: and this opinion was poſitively his lordſhip's; unleſs, as I have more than once been tempted to ſuſpect, he ſtole it from Voltaire.—So ſays Martin Sherlock whilſt he produces the following *ipſe-dixit* of his own. "The greateſt effort of genius that perhaps was ever made, was forming the plan of Clariſſa Harlowe; the ſecond was executing that plan. Here then was genius upon its moſt elevated and extenſive ſcale." Here might be retorted the well ſaid! "I like a man that has an opinion of his own." For *this* opinion is indubitably original; not borrowed, even from the author of the work in queſtion; as he ſuſpects the former to have been; and what is more, it is likely to continue his own excluſively, as no one ſeems inclined to adopt it. In the life of Mr. H. Brooke prefixed to the laſt edition of his works we find the following ſtriking paragraph. "Here flushed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praiſe, his genius ſoared to its zenith, and ſnatched all its fire from the altar of Apollo to animate the foremoſt production of *human powers*—*his* GUSTAVUS VASA." Of theſe three deciſions this alone ſeems to me pardonable—The judgment is here ſilent, it is the heart that ſpeaks, a heart glowing with the delightful ſenſation of filial pride and filial affection. How I envy the charming deluſion.—How I honour the amiable error! Had any other than her father been the author Miſs Brooke would never have ſuppoſed the lambent flame that plays ſo calmly in Guſtavus Vaſa, had robbed the blazing altar of Apollo of *all its fires*." But acknowledge that tho' it had caught a pure ſpark from thence it requires all the feelings of a daughter to diſcover the animated beauties and vivid colours, with which her elegant pen has adorned it. Of the ſucceſs this piece would have met on the theatre, we cannot judge, as the virulence of party prevented its being received, and deprived the world of the benefit of this fine leſſon of morality without the advantage of ſtage effect. Correct, elegant, and harmonious in the ſtile; pure, moral, and noble in the ſentiments, having for its principal object *a real hero*, the moſt faultleſs perhaps that ever exiſted, and adhering to hiſtoric, truth as well as dramatic rules; how comes it that we are not affected by it, as we are by *Zara*, *Jane Shore*, the *Diſtreſſed Mother*, *Alzira* and many others, independant of that great maſter of nature, Shakeſpeare? How comes it, but from its deficiency in that very quality ſo partially attributed to it? We approve, but can never be charmed with *Guſtavus Vaſa*. I wiſh not to depreciate an author whoſe talents and virtues I admire and revere: one who does honour to human nature, (to uſe his own expreſſive words.)

More than talents, more than art,
Was given him in a feeling heart.

To give another forcible example, of the fallibility of all peremptory deciſions, when the fineſt imaginations and the ſoundeſt judgments are thus miſled by prejudice or partiality. Return we now to the Rev. Archdeacon who committing and condemning, this very error has given riſe to theſe ſtrictures: thus by a retrograde motion we ſhall reach his lordſhips again. I am much miſtaken if Mr. Sherlock's ſentiments of Clariſſa (quoted above) do not militate

tate againſt other writers (notwithſtanding the ſoftening *perhaps*) more than thoſe he aſſerts to have been written by lord Cheſterfield; and infinite more than any he can produce that his lordſhip did really write. Granting lord Cheſterfield ſays, the Henriade is the firſt epic poem ever written: he will ſet it above all works of the ſame nature. Whereas Mr. Sherlock calls Clariſſa not only a finer work than any ever written in any line whatever, but "the greateſt effort of genius ever made upon the moſt elevated and extenſive ſcale." Thereby not only "annihilating" (to uſe his own expreſſion) "poor Homer, Virgil, Milton and Taſſo," but every other genius of every other denomination. Poets, hiſtorians, philoſophers, even warriors "from Macedonia's mad man to the Swede," all ſink before this redoubtable amazon. We are aſtoniſhed to ſee Homer degraded into a ſecondary claſs, who has been always allowed "if not firſt, in the firſt line," and if Dryden be placed next to him it muſt be "next with many a length between."

If invention, as is generally thought is the ſtrongeſt proof of genius; then has Homer a better title to it than any man that ever exiſted, being the undoubted father of epic poetry, the ſublimeſt kind of writing ever invented. (I am not to learn it has been ſaid he borrowed from ſtill more ancient writers) every ſubſequent poet has copied him, and ſucceeded in proportion as they caught his ſpirit, Virgil was only his happieſt imitator, in this firſt prerogative of genius; then it muſt be confeſſed he has undiſputed advantage over Richardſon. There never was an epic poem before the Iliad.—there were novels innumerable before Clariſſa. That degree of credit to a ſkilful improver on a former invention belongs to Richardſon, in this particular inſtance it is greater than the original romances, which contained ſuch wild and over ſtrained pictures, ſuch "caricatures of perfection," as ſoon gave diſtaſte to rational people and inclined authors to take an oppoſite direction, ſtudy the *natural*, and dreſs their heroines in all the charms of artleſs ſimplicity. It was no longer the ſtate princeſs, but the blooming Village-maid, that was celebrated; and of this ſpecies of novel Richardſon's Pamela is the ruſtic queen. He ſeemed deſirous to blend and unite theſe two extremes in the perſon of Clariſſa. She poſſeſſes the moſt dignified manners, and her heart is an aſſemblage of the virtues. The mild, as well as the firm, unite in her; and as the latter predominate all combine. A maſter's hand alone could draw tears for the miſfortunes of a woman who is herſelf ſuperior to them, and who at once commands our admiration, reverence and awe. There is a ſoftneſs in her very humility which prevents our compaſſionating her ſufferings, even while we weep for them; and her grandeur of ſoul under all her diſtreſſes rather wrings than ſoftens our hearts.

I never can join in cenſuring Richardſon for drawing his heroine *above* nature: the more perfect the model we propoſe to ourſelves, the nearer to perfection ſhall we arrive by imitating it. Tho' I admit it is a queſtion, if ſuch a character would not rather occaſion deſpair than hope. Emulation is ſometimes deſtroyed by the very perfection of its object. Yet will I not allow, that the ſame rule holds good for Clariſſa and the Venus De Medicis; their authors had different objects; that of the one was a goddeſs, that of the other a mere mortal woman; true, the ſtatue is equally diſtant from nature (that is human nature) as the lady, no woman ever came near its beauty; but then, it was intended for a goddeſs, not a woman, whilſt Clariſſa was intended for a woman and is worthy of being a goddeſs. The ſoul of Sir Charles Grandiſon is equally entitled to animate the ſtatue of the Apollo of Belvidere, but how is a mere mortal man entitled to the mental more than the perſonal perfection of that accompliſhed god? If Richardſon intended Sir Charles Grandiſon and Clariſſa Harlowe as repreſentations, of nature, he was in error. If he meant to ſhew what it ought to be, he has ſucceeded to his moſt ſanguine wiſh. He has preſented each ſex a model that none

can

can behold without improvement, for it is ſome degree of virtue even to regret the impoſſibility of attaining it. Doubtleſs both theſe works would be more generally ſerviceable, becauſe more generally known could they be read without an effort.*

I am about to hazard a bold aſſertion, and ſay I can produce a work of the ſame nature, that might conteſt the point of pre-eminence with Clariſſa Harlowe.—It is with diffidence I do it tho' Mrs. Sheridan's acknowledged genius juſtifies me in naming her as a writer worthy of ſuch a competitor as Richardſon; and my own feelings on peruſing both works gave a decided fiat in favour of Sidney Bidulph. There are no two works of any kind more ſtrongly analogous, nor that can with more propriety be compared. They are both amiable and unfortunate women, labouring under the ſevereſt trials with unſhaken conſtancy, and perſevering in her moral duties againſt all inducements or obligations to deviate from them: and are each the narrator of her own ſentiments and ſufferings. With the ſame ground work they are very different characters, and afford full ſcope to determine whether the attractive or the commanding virtues be moſt practically uſeful to ſociety. Having already diſplayed the dazzling ſplendor of Clariſſa let us now do juſtice to the mild radiance of Sidney Bidulph. In her the ſofteſt virtues predominate, without once degenerating into weakneſs, and it is in the gradual developement of her character we perceive the noble principles that dignify it. Common readers are not ſenſible of the extent of her merit, in relinquiſhing without a murmur, to the caprice of her mother, the man who merited and poſſeſſed her whole heart; and are apt to think her cold and indifferent to him, becauſe ſhe was neither intemperate in her happineſs when this deſired union was on the point of taking place, nor in her miſery when it was ſo unexpectedly broken off. Ladies, both in novels and in real life, have uſually more tranſports in the firſt ſituation than are ſtrictly becoming to feminine paſſion, and on any diſappointment give a proportionable looſe to extravagant ſorrow; the few who do yield their inclinations to duty, always clouding their compliance by ſhewing how difficult they find the ſacrifice they make. She on the contrary does not let even her own heart know how dear he was to it, till the avowal became again conſiſtent with ſtricteſt purity; her innate nobleneſs ſuppreſſes the fond workings of a juſtifiable affection, leſt they ſhould hurt the feelings of the miſtaken parent. She reverences even her prejudices, and yields to her the moſt ready and implicit obedience as to one delegated by heaven to diſpoſe of her fate, nor is her filial piety wholly without recompence—Miſfortune is no miſery—She is depreſſed, but never overwhelmed and under every afflicting circumſtance ſhe ſtill poſſeſſes, "that ſweet peace which goodneſs boſoms ever." Viciſſitudes of fortune are ſaid to be more difficult to ſupport, than a continuance of the worſt. The ſudden tide of proſperity ſo unexpectedly poured on her did not ſhake that equal frame of mind that diſtinguiſhes her throughout, ſhe ſaw her children reſtored to opulence from penury, with all

The guarded rapture of a breaſt,
Which many a grief had known;

'Twas ſuch a ſober ſenſe of joy,
As angels well might keep.

A joy

N O T E.

It is much to be lamented that ſome writer of taſte does not undertake to give the world an edition of Clariſſa free from thoſe redundancies that overburthen the mind, her Rev. admirer who ſeems well adapted to the taſk would by performing it, gain more proſelytes to his opinions than by the moſt elaborate eulogiums which muſt end in acknowledging a fault, ſo obvious to every ſpecies of readers as being tireſome; of *this* even the archdeacon, notwithſtanding his partiality, is ſenſible and it is *this* makes his correſpondent "with wit, taſte, ſenſe and ſentiment;" not like Richardſon: and this will prevent his ever arriving at the fullneſs of his glory," without a judicious abridgement.

A joy chaſtiſed by piety
A joy prepared to weep.

The unremitting ſeries of misfortunes Clariſſa ſuffered inured her mind gradually to them; like the hardy oak ſhe braved the ſtorm and fell majeſtically under it. This gleam of happineſs did not relax that of Sidney Bidulph, ſhe again, felt the keeneſt anguiſh and again like the pliant ozier, bowed ſubmiſſive to the blaſt, but kept her root. Even the death of Clariſſa ſcarcely proves her mortal. We feel at that exquiſite picture ſomewhat like a zealous Roman catholic weeping before a cruciſix: who adores it, yet knows it to be but a repreſentation; and knows too, that the ſufferer is endued with a celeſtial ſpirit not to be expected by any other in a ſimilar ſituation. Yet methinks Sidney Bidulph riſes above her, by out-living her ſorrows and gives her readers a more ſublime and truly chriſtian leſſon. The ſoft Clariſſa throws us at ſuch a diſtance we can feel for her no ſort of tenderneſs, or if I can uſe the expreſſion, perſonal attachment. We find the taſk of Virtue too difficult to practice, and cannot follow her intrepid ſteps over the thorny path. The amiable Sidney engages every ſoft ſenſation of love, eſteem, and pity, we feel for her as ſhe does for herſelf, with pious reſignation, aſſimilate ourſelves to her gentle ſpirit, and patiently follow her unwearied ſteps over thorns indeed, but thorns mingled with roſes. She ſhows us how eaſy it is to be good, ſhe harmonizes all our paſſions, and pours her tranquil virtues like balm into our boſoms. High wrought minds alone dare emulate the dignified manner of Clariſſa, whilſt Sidney with no leſs exalted virtue comes within the ſcope of the humbleſt talents, by the unaffuming ſimplicity of hers.

Notwithſtanding the faultleſsneſs generally attributed to Clariſſa, I am of opinion there is a very conſiderable blemiſh in her character.—*She loves a libertine.* Is it not very inconſiſtent with the pure delicacy of a virtuous woman to love a man ſo groſsly debauched as Lovelace? and Clariſſa loves him to the laſt, it is for him ſhe dies, becauſe honour forbids her living with him; ſhe is at leaſt equally the victim of love and of virtue. However her grandeur of ſoul is evident in every ſituation and in none more than that awful, that affecting period; and ſo admirably, ſo pathetically has the inimitable Richardſon depicted, her that tho' ſhe appears rather tranſlated, than dead; rather to triumph than be overcome; the readers mind is torn with the moſt heart-rending agony. I am ſenſible Clariſſa Harlowe will always be a more ſtriking picture, but muſt ever contend Sidney Bidulph is the moſt exemplary, and leaves the mind in a happier diſpoſition to fulfill its duties.

Wit, ſentiment, and ſenſe, are the three characteriſtics of Clariſſa, with the firſt Mrs. Sheridan did not chuſe to embelliſh Sidney Bidulph; her other works ſhew ſhe could have done ſo, but the abſence (I will not ſay the want) of it is fully compenſated by an even, unaffected flow of pure *practical* morality, and for ſentiment and ſenſe, who that has either will deny Sidney Bidulph all of both, conſiſtent with nature? of which ſhe is at once a faithful and amiable repreſentation.

After all, we muſt allow much ſcope to ſo exuberant an imagination as Mr. Sherlock he praiſes and diſpraiſes with enthuſiaſm, his favourites and antipathies are all in the ſuperlative degree. "You admire Shakſpeare ſaid the king of Pruſſia to him, "I do ſire," he replied, "as the greateſt genius ever exiſted," how comes it then that the greateſt effort of genius ſhould be made and executed by any other? this *petit egaremen de l'eſprit* in letters written purpoſely for publication ought to teach their author ſome lenity to thoſe not intended to inform or inſult the world by the ſingularity of the ſentiments. At leaſt thoſe ſentiments ought not to be miſtated. It is notorious Lord Cheſterfield meant his letters only for the age they were addreſſed, and tho' they have met the public gaze and are liable to criticiſm and diſcuſſion, it cannot be preciſely in the ſame manner as if they were

were ſtrictly ſpeaking a literary work: ſomething muſt be allowed for the unſuſpecting openneſs of confidential correſpondence. The cuſtom of judging all ranks of people, even their kings after death was the boaſt of Egypt. Every one had liberty to accuſe and defend, and the world was the judge. We would think, this open trial precluded all poſſibility of injuſtice to the ſacred dead, and that their fame muſt become perfectly pure from this ordeal, or elſe be conſigned to its merited oblivion or infamy; but unfortunately candour did not always guide theſe deciſions. We ſeem to have adopted the ſame mode of judging though without the Egyptian formality; I would hope without the Egyptian corruption. Authors are more eſpecially ſubject to this judicature, with the peculiar happineſs that their own works pronounce their verdict: an appeal to them reverſes any falſe judgment miſrepreſentation may have procured, and happy is he who requires no other advocate than producing his book.

(To be continued.)

The Viciſſitudes of Fortune.

(Continued from p. 486 of our laſt Vol.)

FROM from the firſt failure of letters from ſir William Morton; from the moment there could commence any doubt of his ſafety, Mrs. Tyrrel began to form her plan to turn the event to her own advantage. She had ſent for her ſon home from college, and ordered him to be particularly aſſiduous to Miſs Lydia. The youth obeyed his mother, and ſought every opportunity of making himſelf agreeable to his fair couſin. Her beauty and accompliſhments would have been ſufficient incitements, but the knowledge that Mrs. Tyrrel and her ſon had of the wealth that would deſcend to Lydia on her father's death (which was greatly augmented by the eſtate of the late ſir Robert Morton) was an additional ſpur to their united endeavours to make the whole centre with them.

Young Tyrrel was turned of twenty years old, his perſon was not diſagreeable, and he had not neglected his ſtudies; but Lydia could reſpect him no more than as a near relation; and all his attention could procure only civility from her, without the moſt diſtant appearance of any tender paſſion. However, he proceeded with all the art and cunning he poſſeſſed, which were not inconſiderable. Though born to a fortune of ſeven hundred a year, his avarice looked upon that income as quite inadequate to his wiſhes; and he cared not what means, however baſe, would be employed to encreaſe it.

Five months had paſſed ſince ſir William Morton's departure from Liſbon, when the wife of the captain of the Endeavour encloſed to Lydia a letter from her huſband. In that he ſet forth that the ſecond day after their leaving Liſbon, a violent ſtorm had ariſen, with the wind at North, that had driven the veſſel on the coaſt of Morocco, and that the ſhip had been wrecked a little to the ſouthward of Mogadore, and had gone to pieces almoſt immediately after ſhe had ſtruck: that he had been above twenty hours floating on the ſea, on an hen-coop, when he was fortunately taken up by an Engliſh ſhip, bound to Guinea, which had been driven out of her courſe by the late ſtorm, but had happily cleared the land: that he had had no opportunity of ſending home the diſagreeable news, till the ſhip had got her cargo of ſlaves, and had arrived at Barbadoes, from whence he ſhould return in the next fleet. The captain added, that from the ſhip's going to pieces ſo ſuddenly, nothing could be ſaved; and from the violence of the ſtorm, and the darkneſs of the night, he had no doubt but ſir William Morton and every ſoul on board had periſhed.

This was fatal news to poor Lydia; for a time ſhe was inconſolable, and then ſunk into a ſettled melancholy, whilſt Mrs. Tyrrel and her ſon inwardly rejoiced at the almoſt completion of their wiſhes. Sir William being now dead, his daughter was the undoubted heireſs of his fortune, which included that of the late ſir Robert; for there were no males, even in the moſt diſtant line, that could pretend to diſpute it with

with her. Mr. Spencer waited on Miſs Morton with the will that had been left ſealed in his hands, and a day was appointed for opening it. It was foreſeen that no ſpecific mention could be made in it of the eſtate that had devolved to ſir William from the death of his brother; but as there was reaſon to expect that event, there was no doubt but ſome regard was paid to that circumſtance.

Every one concluded ſir William had periſhed; but alas! Mrs. Tyrrel well knew to the contrary, though ſhe did not chuſe to declare that knowledge. Her ſon, from the hour he came home, had been a daily attendant on the poſt-office in the city, to intercept any letters that might be directed to Lydia: above three months before the letter from the captain arrived, young Tyrrel got poſſeſſion of one from ſir William. It mentioned the ſtorm and ſhipwreck, with an account that he had been driven on the ſtrand by the waves, and though much bruiſed, crawled out of the reach of the ſea; that when day aroſe he was ſeized by ſome Moors, who brought him to Mogadore, where he was kept as a ſlave; that a Jew, who ſerved there as an interpreter, had promiſed to negociate his ranſom, which had been ſettled at one thouſand guineas to his maſter, and one hundred to the Jew. He therefore directed his daughter to order Mr. Spencer to ſend immediately bills for twelve hundred pounds to a merchant at Cadiz (who was to forward this letter,) from whom the Jew would receive it.

The misfortune of ſir William Morton being thus known, might have been ſoon remedied; but that would not ſuit Mrs. Tyrrel's purpoſe. She thought that if no notice was taken of this letter, the Moor who held her brother-in-law in ſlavery would be enraged at the diſappointment of his expectations, and would therefore treat ſir William with more rigour. This, with the anxiety of mind he muſt feel from not hearing from home, ſhe concluded, would ſoon deſtroy him; and ſhe had waited with impatience for ſome authentic news that might relate the ſhipwreck, and confirm that he was dead, when the captain's letter arrived, which ſeemed to put that event paſt a doubt.

But altho' ſhe had paſſed three months in anxious expectation, ſhe had not been idle. She knew if ſhe could effect a marriage between her ſon and her niece, the whole of the family fortune would become their property: but the indifference with which Lydia beheld her couſin's aſſiduities, gave her no hopes of gaining that point, unleſs ſhe could obtain ſome legal power over her. She knew her father had made a Will, ſhe thought it highly probable that he had left his fortune to his daughter, but ſhe knew not under whoſe charge and guardianſhip the execution of the will and the cuſtody of Lydia was directed. It was abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould get that Will into her poſſeſſion: but it required the utmoſt ſtretch of cunning to obtain it. Mr. Spencer had too much honour and integrity to countenance any fraud or deception.—She therefore would not hazard a trial, that would by its failure riſque not only her character, but the ſucceſs of her whole ſcheme—ſome other means were to be tried, and Mrs. Tyrrel's brain, fertile in expedients, was not long at a loſs.

From the day ſhe had intercepted ſir William's letter, ſhe began to appear greatly attached to Mr. Spencer. She had him frequently at her houſe, where he was a welcome gueſt to Miſs Lydia, who greatly eſteemed him; and the viſit was as frequently returned. Mrs. Tyrrel ſometimes went with her niece, and ſometimes viſited him alone. She cautiouſly obſerved in what part of his cabinet he placed his moſt valuable and important papers, and did not doubt ſir William's Will was one of them. She then appointed an evening when ſhe, her niece, and ſome other ladies were to be accompanied to a concert by her ſon, Mr. Spencer, and a large party; and Mrs. Tyrrel ſeemed to have formed this deſign merely as an opportunity to amuſe Lydia under her anxiety about her father.

The whole company dined with Mr. Spencer, when, at the moment they were to go to the concert, Mrs. Tyrrel pretended a ſudden pain of the head,

which rendered her utterly incapable of ſharing in the entertainment, whilſt ſhe totally refuſed that the party ſhould be put off on her account, or that any of it ſhould ſtay with her. She ſaid her diſorder would probably go off in a ſhort time; that ſhe would wait the return of the company at Mr. Spencer's and would not go home till the next morning. Lydia requeſted to ſtay with her aunt; declaring that not going to the concert would be no diſappointment to her, as ſhe was not in a frame of mind to reliſh that amuſement. Mrs. Tyrrel anſwered, that muſic was the beſt compoſer of the mind, and ſhe would by no means deprive her of the opportunity; that ſhe would try to compoſe herſelf in Mr. Spencer's eaſy chair, and if ſhe found her head better, ſhe would amuſe herſelf with reading, if he would truſt her with the key of his book-caſe.—To this Mr. Spencer readily agreed, gave her his bunch of keys, and ordered his ſervants not to diſturb Mrs. Tyrrel till their return from the concert.

Mrs. Tyrrel had not only gained the point of being left alone in the Cabinet, but beſides the key of the book caſe was on a Ring with many others; and ſhe doubted not but that which opened the bureau was one of them. As ſoon therefore as the company was gone, and ſhe was alone, ſhe bolted the door and began the trial. The identical key was there, and ſhe actually found the Will in one of the drawers, with the cover ſealed with four ſeals impreſſed with the family arms. She put the important paper into her pocket, not thinking it prudent to examine the contents there; but to ſtay till ſhe got home when ſhe could contrive to ſubſtitute another in its place. To do this would require another opportunity, which muſt be haſtened; and another poſſeſſion of the key obtained leſt the will ſhould be miſſed: but ſhe was ſoon relieved from any difficulty on the latter account, as upon examination ſhe found one of the keys on her own bunch would completely anſwer her purpoſe.

Till the company returned ſhe revolved in her mind the different ſteps ſhe had to take, to prevent any fruſtration of her deſign. The firſt was to prevent Mr. Spencer from miſſing the Will before ſhe had put another in its room. This ſhe effected, on the return of the company, when ſhe declared a little ſleep had completely relieved her head; but as ſhe had given great trouble to him, ſhe inſiſted that he ſhould go with her the next day, to her Villa, which as the public offices would be ſhut (it being in the Eaſter holydays) he could do without any prejudice to his buſineſs. To this Mr. Spencer conſented, and ſet out with Mrs. Tyrrel and Lydia, the next morning, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over.

On getting home Mrs. Tyrrel knew ſhe had no time to loſe, therefore leaving Lydia to entertain Mr. Spencer, by walking in the demeſne whilſt ſhe was employed as ſhe ſaid on family affairs; ſhe locked herſelf in her chamber with her ſon, and opened the Will. It was written entirely by Sir William, and witneſſed by three of his clerks, as no perſon to whom any legacy is left, can by law witneſs any teſtament. By this Will ſhe found her brother in-law had left five hundred pounds to Mr. Spencer, and two hundred and fifty pounds to the Rev. Dr. Oſborne, rector of the pariſh; whom he had appointed joint executors of his will, and guardians to his daughter. He had bequeathed five hundred pounds each to Mrs. Tyrrel and her ſon; and, after ſome other ſmall legacies he had left the whole bulk of his remaining fortune to his daughter, to be paid her on the day of her marriage, or on the day of her attaining eighteen years compleat, at which time ſhe ſhould be of full age; Then followed this clauſe, " And as it " is highly probable that my elder bro- " ther Sir Robert Morton, Bart. who " is declared to be paſt recovery, may " ſhortly depart this life, and as I am " the undoubted heir to all his landed " eſtate, with the houſes and chattels " thereon; in that caſe it is my will " that if I die before my ſaid daughter " Lydia Morton, ſhe ſhall heir and " poſſeſs that eſtate, with thoſe houſes " and chattels: and if ſhe ſhould ſuc- " ceed to them before ſhe ſhall have " arrived at eighteen years of age, the

" aforeſaid

" aforeſaid guardians may make ſuch " marriage ſettlements as ſhe and they " may judge proper and neceſſary; " and on the contingency of my ſaid " daughter poſſeſſing the eſtate of my " ſaid brother, then I will that ſhe ſhall " pay double the legacies I have be- " queathed to my ſiſter in-law Mary " Tyrrel widow, to her ſon Charles " Tyrrel, and to my executors Willi- " am Spencer, Eſq. and the Rev. Amos " Oſborne, Doctor in Divinity."

This will was not at all ſatisfactory to Mrs. Tyrrel. Tho' a proper remembrance was had of her and her ſon; yet two thouſand pounds were little to her whoſe wiſh was for all. She therefore reſolved to have a Will more fit for her purpoſe; and here her ſon was of ſingular ſervice. He had early employed himſelf in imitating the hand writing of others, and from frequent practice had rendered himſelf able to counterfeit any hand. He therefore by his mother's directions wrote a Will, to which be joined his uncle's ſignature and thoſe of the witneſſes; and ſealed it with the ſame ſeal, which Mr. Morton had given to his daughter the day before his departure. The paper was of the ſame ſize with that of the real Will, and being encloſed in a cover ſealed with four ſeals, was ready to be ſubſtituted in place of the other in Mr. Spencer's bureau as ſoon as an opportunity offered. This opportunity ſhe ſoon had, for on Mr. Spencer's return. She came to town with him, and going into the cabinet, requeſted that whilſt he was out he would let her finiſh the reading of a book ſhe had began a few evening's before. He opened his bookcaſe and gave it to her, but ſhe declined his leaving the key, ſaying ſhe would take the book with her to her villa that Lydia might read it alſo. He then went out on his buſineſs, and ſhe by means of her own key put the Will her ſon had counterfeited in place of the other; and then went into the parlour, where with the higheſt ſelf ſatisfaction ſhe waited his return.

(To be continued.)

Gallery of Portraits.

Duke de Biron, under the Character of Bremus.

WHEN our birth has aſſigned to us a conſiderable rank, and we have raiſed ourſelves by our character above that conſiderable, we are ſurely entitled to ſome degree of regard. Such is Bremus. He never conceived, that what he owed to his country had been paid by his anceſtors. He had qualified himſelf to defend her with ſkill, and to ſerve her with applauſe. He has done his part. It is for his country to give ſcope and activity to the talents he has exerted himſelf to form.

You will never make of him a courtier, but he will eaſily become either a general or a ſtateſman. Not that he has not that kind of underſtanding that renders its poſſeſſor agreeable, but that he diſdains to devote himſelf to the art of pleaſing, becauſe a mind of a vigorous temper ſeeks higher objects.

Bremus has examined, meaſured, and weighed his contemporaries. It is for this reaſon that his conduct has been ſomewhat ſingular. His proceedings have not been thoſe that inclination would have dictated, but thoſe which the ſtate of ſociety forced upon him.

Negociators are now no longer the ſpies of the ſtate: the intrigues of a cabinet, or the ſcandals of a tête à tête are no longer the topics of a diſpatch: to miſlead a miniſter, to bribe a ſecretary, and to turn the head of a favourite are no longer the ſervices, that government demands of an ambaſſador. It is requiſite, that he ſhould enter into the confidence of the court where he reſides, that he ſhould ſtudy their views where they diſcloſe them, that he ſhould predict what they are where they hide them; it is requiſite that he ſhould regulate himſelf, not by their expreſſions, but by their actions, and that he ſhould influence, through the great medium of opinion, the counſels and the deſigns of the government under which he lives. Such are the great functions which Bremus

mus would have discharged with success.

Not that he is not liable to the charge of coldness of apprehension; but this coldness derives from the knowledge of mankind, and not from the error of his own disposition, and accordingly vanishes, when great and powerful motives are presented to his mind. On the other hand, there is a class of men, whose career begins so early, who run so rapidly through every species of gratification, that the scene of things closes to them, before they properly begin to live.

Bremus has given himself the education of experience, has travelled much, and derived instruction from men, from business, and from things. It is by traversing the globe, imperfect as is its present condition, that we refine our ideas, that we acquire philosophical tranquillity and the complete use of our rational faculties. Above all, we are impressed with a conviction of human imbecility, and become indulgent and candid.

Bremus has saved from the general shipwreck of good manners the frankness of an ancient cavalier, and, though the present age and the court of Versailles do not admit of its existing in all its purity, he has at least exhibited traces of it that have excited a mingled sentiment of admiration and regret. His exterior is phlegmatic and obtuse; but familiarise yourself with him, and you will perceive, that these appearances are created by the reserve of a man that is not anxious to display himself.

Though he has lived at a period, when the great publicly exposed to sale a credit that they did not possess; when they fought by every mode of adventure a wealth after which they were ever grasping, but which they could never retain; when they permitted to themselves expedients at which delicacy shudders; he exhibited a mind, disinterested, generous, and superior to the frigid counsels of arithmetical calculation.

In the national assembly his mere opinion is of some consequence. I know not whether to the merit of judicious discernment he will unite the talents of eloquence and rhetorical energy; but I know, that he will never be thought lightly of by the party to which he shall be attached, and that they will place in his words and his actions the most entire confidence. Does this eulogium appear trivial and common? Why is it, that the word confidence should, when applied to many people, be the bitterest sarcasm you can utter? Why should it draw a thunder of disapprobation upon the intrepid flatterer, that should venture to employ it towards the half of those, who breathe or might breath the air of a court? Is it, that we have at length joined to our other good qualities an utter contempt of propriety and decorum?

If I have here insisted upon no particular defect, it is not that the character of Bremus is perfect; but that his defects produce little injury, and are not the source of any malignant influence. When we are endowed with certain qualities, they spread over us a lustre, that enables petty spots to pass unperceived.

On the Propriety of Making a Will.

OF all the duties incumbent on men to preform as members of society, I can scarcely name one in which they err more egregiously, than in the disposal of their property by will. From the great number of absurd wills, that are every day produced at the Bank, and other public offices, for the transfer of testamentary property, one would be tempted to imagine, that beside the sentence 'to die,' there was a time appointed for all men to play the fool and contradict every opinion of their wisdom or common sense, which had been formed during their lives. In most nations men enjoy, as a sacred right, the privilege of disposing of their property by will; and it is very singular that men of acknowledged, or, supposed good understanding should do so much to bring into disrepute a privilege, which the common consent of the public has fully recognized. Yet this they do in various ways.

Of wills properly made, it is not necessary here to speak: of those which come under another description, there are

are several kinds. There are cruel wills and whimsical ones. In the first, a total disregard is paid to the obligations of kindred, affection, and merit: a family that have lived in splendour, and who consider themselves as in part heirs to the continuation of it, are left very often destitute of the necessaries of life, and very ill provided with any means, or resources, to enable them to support such a reverse of fortune, or to re-enter the world in a different character from that in which they appeared before. In whimsical wills, we find that property, which might have been usefully extended among the circles of industry and indigence, left entirely to some worthless, and perhaps to some inanimate objects; a dog, or a cat have often inherited what would have assisted a distressed family, and sums have been left to erect monuments, which perpetuated the vanity of those on whom they could confer no fame.

But when we consider the nature of wills, in which cruel, unjust and whimsical or absurd divisions of property are made, a question very naturally arises; how can all this be reconciled with the vanity of mankind, and with their desire to obtain and perpetuate a good report among their fellow creatures? Is it not strange, that a man who had for a long life so demeaned himself as to obtain (what surely it is the wish of most men to obtain) the character of a just, kind, and wise member of society; I say, is it not strange that such a man should at once, with a few strokes of his pen, destroy all this reputation, and cancel every obligation which his friends or his fellow citizens owed to him? That a miser should leave his possessions to build an hospital, or a wicked man to found a religious seminary, are things not to be wondered at. The former may have thought that he can do more good by one great act of munificence, than by the usual mode of periodical or casual charity; and the latter may imagine, that if the last of his actions demonstrate a regard for the interests of piety, his former failings may be buried with him. But when we find a man, who has enjoyed an excellent reputation for justice, affection, generosity, and wisdom make such a will, as is not consistent with any of these qualities, nor even with common sense, we must acknowledge ourselves to be at a loss how to reconcile his latter with his former conduct, upon any known principles which usually guide mankind.

In such cases, indeed, it may be said, and perhaps it is all that can be said, that these men have delayed the writing of their wills to a period, when the anguish of a sick bed impaired their memories and their intellects. It is not certainly easy to suppose that any man, in the full possession of reason, would stab his reputation any more than his person. But the fact, in whatever manner it may be accounted for, is not to be denied; nor will it, indeed, be disputed by any person whose profession puts it in his way to see many wills, and who will often see much that he may wonder at without being able to resolve.

The privilege of making a will, however grosly abused, is perhaps the very last of which we would consent to be deprived. Custom is second nature; it would not be possible to persuade a man that he has not a natural right to bequeath his property, because it is a right, which he knows his ancestors have enjoyed time immemorial. Blackstone informs us, that when property came to be vested in individuals by the right of occupancy, it became necessary for the peace of society, that this occupancy should be continued, not only in the present possessor, but in those persons to whom he should think proper to transfer it; and this first introduced the practice of alienations and gifts; but if we were restricted to those, the privilege would still be imperfect; for upon the death of the occupier, all his goods would again become common, and create an infinite variety of strife and contention. The law of very many societies has therefore given to the proprietor a right of continuing his property after his death, in such persons as he shall name, and in defect of such appointment or nomination, or where no nomination is permitted, the law of every society has directed the goods to be vested in certain

particular

particular individuals, exclusive of all other persons. In England, as the same author observes, this power of bequeathing is coeval with the first rudiments of the law; for we have no traces or memorials of any time when it did not exist.

Such is the law upon this subject, and we know, that scarcely any crime is more severely punished in the civil courts, than any departure from the will of a testator. Guarded, therefore, as this privilege is by express laws, and considered as sacred by public opinion, it is lamentable that it should be so often exercised to prove the wickedness or imbecility of our natures; that it should be attended to only when attention cannot be commanded, and that it should be neglected even by those, who from a thousand motives might be supposed interested in its being well and duly executed. These evils appear to me to arise from two causes, though perhaps it is not necessary to consider them distinctly—I mean, either putting off the making of a will to a distant and inconvenient period, or neglecting it altogether; the latter perhaps sometimes is intentional, as in the case of a person, who thinks that he ought not to violate an imprudent promise in behalf of some one, which would injure his heirs at law—but more often this proceeds from the first cause, a perpetual delay and backwardness to perform the most simple and easy act of human obligation.

It is not easy to account for this backwardness in men of sense; for all the reasons assigned to excuse it, are not very consistent with common sense. A man who is entitled, in any moderate degree, to the epithet of wise, will not surely think that when he signs his will, he signs his death warrant, or that the undertaker must of necessity follow the lawyer. In fact, it would be foolish to delay the making of a will, even if this were the case; but surely that man's mind must have little fortitude, and less religion, who cannot at stated times think on death with composure, as that which is appointed for all men, and which he can neither retard nor accelerate.

But every thing must be subordinate to duty. If the thought of death be a pain, it must be submitted to, because that which suggested it is an obligation binding on all men who are possessed of property, and much more on those who have families, and who are engaged in the connexions of business. Could any man of sense, who died without a will, return to see his family almost beggared, his children scattered on the wide world, his business embarrassed so as to be worth nothing, how much would he be shocked to think that all this confusion arose from his neglecting so simple an operation as a will? Would not such a man blush to find his memory despised, and perhaps execrated, for neglecting to do what, if he considered as a trifle, ought the more readily to have been done, but what, considered as the means of avoiding much distress and confusion, it was criminal to leave undone?

One cause there is, which, I firmly believe, has prevented some men from making a will. It is not very honourable to human nature that such a cause should exist, but they who have opportunities of knowing that it does exist, will not object to a truth, though an unwelcome one. I attribute the reluctance which worldly and avaricious men entertain against a will, to that extreme aversion they have to the very idea of parting with their property. As their enjoyment of wealth is not in spending, but, in hoarding, and is consequently a passion which brick-dust, might gratify, if it were as scarce as gold dust, it must be supposed that the imaginary parting with their wealth, will afflict them in proportion to the ecstasies that arise from their imaginary enjoyment. The miser who shows me his gold, has not much more enjoyment of it than I have; the bright metal affects my eyes just as much his; the employment of the wealth belongs to neither of us. I cannot touch it without suffering punishment; and he cannot without suffering pain. I repeat it, that I am persuaded such a man will feel so much from the idea of parting with his wealth, that he cannot sit down to give it away with his own hand. I know not even whether

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a miſer be not ſuch a monſter, as to calculate the poſſibility of taking it with him, but I know that he is often fool enough to lament that he muſt leave it behind him.

If the making of a will is not to be deferred to a late period, at what time is it to be performed? This queſtion is not neceſſary to be anſwered, after what I have already preſumed to advance on the ſubject. If any man knows exactly when he is to die, he may defer it to that period; but as 'of that day and hour knoweth no man,' we muſt be content to prepare for whatever may happen. Sickneſs has its pangs, its alienations of mind; and old age has its cares and its forgetfulneſs. Theſe are not the times, when a man of ſenſe would hazard blunders and errors in a matter that concerns his deareſt relatives and his reputation. I will not enquire how far death-bed repentance is accepted; but I hope it is leſs matter of diſpute than death-bed teſtaments. If indeed making of a will be deferred until that period, it had better be done then, but it will rarely be done ſatisfactorily; it will rarely include or exclude what it ought; very little indeed ought to be left to that awful criſis. Our intellects are not perfect in 'the time of tribulation.' We cannot think of the world at 'the hour of death.'

The confuſion and unhappineſs which ariſe to ſurvivors from the neglect of a will, or from the making of one, when the teſtator cannot poſſibly recollect his obligations or his engagements, need not demand many words. We obſerve ſomething of the kind every day. One thing, however, it is worth while to dwell upon more particularly. It has often been a cuſtom with perſons of wealth and ſubſtance, to adopt, and conſider as their own child, ſome poor orphan or friendleſs young perſon, whom they educate in a manner ſuitable to their own fortune. Theſe adopted children naturally adopt the ideas of the ſituation in which they are brought up; they look upon themſelves as the heirs of thoſe who have adopted them, and are coſidered in the ſame light by the world. At length the patron or patroneſs dies, without a will! and the heirs at law take poſſeſſion of all. The orphan, if not immediately turned out of doors, finds his or her ſituation too irkſome to remain longer in a place, where they are degraded to the rank, perhaps of a menial ſervant; and with the education, accompliſhments, and ideas of genteel life, they ſink into the helpleſs lot of thoſe 'who cannot work, and to beg they are aſhamed.'

This is one bad effect of inteſtate property, and in my opinion that which, of all others, blackens the memory of the deceaſed. I know no crime greater than that of him, who promotes an orphan to a rank of independence, takes him from where he might have been trained up to induſtry and uſefulneſs, and yet does not, from the firſt, provide that no accident ſhall deprive him of the rank to which he has been raiſed. It is in fact, though perhaps without the evil intention, ſtrewing the path to a precipice with roſes. Such dependents, educated in high life, only to be conſigned to poverty which they cannot encounter, have reaſon, it is to be feared, to curſe that miſtaken benevolence which drew them from the happy manſions of induſtry and frugality, where they might have been uſeful and virtuous in their ſituations, and have had no hopes or fears to encounter from the ſmiles or frowns of the world.

It may be ſaid—'This is too ſevere; thoſe benefactors meant to have left to their adopted children as they would to their own, had they not been ſuddenly cut off before a will could be made.'—But if we conſider what a ſerious thing is the temporal, and perhaps eternal happineſs of a child, educated and deſerted as I have ſtated, I fear that our indignation will not be abated by this excuſe. In the firſt place, it is great folly to take a child from a life of uſeful induſtry; and in the ſecond place, it is great wickedneſs to educate any children with ideas of high life, even if we could realize them, and with hopes of great wealth, even if we could gratify them. He is the beſt benefactor to orphans, who places them in ſituations where they

can provide for themelves; and who teaches them the value of wealth, not by the profuſion, but by the acquirement of it. But to educate children in ſplendid idleneſs and uſeleſs accompliſhments, can never be atoned for, unleſs an immediate proviſion be made for them, and nothing be left for accident. I conclude this part of my ſubject with repeating, that the man who in ſuch circumſtances neglects to ſecure his promiſed proviſion for his adopted child, is guilty of a crime connected with every thing unthinking, ungenerous, and abſurd.

I have ſaid nothing yet of the embarraſſments ariſing from wills being written in a confuſed manner. Whoever is in the leaſt acquainted with law proceedings, muſt know that errors, and confuſed arrangements in wills, furniſh a rich harveſt to the gentlemen of the long robe. Much of this unqueſtionably proceeds from the cauſe I have already inſiſted upon, namely, the delaying the duty until we are ſick, and muſt call in the aſſiſtance of thoſe who may deceive us, until we are old and cannot recollect our various obligations, and until we are fretful, and cancel the good ſenſe and diſcretion of a whole life by the ſpleen of a moment. Theſe are conſiderations which I truſt will have their weight.

I might add ſomething, perhaps, in proof of the neceſſity of an early will, from the ſecrecy with which certain perſons chooſe to conduct their affairs. A circumſtance occurred very lately, which places this argument in a ſtriking point of view. I allude to the act of parliament, which compelled the Bank to render up to the public the unclaimed money in their hands.

One other argument only may be advanced. Although in the caſe of a perſon dying inteſtate, the law provides him with heirs, it is very ſeldom that the diſtribution of property in this way is conſiſtent with juſtice, far leſs with the intentions of the deceaſed, had he been wiſe enough to provide a will. The law lays down a certain poſitive ſucceſſion which muſt apply to all caſes alike, and cannot be guided by any individual circumſtances.

Sketches of Biography.

(Continued from our laſt Vol. Page 534.)

GASTON DUKE OF ORLEANS, LOUIS THE XIVth's UNCLE.

GASTON on the king's triumphant return into Paris, with his mother Ann of Auſtria and the Cardinal ſet out for his palace near Blois, without ſeeing or taking leave of his ſovereign, and having been in the former part of his life entirely managed by his ſervants, he gave himſelf up to the management of his wife Margaret of Lorraine. In the latter part of it he became a great hunter, and a great botaniſt, and not only became devout himſelf, but inſpired the whole city of Blois with the ſame ſpirit. He died (as is ſuppoſed) of a lethargy, having had antimony improperly adminiſtered to him, and after having figured away as a leader of a party and a prince, was buried in the royal abbey of St. Denis, with a private funeral, the heralds who attended the corpſe being barely paid their charges, Thus ended," ſays Priuli, "Gaſton duke of Orleans, who having been a hopeful child, paſſed his youth in pleaſure, always under the direction of his own ſervants, and never at his own diſpoſal."

JOHN DUKE OF BOURBON.

THE anagram of this illuſtrious houſe, in Latin Borbonius, s Orbi bonis, Good to the world. This indeed might well apply to Louis XII. the father of his people, as he was called by general acclamation; and to Henry the fourth, who had a project for the perpetual peace of Europe. But we cannot ſay this of many of their princes; who have been the general and the conſtant embroilers of the tranquility and happineſs of mankind. John duke of Bourbon, from whence the preſent royal family of France are deſcended, inſtituted an order of chivalry in 1369. By the ſtatutes of it, the chevaliers are bound "honorer Dames & Demoiſelles & ne ſouffrir en ouir dire du mal. Car ceux qui en mal dient ſont petits de leur honneur, & dient

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d'une femme qui ne ſe peut revancher ce qu'ils n'oſercient dire d'un homme (dont plus en accroit leur leur honte). Car des femmes (apres Dieu) vient une partie de l'honneur qui eſt au monde."

MADAME, MOTHER TO THE DUKE REGENT OF ORLEANS.

THE following tranſcripts from ſome letters of this ſingular princeſs have never been publiſhed.

Paris, 26th Oct. 1717.

Prince Eugene cares very little for the ladies. He has not taken notice of one more than another of them. His mother in early life took no great care of him. He was permitted to run about the ſtreets of Paris, and to become a mere Gallopin.

There is a count Koningſmark here, who is followed by an Engliſh lady in the diſguiſe of a Page. I have ſeen her: ſhe makes a charming figure in that dreſs. When ſhe was preſented to me ſhe bluſhed, as if conſcious that I knew her ſtory. As ſhe was travelling with her huſband, ſhe was brought to bed of a girl—The miſtreſs of the houſe runs to the count, and ſays, "Courez vîte, Monſieur le compte, votre Page's accouche." The count died ſoon after. The mother was ſent to a convent; the child was taken care of by a nephew of Madame de Monteſpan's.

Abbé—— was detected in an intrigue. Ann of Auſtria, however, did much worſe; ſhe was not contented with intriguing with Card. Mazarine, ſhe married him. This ſhe could do, as he had not taken prieſt's orders. Mazarine, however, became ſoon tired of the Queen, and uſed her very ill, the natural conſequence of ſuch a marriage. It ſeems at that time to have been a faſhion for ladies to undermarry themſelves.

Charles the firſt's widow made a clandeſtine marriage with her chevalier d'Honneur, the count of St. Alban's. He likewiſe treated his Queen ill, and whilſt ſhe had not a faggot to warm herſelf by, he had in his apartment a good fire and a ſumptuous table. He never gave her a good word, and when ſhe ſpoke to him he uſed to ſay, "Que me veut cette femme?" He was in love with one of the queen mother's women, madame de Bregie. Monſieur was likewiſe fond of her for her behaviour to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe had ſerved twenty years with the greateſt fidelity.

FOUQUET.

FOR the honour of letters, Peliſſon and the good La Fontaine remained faithful to the ſuperintendant during his diſgrace. Peliſſon wrote placets to Louis XIV, in his favour, aud La Fontain wrote verſes in commiſſeration of his hard fate, in a ſtyle of the higheſt pathos, a ſtyle totally diſſimilar from his uſual one. Mademoiſelle Deſhoulieres the celebrated poeteſs, whom he had patroniſed, contrived to ſend him intelligence even into that tremendous fortreſs the Baſtile. The great, who had condeſcended to partake of his favours whilſt he was in power, compleatly forſook him when he had no longer any thing to give them, and after he had ſo far attended, even to their vices, as at all the great entertainments he gave, he put money under their plates for them to gamble with. Fouquet had a ſpirit and a dignity of mind much ſuperior to the perſons with whom he was connected; for when one of the financiers was complaining to him how much the poor rich were to be pitied, "Que ſont dont des malheureux? des miſerables?" Fouquet during his confinement in the fortreſs of Pignerol wrote a devotional treatiſe.

DUC DE LONGUEVILLE.

THIS French nobleman, who figured away in the time of the Fronde at Paris, and who married the great prince of Condé's ſiſter, had many of the virtues that ſhould ever attend upon high rank, particularly thoſe of courteſy and liberality.—Some of his ſycophants dining with him one day at his chateau, told him, that the neighbouring gentlemen hunted upon his manors and recommended it to him, to proſecute them for it. "That," ſaid he, 'I ſhall never do, as I prefer having friends to having game." Would many of our noblemen and country gen-

tlemen be of the ſame opinion with this illuſtrious prince, what quarrels, what vexation, what litigation, would they ſpare themſelves, and thoſe that live near them. A Roman ſenator of old, threw his ſlave into a pond for ſtealing a lamprey, and we ſhudder at the recollection of it, not remembering how many of our wiſe and humane ſenators, for a hare or a partridge, ſuffer a poor wretch to rot in gaol for ſeveral months, to the corruption of his own mind, and to the diſtreſs and ruin of his wife and children. In favour of our game laws it may be ſaid, that their ſtrictneſs prevents people in inferior ſituations from ſpending their time idly in purſuit of game: yet ſurely, farmers and thoſe who pay for the hire of the ſoil, ſhould be permitted to poſſeſs that which is fed upon it.

An Account of William Earl of Manſfield.

(Continued from p. 512 of laſt Vol.)

IN 1765 the biſhop of Glouceſter (Warburton) republiſhed his Divine Legation of Moſes, which he dedicated to lord Mansfield in an addreſs, wherein, with great ability, he pointed out the riſe and progreſs of the ſpirit of irreligion and licentiouſneſs which then prevailed. In the courſe of this narrative (which deſerves at this time to be read) he mentions, as a peculiarly fortunate circumſtance, "that while every other part of the community ſeems to lie *in fæce Romuli*, the adminiſtration of public juſtice in England runs as pure as where neareſt to its celeſtial ſource; purer than Plato dared venture to conceive it, even in his feigned republic."

He proceeds, "Now whether we are not to call this the interpoſing hand of Providence; for I am ſure all hiſtory doth not afford another inſtance of ſo much purity and integrity in one part, co-exiſting with ſo much decay and ſo many infirmities in the reſt; or whether profounder politicians may not be able to diſcover ſome hidden force, ſome peculiar virtue in the eſſential parts, or in the well-adapted frame of our excellent conſtitution; in either caſe, this ſingular and ſhining phenomenon hath afforded a chearful conſolation to thinking men amidſt all this dark aſpect from our diſorders and diſtreſſes."

"But the evil genius of England would not ſuffer us to enjoy it long; for, as if envious of this laſt ſupport of government, he hath now inſtigated his blackeſt agents to the very extent of their malignity; who, after the moſt villainous inſults on all other orders and ranks in ſociety, have at length proceeded to calumniate even the king's ſupreme court of juſtice, under its ableſt and moſt unblemiſhed adminiſtration.

"After this, who will not be tempted to deſpair of his country, and ſay with the good old man in the ſcene—

——"Ipſa ſi cupiat ſalus
Servare, prorſus non poteſt, hanc
Familiam?"

"Athens, indeed, fell by degenerate manners like our own; but ſhe fell the later, and with the leſs diſhonour, for having always kept inviolable that reverence which ſhe, and indeed all Greece, had been long accuſtomed to pay to her auguſt court of Areopagus. Of this modeſt reſerve, amidſt a general diſorder, we have a ſtriking inſtance in the conduct of one of the principal inſtruments of her ruin. The witty Ariſtophanes began, as all ſuch inſtruments do (whether with wit or without) by deriding virtue and religion; and this in the brighteſt exemplar of both, the godlike Socrates. The libeller went on to attack all conditions of men. He calumniated the magiſtrates; he turned the public aſſemblies into ridicule; and, with the moſt beaſtly and blaſphemous abuſe, outraged their prieſts, their altars, nay, the very eſtabliſhed gods themſelves. But here he ſtopped; and unawed by all beſides, whether of divine or human, he did not dare to caſt ſo much as one licentious trait againſt that venerable judicature; a circumſtance which the readers of his witty ribaldry cannot but obſerve with ſurprize and admiration;—nor at the Poet's modeſty, for he had none, but at the remaining virtue of a debauched and ruined

ruined people; who yet would not bear to see that clear fountain of justice defiled by the odious spawn of buffoons and libellers.

"Nor was this the only consolation which Athens had in its calamities. Its pride was flattered in falling by apostate wits of the first order: while the agents of public mischief amongst us, with the hoarse notes and blunt pens of ballad-makers, not only accelerate our ruin but accumulate our disgraces; wretches the most contemptible for their parts, the most infernal for their manners.

"To conclude. Great men, my lord, are sent for the times; the times are fitted for the rest, of common make. Erasmus and the present chief justice of England (whatever he may think) were sent by Providence for the sake of humanity, to adorn two periods, when religion at one time and society at another most needed their support; I do not say of their great talents, but of that heroic moderation so necessary to allay the violence of public disorders; for to be moderate amidst party extremes, requires no common degree of patriotic courage.

"Such characters rarely fail to perform much of the task for which they were sent; but never without finding their labour ill paid, even by those in whose service it was employed. That glory of the priesthood left the world he had so nobly benefited with this tender complaint—'Hoc tempore nihil scribi aut agi potest quod non poteat calumniæ: nec raro fit, ut dum agis circumspectissime utrumque partem offendas, quum in utraque sint qui pariter insaniant.' A complaint fated, alas, to be the motto of every man who greatly serves his country."

A change in the administration took place in 1765, which introduced the marquis of Rockingham and his friends to govern the country, and the measures then adopted not agreeing with lord Mansfield's sentiments, he for the first time became an opponent of government. On the bill for repealing the stamp act he spoke, and divided against it, and is supposed to have had some share in the composition of the protests on that occasion, though he did not sign them. In the same year he is said to have animadverted with no small degree of severity on the incautious expression of lord Camden on the affair of prohibiting the exportation of corn, that it was but a forty days tyranny at the outside.

In 1767 the dissenters' cause was determined, in which lord Mansfield delivered a speech which has since been printed, and the events of the succeeding year were the cause of the public prints being deluged with torrents of abuse on the chief justice. In that year was the general election. Mr. Wilkes, returned from abroad, became a candidate for the city of London, and afterwards was chosen representative for the county of Middlesex. Having been outlawed some years before, he now applied for a reversal of that proceeding. On the 8th of June the consideration of it came before the court of king's bench, when the judges delivered their opinions very fully, and were unanimous that the outlawry was illegal, and must be reversed. On this occasion lord Mansfield took the opportunity of entering into a full statement of the case and a justification of his own conduct. The reader will find the case reported by sir James Burrow, from whom we shall extract the following, which appears to have been the most important part of his lordship's speech.

"It is fit to take some notice of the various terrors hung out; the numerous crowds which have attended and now attend in and about the Hall, out of all reach of hearing what passes in court; and the tumults which in other places have shamefully insulted all order and government. Audacious addresses in print dictate to us, from those they call the people, the judgment to be given now and afterwards upon the conviction. Reasons of policy are urged, from danger to the kingdom by commotions and general confusion.

"Give me leave to take the opportunity of this great and respectable audience, to let the whole world know all such attempts are vain. Unless we have been able to find an error which

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will bear us out to reverse the outlawry, it must be affirmed. The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments: God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be. If rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, *Fiat Justitia, ruat Cælum.* The constitution trusts the king with reasons of state and policy: he may stop prosecutions: he may pardon offences; it is his to judge whether the law or the criminal should yield. We have no election. None of us encouraged or approved the commission of either of the crimes of which the defendant is convicted: none of us had any hand in his being prosecuted. As to myself, I took no part (in another place) in the addresses for that prosecution. We did not advise or assist the defendant to fly from justice; it was his own act, and he must take the consequences. None of us have been consulted, or had any thing to do with the present prosecution. It is not in our power to stop it: it was not in our power to bring it on. We cannot pardon. We are to say, what we take the law to be. If we do not speak our real opinions, we prevaricate with God and our own consciences.

"I pass over many anonymous letters I have received; those in print are public; and some of them have been brought judicially before the court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way. I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? That mendax infamia from the press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust, that my temper of mind, and the colour and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armour against these arrows. If during this king's reign I have ever supported his government, and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honour the king, and respect the people. But many things acquired by the favour of either are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity: but it is that popularity which follows; not that which is run after.—It is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say with a great magistrate, upon an occasion and under circumstances not unlike, "Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non invidiam putarem."

"The threats go further than abuse: personal violence is denounced. I do not believe it: it is not the genius of the worst men of this country in the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he falls in support of the law and liberty of his country, (for liberty is synonymous to law and government). Such a shock, too, might be productive of public good; it might awake the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them; and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.

"Once for all, let it be understood, that no endeavours of this kind will influence any man who at present sits here. If they had any effect, it would be contrary to their intent: leaning against their impression might give a bias the other way. But I hope, and I know, that I have fortitude enough to resist even that weakness. No libels, no threats, nothing that has happened, nothing that can happen, will weigh a feather against allowing the defendant, upon this, and every other question, not only the whole advantage he is entitled to from substantial law and justice, but every benefit from the most critical

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nicety of form, which any other defendant could claim under the like objection. The only effect I feel is an anxiety to be able to explain the grounds upon which we proceed; so as to satisfy all mankind, that a flaw of form given way to in this case, could not have been got over in any other."

In January 1770 lord Mansfield again was offered the great seal, which was given to Mr. Charles Yorke; and in Hilary term 1771 he a third time declined the same offer, and the seal was entrusted to lord Bathurst.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Characters, Anecdotes, &c. of Illustrious and Celebrated British Characters,

Mr. Pelham.

DURING the Debates on the famous Jew Bill (which was repealed the Session after it was passed) Mr. Pelham finding Sir George (afterwards Lord Lyttleton), mostly from the *pleasing manner of his delivery* and the popularity of the question, had made an impression on the House, in the course of his reply told the following story:

"I remember (says he) travelling some years ago in Somersetshire with two ladies who were sisters, and near relations of my own; and though we were in an easy carriage, the roads remarkably good, far from being crowded, and with the advantages of fine weather, one of the ladies was in a continual terror for fear of meeting with an accident, crying out at every little jolt or turn of the road—"Oh! dear Sir, we shall be over!—We shall certainly be killed!—Bless me, I wish I had never ventured on the dangerous journey!" Pitying the poor Lady's nerves, and thinking her really frightened, I began to expostulate with her on the unreasonableness of her fears, shewing her the perfect safety we were in from the soundness of my carriage, the skill of the coachman, the level of the roads, the time of year, &c. &c.; when her sister, who was a good sensible unaffected woman, suddenly stopped me short with the following explanation: "My dear Sir, make yourself perfectly easy on this subject; my sister is under no more *real* apprehensions than you or I are; but as she fancies herself possessed of an *agreeable voice*, she takes every opportunity in her power of letting every body hear its various modulations."

Henry Lord Holland.

When he was Secretary of State, a Gentleman very intimate with him recommended a friend to him in order to reform the customs, &c. of whom he spoke in the highest terms for his probity, his disinterestedness, and abilities. Lord H——— listened to him for some time, and then drily answered him, "He had no time for experiments." The other still pressing his suit, he replied, "Why, to speak out to you upon the subject, the character you have given of your friend won't do for me; I must have a man who will work under me as an *engine*, so as to do just what is pointed out for him; but one of these *very upright* and *intelligent* characters are generally very impracticable fellows, and I'll have nothing to say to them."

Lord ******** (since M—— of ********), from being early in office about the Court, was in some respect bred under Lord Holland. In the intimacy of this friendship, Lord H——— coming home one night rather late from the House, and almost spent with fatigue, he threw himself into an armchair, and began to complain of the weight and vexations of business; saying, it was too much for his constitution, and that to keep himself quiet he must resign. Lord ******** who was present (and who had been promised the very first lucrative place which should offer from Lord Bute) hurried off next morning to the Minister, telling him, Lord H——— had resigned the Pay-Office, and claiming his Lordship's former promise. Lord Bute was astonished, having seen Lord Holland the day before without his mentioning a single tittle of the circumstance. "Who did you hear it from?" says Lord Bute. "From himself late last night," replied Lord *******. "Well," says

ſays the other, "I can have no doubt of the fact, and the place you ſhall have, but we muſt wait the forms of an official reſignation." Lord Bute inſtantly waited on Lord Holland (who had no ſerious thoughts of reſigning, and only ſpoke from the preſſure of the moment), and told him the particulars. The other was aſtoniſhed; but after pauſing ſome time exclaimed, "Well! ſome men are *bred Jeſuits*, but ******* ſeems to be *born one*."

Lord Holland was once aſked, whether it was true that he deſigned Wilkes for the Government of Quebec. "Why, yes," ſays his Lordſhip, "I once had that thought; for my way is, always to get rid of a fellow with parts who becomes troubleſome, but Lord Bute was fool enough to indulge private reſentment againſt public convenience."

Towards the decline of life, he was one day lamenting with Dr. Campbell their mutual infirmities, and the numberleſs inconveniencies which the want of health ſubjected mankind to in advanced life. Towards the cloſe of the converſation the door ſuddenly opened, when the late Mr. C——, his Lordſhip's principal agent, appeared in the full bloom of health and ſpirits. "Why, you look remarkably well," ſays Dr. Campbell. "Yes," ſays the other, "Providence has been very kind to me, I never knew a day's ſickneſs in my life."—This declaration by no means ſoftened the irritability of the Peer, which the agent ſaw, and ſoon after took his leave.

After he was gone, Lord Holland exclamed with a ſigh, "So you ſee, Campbell, what Providence has been about, taking ſuch uncommon pains with that fellow's health, and not caring what becomes of your poor dropſical belly and my d——d ring-worm."

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough ſitting one evening with the Counteſs of Sunderland (her daughter), and recounting how ill ſhe had been treated through life by falſe friends, Lady S—— obſerved, "that after all they ſaid of her they never ventured to make her out falſe to her huſband."—"Oh!" ſays ſhe, "there was little merit in that, for he was one of the handſomeſt, the politeſt, and braveſt men of his age."—"Aye, but," ſaid the daughter, "he had his faults too."—"Why, yes, my dear, he had, and nobody knew them ſo well as I did; and I'll give you one remarkable inſtance:

"When he found it neceſſary to reſign his employments to my poor miſguided miſtreſs, he came home to dinner in a very bad humour; he told me all that had happened, and added, "Well! thank G-d, my enemies can't accuſe me of *ambition* or *avarice*, and this I told the Queen this day."

"Only think, my dear, of his telling me this, I that knew him ſo well; but I pitied his ſtate of mind ſo much, that I was obliged almoſt to bite my tongue through to prevent my laughing in his face."

Swift, who was in England at this time, ſpeaks of this circumſtance to Mrs. Johnſon in one of his letters in the following ſevere manner: "Though at the ſame time every body knew he was as *avaricious as Hell*, and as *ambitious* as the Prince of it." And further ſpeaking of the Duke, in his Four Laſt Years of Queen Anne, he ſays, "his immenſe wealth ſo added to his political fears as to render him

"*Ipſique onerique timentem.*"

It was the *faſhion* in the Ducheſs of Marlborough's time for no woman of very high rank ever to own herſelf *perfectly in health*; and this Cibber very juſtly ridicules in his Comedy of "The Sick Lady's Cure." The Ducheſs gave into this folly with ſome degree of extravagance, and particularly in travelling, when loads of ſtraw were generally ſtrewed before the door of the hotel to prevent the leaſt noiſe of paſſengers or carriages. In garriſon towns too, ſhe frequently ſent to the Commanding Officer to have the drums muffled while ſhe ſtayed in the place; and all this ſhe thought added to the celebrity of her character.

Sir Robert Walpole one day complimenting

menting her upon the elegance of her houſe in the Park juſt after it was finiſhed, ſhe replied with great *ſang froid*, "Why, yes, the houſe, I muſt confeſs, is convenient enough, but (looking the Miniſter full in the face) it is ſituated in a curſed bad neighbourhood."

The Ducheſs uſed to ſay, ſhe had diſpoſed of 30,000l. of her property through pique—*ten thouſand* pounds to Mr. Pitt (the late Lord Chatham) for *abuſing* Government, and *twenty thouſand* to her relation (Lord Cloncarty) for *deſerting* it.

The late Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of the general character of the Ducheſs of Marlborough, obſerved, "She had no ſuperior part, but was a bold frontleſs woman who knew how to make the moſt of her opportunities in life."

JOHN DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

Among the many excellent qualities of the Duke, he conſtantly kept up a ſpirit of religion amongſt his troops, knowing it to be one of the moſt powerful and ſteady incentives to courage. On the morning of the battle of Malplacquet he told his General Officers, that the fate of England depended ſo much on gaining that battle, that he was determined to win it or die. He afterwards received the ſacrament with his General Officers, which was followed by almoſt all the ſubalterns of the whole camp.

The two following anecdotes are inſtances of the *habitual parſimony* of this otherwiſe very celebrated character:

One night, before a very important battle which was fought the next day, Prince Eugene, who had juſt left the Council of War, recollected he had ſomething to ſay to the Duke which he did not think proper to communicate before the reſt of the General Officers; he therefore returned privately to the Duke's tent, where he found this great man, who a few minutes before had given the moſt conſpicuous proofs of his firmneſs and military abilities, employing himſelf in making paper extinguiſhers to put out the candles.

The other anecdote was related by a General Officer who died a very few years ago, at the very advanced age of 102; and that was, "That he has ſeen the Duke of Marlborough marching at the head of his regiment darning a pair of old mittens."

The Duke of Marlborough, though originally a Whig, ſuffered his *ambition*, heightened by his diſappointments, to get the better of his principles; and to this he was ſo much a ſlave, that he made all his political attachments ſubſervient to it, as the two following letters unhappily evince:

In the year 1710, when he had nearly loſt all favour at Court, and moſt of his friends were turned out of their offices, impelled by the keenneſs of his reſentment, on the 20th of June that year he wrote a letter to the Duke of Berwick, wherein "he acquainted him of his determination to reſign the command of the army, unleſs that, by retaining it, *he could advance the views of the Pretender*. Through his means he offered his ſervices to the Court of St. Germain; and concluded by demanding inſtructions *."

And yet, on the 13th of Auguſt the ſame year, he wrote the following letter to his Electoral Highneſs, afterwards George the Firſt: "I hope the Engliſh nation will not permit themſelves to be impoſed upon by the artifices of Harley and his aſſociates. Their conduct leaves no room to doubt of their deſign of placing the pretended Prince of Wales on the Throne. We feel too much already their bad intentions and pernicious deſigns; but I hope to be able to employ all my attention, all my credit, and all my friends, to advance the intereſts of the Electoral Family, to prevent the deſtructive counſels of a race of men who eſtabliſh principles and form cabals which will infallibly overturn the Proteſtant

NOTE.

* Original Letter quoted by Charles Hamilton, Eſq. in his "Tranſactions during the Reign of Queen Anne."

Succeſſion, and with it the liberty of their country and the ſafety of Europe.†"

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The Duke being the firſt Prince of the Brunſwick family who was born in England, piqued himſelf through life upon being *an Engliſhman*. Riding out one morning to a review with his father, when he was not above ten or eleven years of age, two officers who ſaw him paſs the lines, and who admired the look and air of the young hero, could not reſiſt exclaiming, "What a *charming* boy this is!" The Duke heard them, and, thinking they ſaid *German* inſtead of *charming*, turned about in great heat, and replied, "'Tis falſe, Gentlemen, I am no *German*, I'm an *Engliſh boy*, and I beg you may never call me ſo again."

After the battle of Culloden, the Duke, on his return from Scotland, called at Corby Caſtle, a ſeat of Mr. Howard's. The family being from home, the gardener ſhewed his Royal Highneſs the curioſities of the place, and as they paſſed by the ſtatues obſerved, "that having a poetical genius he had written ſome lines on every one of them." The Duke, curious to have a ſpecimen of the gardener's poetry, aſked him what he had written on the ſtatues of Cephalus and Procris: upon which the gardener immediately turned to his common-place-book and read as follows:

"He bent his bow, and he ſhot at ran-
"dom,
"And killed his wife for a memoran-
"dum."

GENERAL WOLFE.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium being offered for the beſt-written epitaph on that brave Officer, a number of poets of all deſcriptions ſtarted as candidates. Amongſt the reſt, there was a poem ſent to the Editor of the Public Ledger, from which the following curious ſtanza is ſelected:

"He marched without dread or fears
"At the head of his bold grenadiers;
"And what was more miraculous—nay,
"*very particular*,
"He climbed up rocks that were per-
"pendicular."

N O T E.

† Original Letter publiſhed by Mr. Macpherſon.

TWO EXCELLENT LAWS IN HOLLAND.

(As related by the late LORD CHESTERFIELD, but not in his Works.)

WILLS.

No man's laſt will and teſtament is valid in Holland without a copy of it being previouſly depoſited in a Regiſter Office kept for that purpoſe. This totally prevents the various frauds of altering, interlining, antedating, and deſtroying of wills, ſo very common in all thoſe countries where no ſuch law exiſts.

LAW-SUITS.

When two perſons are about to enter into a law-ſuit, they are firſt obliged to go before a tribunal of reconciling Judges, called "The Peace Makers." If the parties happen to bring with them a *lawyer*, the firſt thing done is to ſend him about his buſineſs, upon the ſame principle that we take off the wood from the fire we want to extinguiſh.

The Peace-Makers then tell the parties, "You are certainly great fools to ſpend your money for the procuration of your own ruin; we will bring you to an accommodation without coſting you one farthing." If after this the rage of litigation happens to be too violent in the parties, they put them off to another day, in order to mitigate the ſymptoms of their diſorder; after the expiration of which they ſummon them a ſecond and a third time. If their folly is then incurable, the Peace-Makers conſent that the parties ſhould go into a court of juſtice, in the ſame manner as we abandon an incurable member to the ſurgeon, and then the law takes its courſe.

Viciſſitude

Viciſſitudes of the Weather in England, Spring 1793.

AS we are well acquainted with the very uncommon weather in Ireland for ſome months paſt, it may be agreeable to our readers to know how our ſiſter country has fared in that particular.

SPRING advanced very ſlowly indeed: the equinoxial winds were high, cutting, of long continuance, and attended with cold rains. On March the 22d, in particular, rain kept deſcending nine hours without a moment's intermiſſion. On the 26th fell rain, ſleet, and ſnow; this ſnow diſſolved in falling, but more fell on the 28th that lay an hour. On the 29th, 30th, and 31ſt, (Eaſter Sunday) ponds were frozen in the nights, and liquidated in the days, the ſun-beams being powerful. The weather on thoſe three days ſeemed wavering between winter and ſummer; for in the afternoons appeared ſtrong threatenings of thunder and lightning. The feſtivities of Eaſtertide were marred: on the Monday it rained all day, and the term of daylight was abridged by a terrific darkneſs that in the evening filled the North and Eaſt: ſea-gulls appeared beneath it, and more bad weather came on Tueſday: light ſnow fell on both days, but melted immediately. From this time to the end of April, the conſtitutions of men were tried, and vegetation ſtagnated. Froſty nights, hot noons, thick blights, and eaſterly winds, all conſpired towards cauſing ſevere attacks of fever, rheumatiſm, and influenza. On ſome days we were oppreſſed by heat and choaking haze; on others, chilled by ſtorms, and chapped by winds. On the 19th, it was not by *faſting* only that we were mortified; the day was marked by frigerating ſtriſe: a furious hail-ſtorm uſhered in the morn, and ſtorms of ſnow occured hourly; we, however, ſaw no more ſnow; the vernal quarter elapſing, like the hyemalian, without a thorough fall. The firſt thunder-ſtorm of this year happened on the 24th.

During this period, the condition of the earth was as inimical to the progreſs of vegetation as the viciſſitudes of the ſky; the ground being uncommonly wet and cold. It is to be recollected, that the terrene pores, opened by the former heavy rains, had now been many months imbibing the effuſions of the clouds, which, inſtead of rippling towards the deep, remained lodged in the interſtices of the ſoil, therein chilling the roots and fibres of every herb and tree. The conjunction of circumſtances could not but produce conſpicuous ill effects. The wheat was ſhriveled up, and its verdant hue changed to azure; the graſs was abſolutely retrograded; the garden-bean bloom diminiſhed; the tips of the tenderiſh evergreen ſhoots, and the aſhen bloſſoms, blackened; the bloom of apricot, nectarine, peach, almond, green-gage, cherry-plumb, and common laurel, was cut off; and the buds of pear and apple ſo much hurt, that, when they blew, it was as if they were afraid. Radiſhes cankered in the ground. The greateſt part of the aſparagus mildewed in coming up, and not a head was cut till the ſecond week in May; ſo we ate our pidgeons without aſparagus, as we had before done our lamb without ſpearmint, and our mackarel without green-gooſeberries; however, the latter want had been in ſome degree ſupplied, through the unexpected ſucceſs the houſewives had experienced in the preſervation of their frugiferous ſtores; among which the gooſeberries proved ſound, as well as the apples, plumbs, and cherries, although all ate inſipid. The muſhrooms rotted in the pickle, and the catſup turned fœtid.

The vernal ſtage of the epanouiſſement* was tarniſhed; ſome flowers were cut off, ſome diſcoloured, ſome cankered, and ſome ſlug-bitten; for ſtill the plague of ſlugs and ſnails continued to aggrieve us. Thouſands were deſtroyed, but thouſands more emerged from the ſpawn which every where beſprent the herbage. On damp lands

NOTE.

* I ſhould not uſe this French word, if I knew an Engliſh one anſwerable to it.

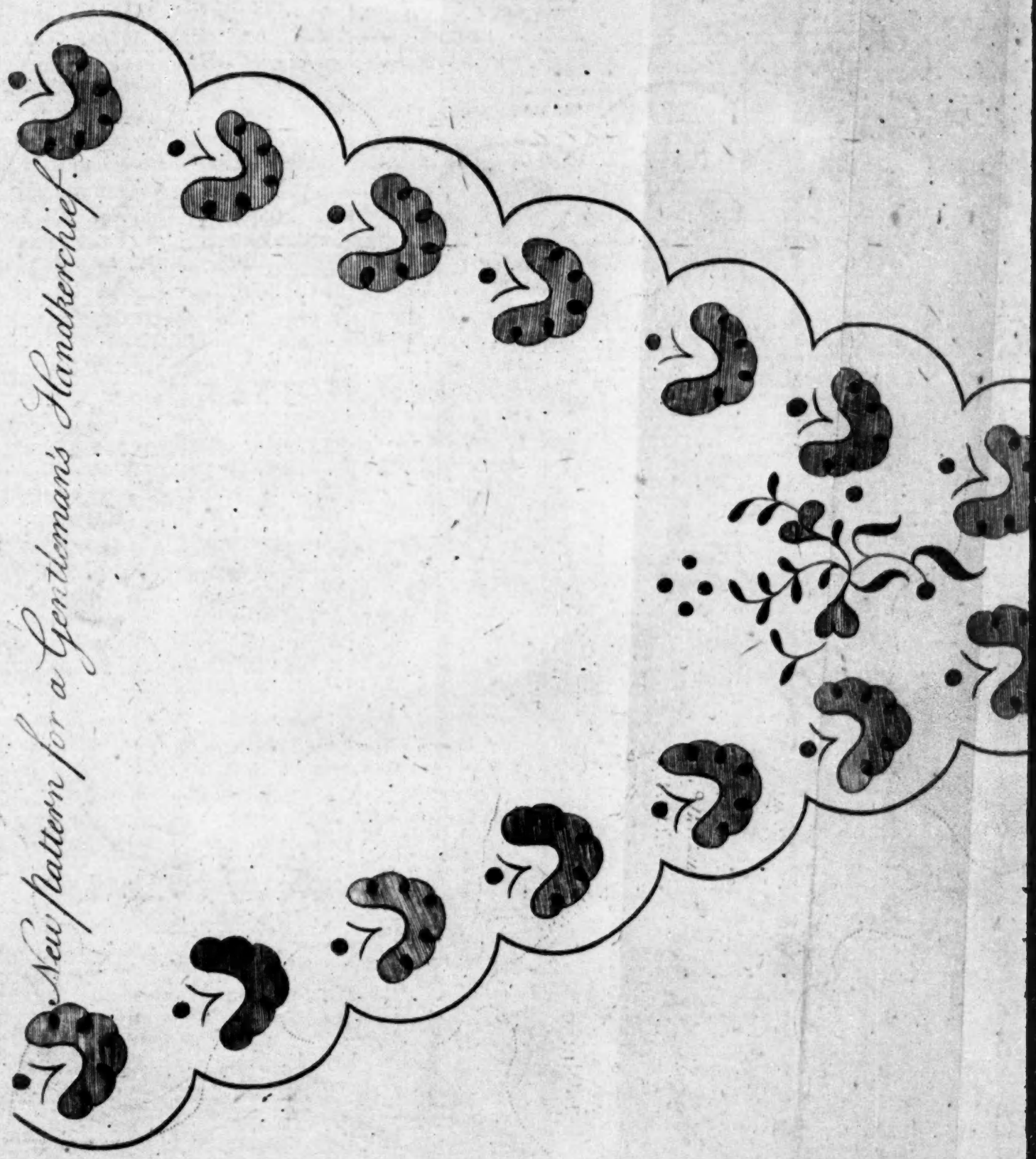
they injured the wheat, and perhaps the failure of the clover-math is imputable to them.——Your readers can be ſcarcely competent to conceiving the damage we country-folks have ſuſtained from theſe quieſcent beings, but perhaps will give me credit for the deva-ſtations that have been committed by the *grey* or foreign rats, which in immenſe hoards have over-run, undermined, and pillaged us, ſomething in the way the French are ſaid to have intended. The indigenous rats have been extirpated by theſe interlopers; and we are not benefited by the change, ſince in the *grey* (alias *Hanoverian*, alias *Norwegian*, alias *Eaſt Indian*,) rat, the bad qualities of the Engliſh houſe and water-rats are combined; the ſtrangers forming long paſſages between our dwellings and the waters in the vicinage; by which means they acquire opportunity of plundering both within doors and without; inſomuch, that neither live nor dead proviſion can be preſerved from them. But pleaſing objects in animal creation draw my attention from the odious. Wrynecks came on April the 14th; redſtarts on the 20th; ſwales and cuckows on the 22d; nighingales on the 24th; and ſwifts and houſe-martins on May the 9th. The redſtarts are numerous, and the hirundines moſt exceedingly ſo. We had much cuckowing; but the ſong of Philomel was diſcouraged by the uncongeniality of the evenings. Yellow wagtails are in general rare here, but this ſpring they abounded, and had a brood abroad ſo early as the 30th of April. But greater ſtrangers yet viſited us; a pair of fluſhers (lanius collurio) ſpent their Whitſuntide here, and probably had a neſt. A pair of wood-pidgeons claimed confraternity with their diſtant kindred in a dovecote, but being repulſed, made their neſt in a neighbouring tree; this tree was unfortunately within the reſidentiary purlieus of a brace of pies, who, as ſoon as the hapleſs pidgeon had begun ſitting on the 29th of April, expelled her totally from the diſtrict, and ſucked her eggs. But her cauſe was ſoon avenged; a company of ſtares entering the dovecote made great ſlaughter among the pidgeons; and three ſtrange pies beſetting the neſt of the two others, obliged them to ſtand a ſtubborn conflict to retain poſſeſſion, ſo that the brake reſounded with their chatterings of war. Let not the learned wights, who peruſe theſe columns, deſpiſe this ſimple hiſtory, illuſtrative of the manners of pidgeons, ſtares, and magpies, for

"Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made (from the blue-ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?"

QUARLES, Emb. 1.

May was gloomy till the 12th, which was a ſummer's day: then the few oldfaſhioned dames yet ſurviving, brightened up their warming-pans and andirons, but dendrous decorations for the grates were wanting. A cinnamon roſe was a novel rarity on the 18th; not one laburnham waved a pennon till the 20th; no hawthorn flowered till the 24th. The oaken foliage was kept back by the drying coldneſs that prevailed almoſt throughout the remainder of the month; and beſides much of it was devoured by the chaffers; thoſe inſects ſwarming, as did alſo the cabbage-butterflies. Pity is it that honey-bees were not as numerous; of them, few ſurvived laſt ſummer; that frigid ſeaſon having occaſioned their ſtarvation, and but few perſons caring for them. This neglect of bees is involved with the decreaſe of induſtry; and no circumſtance affords a ſtronger proof of that calamity, ſince no article of rural cultivation yields a clearer net profit than honey, the coſts of the ſwarms and their habitations being ſmall, and the neceſſary attention little. A plenitude of honey is an object of conſiderable import in a country wherein pulmonary and ſcorbutic diſorders prevail ſo generally and ſo fatally as they do in this, honey being an admirable remedy for them; being in its nature ſpecifically cleanſing and healing; it is beſides, on many occaſions, a pleaſant ſubſtitute for the

two



New Pattern for a Gentleman's Handkerchief.

two expensive articles butter and sugar. It is an exquisite delight on a fervid July noon to sit beneath the umbrage of a lime in bloom; and there eat *un gouter* of roll and honey, amid the exhilarating hum of the busy insects providing a similar regale for the year ensuing, whilst sheets of ripening wheat wave in the adjacent fields. A glass of cool metheglen crowns the whole. Strongly as this enjoyment partakes of ancient poetical romance, it is one readily realized in our own time and climate. The conclusion of the spring was dry and temperate; which kind of weather caused the surface of the ground to become exceedingly hard and dusty, whilst the coolness preserved the earth beneath moist.

A SOUTHERN FAUNIST.

Dissertation on Bread.

WILL you accept of a dissertation on bread? Bread is literally a composition made of flour, water, and yeast; but figuratively the term is of much more extensive import, and signifies meat, drink, and cloathing. It even includes the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life. When a courtier says, "I get *my bread* under his majesty," the expression is not to be understood in so limited a sense as to mean only that necessary article of food, but that he obtains a support under his majesty. Some of the gentlemen, whose ingenious productions have much entertained me in your Magazine, may perhaps be said to *write for bread*; but it must not thence be concluded that you deal out loaves to those writers, as an adequate compensation for their labours. A few pieces of coin, impressed with the king's picture, are doubtless the bread which you supply, as being more portable than a large quantity of half-peck loaves.

Though bread is proverbially the staff of life, I know several people who never eat any. In Ireland, potatoes are commonly substituted for that article. An Irishman was, a few days ago, taken before a Middlesex magistrate as a vagrant, for refusing to give a proper account of himself, and how he obtained a livelihood. The dialogue between his worship and the Hibernian was somewhat curious. To the best of my recollection it was as follows:

His Worship. What are you?

Irishman. A man, sir, at your service, and at your wife's service.

His Worship. You are a very impudent fellow!

Irishman. What, for saying I am at your service.

His Worship. How do you get your bread?

Irishman. No how at all!

His Worship. If that's the best account you can give of yourself, I shall commit you, upon the vagrant act of the 17 Geo. II. chap. v. You say you have no honest way of getting your bread.

Irishman. By the holy Shannon, your worship spaiks nothing but the truth. I have no honest method of getting my bread; becaise I never eat any at all at all; for I lives upon potatoes.

His Worship. Don't equivocate, fellow! Have you any visible method of getting your living?

Irishman. Very visible, an please your worship; I get it on the coach-box. By the assistance of a pair of horses I drives a hackney-coach: and, for paying ten shillings a week, the king has made me a present of number 265, painted upon a tin picture on each side, that I may know where to find any fare that may run away and bilk me. I hope that your worship's majesty will admit, that sitting on a coach-box to drive a coach is a visible method of getting my living. I cannot indeed say so much of my horses, for Lord bless their poor souls, they are as blind as justice.

The magistrate, not relishing Paddy's observations, or thinking he had given a satisfactory account of himself, thought proper to dismiss him. But, before the Hibernian departed, he admonished his worship never to ask an Irishman *how he got his bread.*

A lawyer gets his bread by talking, a bishop by praying, and hypocrites by lying. It is said in the sacred page, that a woman, of a certain class, will bring a man to a morsel of bread.

Such

Such women ſhould however be avoided by thoſe who are not to be ſatisfied with morſels.

A curious Certificate of a Servant's Character,

ELIZABETH LANGLEY, the bearer hereof, came into my *ſervice* on the 16th of January 1785, and continued with me till the 30th of May 1793, and during all that time was *as honeſt as the day is long*. She is a *clean woman*, and one of the *beſt cooks going*. It would do your heart good to taſte one of her *raggoos* and *frickſeeſes* —I never *ſeed* any of your men cooks that was fit to hold a candle to her— ſhe beats 'em *all to pieces*. She makes a *Solomon Gundy* fit to be *ſarved* up to the Princeſs Royal, and her *Soupe a la Rain* is moſt monſtrouſly fine. She has, however, a trifling failing (very few of us are quite *parfect*) ſhe likes a *corjell* now and then, but never diſguiſes herſelf with *licker* in a morning. Whilſt ſhe is ſweating and ſtewing over the fire, a *drap* now and then would not be amiſs, but ſhe ſometimes ſwallows *ounces* inſtead of *drams*, and begins to ſtare like a ſtuck pig before ſhe has ſent the dinner up to table. Except the immoderate uſe of ſtrong *lickers*, I have nothing to lay to her charge; and that you know, ſhe may eaſily break herſelf of. The worſt of it is, ſhe is too *pürt* when ſhe is in her cups, and ſwears ſhe is as ſober as a judge, when ſhe is perhaps as drunk as an alderman. I have nothing to alledge againſt her, except that ſhe is continually cramming her noſtrils with Scotch ſnuff, particularly when hanging her head over a made diſh, &c. and it is difficult to determine whether her noſe or the diſh receives the larger portion of the pungent powder. If you can overlook theſe trifles, you will find Betty a very valuable *ſarvant*. She has no followers, except two or three young fellows, whom ſhe calls couſins. I would not have parted with her on any conſideration, but I have lately miſſed ſeveral articles, and my ſuſpicions have lately fallen upon cook; God knows whether they are properly founded;—ſhe may be *perfectly* innocent;—but when a *ſarvant* ſpends more upon her tipple than her whole wages amount to, money muſt be raiſed ſome how to pay for it.—If you ſhould think proper to hire Betty, I hope and believe ſhe will turn out very honeſt and ſober.

MATILDA ALLWRIGHT.

Upper ſtreet.
May. 30, 1793.

Eſſay on the Title of Eſquire.

THAT the honours of nobility may, even by creation, as well as natural deſcent, fall upon unworthy perſons, is a fact which would be fooliſh to deny, becauſe it would be impoſſible; and which it would be weak to repine at, becauſe it is the fate of all inſtitutions not to be able to exclude certain abuſes. A profeſſion is not leſſened in the eyes of a ſenſible man, becauſe an unworthy perſon has been admitted into it; and with all the faults of individual noblemen, it will be found, that the inſtitution of the peerage has been the nurſe of patriotiſm and public virtue, and impreſſes the mind with a kind of ſuperior caution againſt vice, cowardice, and perfidy, which the general maſs of mankind are without. It is not, however, my intention, in the following obſervations, to interfere at all in ſpeculative queſtions on the advantages or diſadvantages of created or hereditary nobility; but to point out the abſurd abuſe of a title, which, from vanity and fooliſh complaiſance, has been ſo generally extended, as to loſe its dignity, and become almoſt a term of reproach.

The title I mean is that of Eſquire, appended to the name by the common abbreviation Eſq. Let us conſider what this title was originally, and we ſhall ſoon be convinced, that the indiſcriminate uſe of it is totally without foundation upon any known law, or ſource of honour. In this part of my ſubject, I am principally, though not altogether, aſſiſted, by the learned author of 'Commentaries on the laws of England.'

Eſquires

Eſquires are ſaid, by Camden, to conſiſt of four claſſes. 1. The eldeſt ſons of knights, and their eldeſt ſons in perpetual ſucceſſion. 2. The eldeſt ſons of younger ſons of peers, and their eldeſt ſons in like perpetual ſucceſſion; both which ſpecies of eſquires, ſir Henry Spelman entitles armigeri natalitii. 3. Eſquires created by the king's letters-patent, or other inveſtiture; and their eldeſt ſons. 4. Eſquires by virtue of their offices; as juſtices of the peace, and others, who may bear any office of truſt under the crown. To theſe may be added the eſquires of the knights of the bath, each of whom conſtitutes three at his inſtallation; and all foreign, and even Iriſh peers; for not only thoſe, but the eldeſt ſons of peers of Great Britain, though frequently titular lords, are only eſquires in law, and muſt be ſo named in all legal proceedings. It may be obſerved, however, that the firſt two diſtinctions, or claſſes, enumerated by Camden, have long ceaſed to exiſt: for the title of knight, gives not the title of eſquire to the eldeſt ſon, who may perhaps be a common, and often a low mechanic, and muſt according to the ſtatute 1. Hen. V. c. 5. be deſignated by his myſtery or trade, in all writs, &c.

Eſquires and gentlemen are confounded together by ſir Edward Coke, who obſerves, that every eſquire is a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined to be one qui arma gerit, who bears coat armour, the grant of which adds gentility to a mans family. 'It is, indeed,' ſays Blackſtone, 'a matter ſomewhat unſettled, what conſtitutes the diſtinction, or who is a real eſquire; for it is not an eſtate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner: But to the liſts given above, the following may be added, mayors of towns, counſellors at law, ſerjeants of the ſeveral offices of the kings court, and other officers of note. Theſe are all entitled to be called eſquires, and none others.'

The title of Eſquire, therefore, like all other titles, proceeds directly, or indirectly, from the king, as the fountain of all honour, and it can be conferred by no other perſon, nor aſſumed by any perſon from vanity or caprice. But if this be the law, how ſtrangely different is the practice of modern times! Tradeſmen and mechanics, of all deſcriptions, confer this title upon each other; and many do not even ſcruple to write eſquires to their name in books of ſubſcription. But no individual in this kingdom (his majeſty only excepted) can confer any title; and if fooliſh cuſtom or complaiſance allow men to dub each other eſquires, an equally fooliſh and equally well founded cuſtom may, in time, induce them to prefix the title Honourable to their names. If caprice is to govern in one thing, it may in all; for caprice is boundleſs, and human vanity will always furniſh it with an apology.

But mechanics and tradeſmen are not the only perſons who aſſume the title Eſquire without the right to it. The higher orders of commercial men, ſuch as merchants and bankers, aſſume it with no better title; nor can the landed intereſt prove that they have a ſuperior claim; for as Blackſtone obſerves, an eſtate, however large, does not confer this rank upon its owner. But, in flat contradiction to thoſe of honour, how many thouſand eſquires does this nation contain! Beſides perſons concerned in trade, it is aſſumed by every man who has no viſible means of living, and who therefore calls himſelf a gentleman, and is by others denominated an eſquire. Even debtors in jail are frequently addreſſed by this title; and I recollect to have ſeen, in a newſpaper under the head of Old Bailey Intelligence, the 'trial of George Barrington, Eſquire,' the moſt infamous pickpocket and thief that ever diſgraced a good underſtanding. Is not this enough to ſicken us againſt Squireſhip?

Low mechanics retired from buſineſs, and who repair to Hampſtead or Hackney, to doze away the remainder of their lives in ſolitude, which they cannot improve, or diverſions of which they cannot partake, are to a man Eſquires.—It was ſaid above, that perſons enjoying patent places under the king, or offices of municipal adminiſtration are entitled to the rank and title of Eſquires; ſuch as commiſſioners of the

cuſtoms,

cuſtoms, exciſe, comptrollers, &c. To render this as ridiculous as poſſible, we find the title of Eſquire almoſt always beſtowed on perſons who enjoy the high office of ſtewards to tavern-dinners. Whether they enjoy this title only durante officio; or for life, with remainder to their eldeſt ſons, I know not; but his majeſty's gift appears to loſe conſiderably of its value, ſince his privilege of conferring honours can be aſſumed by Codgers, Odd Fellows, and Eaſy Johns!

If the queſtion be aſked, why the title of Eſquire is thus confounded, and rendered common to the meaneſt as well as the greateſt, I know of no anſwer but by referring to vanity; a principle in our nature too often powerful enough to acquire the maſtery over reaſon and common ſenſe. There is often a very great degree of vanity in oſtentatiouſly proclaiming the titles to which we have a right; and it is perhaps always a ſign of weakneſs to value ourſelves on names, which abſtractedly imply no intellectual merit, and no ſuperior virtue. But to aſſume a title to which we have no right, is an uncommon degree of arrogance; and to be proud of it, may, without any breach of Chriſtian charity, be denominated a very great defect in the underſtanding. It is, indeed, a ſpecies of childiſhneſs; for we obſerve that children are remarkably fond of playing at lords, dukes, generals, and judges: mimicking the conſequence which they conceive to be attached to ſuch elevated ranks.

To a man fond of the title of Eſquire, I would perhaps addreſs myſelf in terms like theſe: 'You have been dubbed Eſquire by perſons who have not the power to confer the title upon you. Here is one who wrote you down Eſquire, becauſe you appeared well-dreſt; your title, therefore, conſiſts in externals, and the taylor is your fountain of honour; here is another man who addreſſes you Eſquire, on the cover of his letter, and he wants to borrow money of you; your beſt method will be to addreſs him Eſquire, and refuſe the requeſt; for a title which confers no merit, it dearly bought by a dividend of ſix pence in the pound. But perhaps you may ſay, if a man addreſſes me as Eſquire, I cannot do leſs than return the compliment: common politeneſs requires it. Very true; and depend upon it, he expects it: for he knows that common politeneſs will have weight with you, though common ſenſe has none with him. But if you are yourſelf fond of this title, let me mention a circumſtance which ought, in ſome meaſure, to leſſen its charms. All titles are eſtimable in proportion to their ſuperiority, as all metals are valuable in proportion to their ſcarcity. Now as the title of Eſquire is at preſent beſtowed upon five hundred times more perſons than it was thirty years ago, and is becoming every day more and more common, you may perceive that a time is approaching when it will be univerſal, and an equality of 'ſquire ſhip will prevail. You will then be on a level with the maſs of mankind, and your out-door clerk will be as good a ſquire as yourſelf. The title then will loſe its value, and be as common and contemptible as Miſter is now in the eyes of you Eſquires. This conſideration, ſince it is an appeal to vanity, which is the parent of promiſcuons eſquires, ought to be well attended to; for what reſource will then be left to you? I cannot ſuppoſe that you will become ſelf created Knights, or Baronets; for the law will not allow you, unleſs you can ſet up the plea of inſanity or idiotiſm; but let me tell you, in the mean time that by being pleaſed with the title of Eſquire, which does not belong to you, you ſhare very much in the temper and diſpoſition of that ſelf-created Knight Sir Jeffry Dunſtan.'

To all this the reply may be, that a merchant banker, or gentleman, who is commonly ſtyled Eſquire, may be offended if any perſon of my way of thinking were to degrade him to plain Miſter. And this, in all probability, would be the caſe with many; for where a certain reverence is generally paid to a man to withhold it marks a difference of opinion that may eaſily be conſtrued into contempt or diſreſpect. Where there is danger that this may be the caſe

caſe, it may be prudent to abide by general cuſtom, though it is impoſſible for an obſcure individual to entertain a very great reſpect for a man who took it amiſs that *he* did not confer a title which no man has a right to confer, and who is ſo weak as to be jealous of an empty name. The purpoſe of this paper, however, is to awaken the attention of *eſquires* to the inſignificancy of the title; as men of ſenſe they cannot be ignorant of this; but long cuſtom may have reconciled them to it, as cuſtom will to many abſurdities; and an honeſt man, the moment he finds himſelf poſſeſſed of that to which he has no right, will reſign it contentedly.

To be proud of what does not of right belong to us, is to acknowledge a principle of injuſtice, and of all things that men are proud of, I know not that I could have ſelected one ſo inſignificant in itſelf as that which has been the ſubject of this paper. It may, indeed, be remarked, that a fondneſs for titles, even where regularly conferred, is often the ſymptom of a departure from internal worth. Where the latter ſhines in its fulleſt luſtre, we ſeldom find a deſire for external diſtinctions, nor can it derive the ſmalleſt aid from them. All titles will ſeem little in the eye of a philoſopher, and nothing in that of a chriſtian. Where they exiſt without virtue and without talents, they render the want of theſe the more conſpicuous, and the individual the more contemptible. The record they bear to poſterity is that of ſplendid infamy, and eminent inſignificance. A virtuous life is beyond all title, and ſtands in need of none. And, if we conſider how uſeleſs the moſt dignified rank is to confer happineſs, ſtill more meanly muſt we think of thoſe who repine, becauſe they are refuſed a title which, in reality, confers no rank; or, if it did, cannot belong to them. The calamities of human life reſpect no diſtinctions of rank; and fallen grandeur is the moſt deplorable ſpectacle of human miſery. To be pleaſed with trifles is the province of childhood: age and maturity ought to ſet at naught petty diſtinctions, that can imply no merit, and which being ſelf-aſſumed, argue the veriеſt of all ſpecies of vanity. The time is faſt haſtening, when the inſignificance of ſuch honours will make us aſhamed that we ever coveted them, and when nothing will be found of real value but the reflections of a ſpotleſs mind, that has been laudably employed in exertions of wiſdom, and acts of goodneſs, to promote the welfare and happineſs of mankind.

SIMPLEX.

Memoirs of Mr. Robert Adair.

MR. ROBERT ADAIR was a ſurgeon, a good-natured pleaſant man, a favourite of princes, of women, and of fortune; whoſe mediocrity of powers, and ſuperficial acquirements, have not been able to eſcape the induſtrious watchfulneſs of modern biography

Detection in an early amour, drove him precipitately from Dublin, and he was fortunate enough, after practiſing as an army ſurgeon for ſome years, to attract the notice of lady Caroline Kepple, a daughter of the late admiral, who fought the French handſomely, off Uſhant.

His marriage with this lady introduced him into the beſt company; he was ſoon appointed inſpector general of military hoſpitals, an office, in which his frugality in the expenditure of public money was conſpicuous and exemplary, his affability and mildneſs of manners, were a happy contraſt to the harſh ſeverity and rugged peeviſhneſs of ſome of his cotemporaries in the profeſſion: he was alſo the beſt friend of the private ſoldier, and of a rank of men who may often look with envy on the condition of a private ſoldier, I mean thoſe unhappy ſubalterns, whoſe parents having been mad and cruel enough to ſink the whole of their ſon's fortune in an enſigncy, or a lieutenant's commiſſion, have doomed him to *exiſt* in ſplendid poverty on three ſhillings a day.

Lady Caroline, who died conſumptive a few years after her marriage, ought not to be mentioned without a reflection on what are called great matches; that in many inſtances they conduct a private individual to honour

and wealth, and that ſometimes they are productive of peace and nuptial happineſs, is an undoubted fact; but the young and gay before they paſs the Rubicon, ſhould maturely weigh the *chances of the field*, and recollect that indifference, reproach, and family diſcord are the probable conſequence of unequal alliance: that enchanting form, immenſe wealth, and brilliant accompliſhment, are by no means eſſential to happineſs, that the woman moſt likely to bring peace and comfort at the laſt, is one with more humble acquirements, the uſeful domeſtic companion, whoſe fortune, rank, and intellectual endowments, are nearly upon an equality with her huſband's.

I have ſaid that Adair was a favourite of the fair as well as of fortune, and a haſty ſketch of a lady is given in his life, which has perplexed the critics in amorous anecdote, and private ſcandal, to find out who was meant.

She is deſcribed as an early and generous friend of this fortunate Iriſhman, and was a woman of faſhion, at that time well known in polite circles, a famous demi-rep and free-thinker, on the wrong ſide of nine and thirty, who had ſpent the beſt part of her life in adopting every wild opinion, and gratifying every paſſion.

At this juncture, being accidentally at Bath during the ſeaſon, ſhe attracted the attention of an old peer, and by virtue of a plump face, good ſpirits, and agreeable ſmall talk, won the heart of a decayed rake of ſixty-five; flattered by her attentions, and miſtaking the pertneſs of dotage and the effects of a good fire and ſtrong punch for vigour, he ſettled on her an enormous jointure; inſtead of an additionly flannel waiſtcoat, took a wife to his boſom, and when he ought to have ordered a hot pan of coals, he determined on a bed-fellow; but his courage was ſuperior to his conſtitution, and he ſunk under this autumnal effort.

The widow ſubmitted to fate without murmuring, and wore her weeds with decent compoſure: but advancing in years as well as infirmities, qualms for the ſins of her youth came on, her ſpirits and infidelity forſook her, and ſhe made a bold leap from Spinoza and whiſt, to Whitfield and coniac.

Adair having by a brilliant marriage, as well as by ſucceſsful intrigue, attached a current value to his character among the women, many of them are ſaid to have longed "to preſs the dear deſtroyer to their arms," not content till they had aſcertained the irreſiſtable powers of a hero, for whom the heart of the wife, the widow, and the heireſs, had alternately throbbed with deſire.

In his intrigues, he was often rallied on the moderate ſhare of beauty enjoyed by ſome of his fair favourites, but he preferred them to very handſome women, who devoting more time to perfections of the body, than thoſe of the mind, ſeldom are agreeable companions.

Could I be permitted (ſays his biographer) in the choice of a wife, to employ the arts of a magician; during her childhood and education, her perſon ſhould be by no means attractive, but when marriage-rites had made her mine, I would exert the omnipotence of my taliſman, to give beauty and expreſſion to her form.

Although this writer does not pretend to deny the laxity of his morals, in theſe trying inſtances, yet he aſſerts with a degree of honeſt exultation, that his amours were never productive either of deſertion or miſery, that it was the policy of our fortunate Iriſhman, to purſue pleaſure with the refined ardour of a rational voluptuary, and never to ſacrifice the peace of a family, or betray and abuſe that confidence which had once made him happy: a conduct well worthy the imitation of many right honourable ſeducers, who infeſt our ſtreets, and crowd our workhouſes, with wretched infants and unhappy proſtitutes, a prey to diſeaſe, infamy and death.

On the death of Ranby at Chelſea, a man of ſtrong paſſions, harſh voice, and inelegant manners, the ſubject of this article ſucceeded him in a lucrative profeſſional poſt, and is ſaid on this occaſion to have prevailed on a good-natured man to break his word, as it had been promiſed to David Middleton, who

who had grown grey in the ſervice of his maſter; Adair, notwithſtanding, ſecured a good thing, and David, as has been the fate of many a greater man, died with a king in his debt.

After the public had given him credit for ſaving the duke of Glouceſter's life, and after enjoying in his Italian journey with that royal wanderer, the friendſhip and approbation of Ganganelli, the proteſtant pope, he returned to England, and at an advanced age, for he was upwards of ſeventy, an opportunity offered of exerting his benevolence and philanthropy, with ſingular efficacy and ſucceſs.

His friend Mr. Heſſe, of the army pay-office, and I believe a commiſſary of muſters, a man of pleaſing manners, general acquaintance in polite circles, and competent income, (but not of a ſolid underſtanding,) had unhappily been ſeduced by the diſſipating madneſs of the times, to form habits and indulge in expences, inconſiſtent with his rank and fortune.

Though his affairs had for ſome time been deſperate, his pride would not ſuffer him to retrench, he regarded with dread the contemptuous ſneer of the world, at leaſt that deſpicable diſſipated drove that paſſes for it—a vile, unmanly, fatal fear, which makes and keeps us fools and beggars half our lives.

Wine, company, gaming, an unceaſing round of amuſements, together with certain chimerical hopes of advancing his fortune, for ſome time ſerved to ſhut out intruding thoughts, and to ſupport a wounded ſpirit.

But evils which we ought to oppoſe with ſpirit and reſolution, have never been long evaded by riot, folly, and diſſipation.

Premit atra Comes: ſequiturque fugacem:

his expectations were diſappointed, his creditors were urgent, and he retired with a ſmile on his countenance, but mortal chagrin at his heart, to one of thoſe nocturnal aſſociations of getting rid of time, money, and reflection, which have been called "little earthly Pandœmoniums," where how bitter ſoever our diſappointment, however hopeleſs our proſpects, unprincipled our actions, or indelible our diſgrace, we may be certain of meeting companions equally miſerable, diſhonoured or ruined with ourſelves, alike ſmarting under the reproaches, falſehood, and ill treatment, of mankind or themſelves, ready to receive us with open arms, and ſympathy, and in the diſtraction of play, the tumult of wine, or the roar of merriment, ſetting at defiance God and man.

Cards and dice, here level every mortifying diſtinction, and mix in familiar intimacy, the prince and prize-fighter, the peer and horſe-jockey, the beggar and nabob, the gambler and the heir.

This unhappy man paſſed part of the night in one of theſe ſplendid receptacles of deſperate adventure, which in the metropolis attract by their bulky magnificence the wonder and ſigh of the indignant public.

With that timid caution which often accompanies fatal deſign, he exhibited nothing peculiar in his deportment or appearance, but at the uſual time, and in the uſual mode, taking leave of thoſe he was to ſee no more, repaired to his own houſe, once the ſeat of domeſtic bliſs and endearment: his wife at a late hour had retired to reſt, he locked himſelf in his dreſſing room, and in an agony of deſpair ſo naturally produced by hopeleſs pecuniary diſtreſs and blaſted irretrievable proſpects, raſhly ventured on that world unknown, "ſnatching from God's right hand the inſtruments of death."

The ſituation of a wife at once, and by a ſhocking cataſtrophe deprived of huſband, friend and fortune, may be eaſily imagined, the ſtruggle was too great for her tender delicate frame, and an interval of recovery from anguiſh was happily afforded by temporary diſtraction.

From the houſe of affliction ſhe was conveyed by Adair to his own hoſpitable roof at Chelſea, where ſhe experienced every conſolation that tranquility and the lenient hand of friendſhip could beſtow, he was indeed the good Samaritan, the father and the friend:

"For this one deed be all his faults
forgiven."

From the life of the ſubject of this article, ſays his biographer, the man who early in life, has made one falſe, ſtep, may learn not to give himſelf up to ſupineneſs, indifference, and deſpair, as by ſubſequent prudence and induſtry, difficulties may be ſurmounted, and ſucceſs ultimately attained by humble gifts, by diligence, attention, gentleneſs, civility, and a conſtant watchfulneſs to turn the little accidents of life to good account: from a conſideration of this article and often-repeated leſſon, may alſo be brought home to the boſoms of us all, though few, comparitively ſpeaking, have opportunities of acting conſpicuous parts on the great theatre of life, although we cannot be all heroes, ſtateſmen, and poets, yet we *all* have it in our power to fulfil the duties of private life, to abſtain as far as human infirmity will permit, from violence, folly and crime, and to diffuſe in ſome degree the bleſſings of eaſe and comfort, to the unhappy, the ſick, and the unfortunate.

Addreſs from the Free-Maſons to the King.

The following Addreſs to his Majeſty from the Grand Lodge of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Maſons is ſaid to be the production of a nobleman of high rank in the political world.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

AT a time when nearly the whole maſs of the people anxiouſly preſs forward, and offer with one heart, and one voice, the moſt animated teſtimonies of their attachment to your Majeſty's perſon and government, and of their unabated zeal, at this period of innovation and anarchy in other countries, for the unequalled conſtitution of their own, permit a body of men, ſire, which, though not known to the laws, has been ever obedient to them;—men who do not yield to any deſcription of your majeſty's ſubjects in the love of their country, in true allegiance to their ſovereign, or in any other of the duties of a good citizen, to approach you with this public declaration of their political principles. The times, they think, demand it of them; and they wiſh not to be among the laſt in ſuch times, to throw their weight, whatever that may be, into the ſcale of order, ſubordination, and good government.

It is written, ſire, in the Inſtitute of our order, that we ſhall not, at our meetings, go into religious or political diſcuſſion; becauſe, compoſed (as our fraternity is) of men of various nations, profeſſing different rules of faith, and attached to oppoſite ſyſtems of Government, ſuch diſcuſſions, ſharpening the mind of man againſt his brother, might offend and diſunite. A criſis, however, ſo unlooked for as the preſent, juſtifies to our judgement a relaxation of that rule; and our firſt duty as Britons ſuperſeding all other conſiderations, we add, without farther pauſe, our voice to that of our fellow-ſubjects, in declaring one common and fervent attachment to a government by king, lords, and commons, as eſtabliſhed by the glorious revolution of 1688.

The excellence of all human inſtitutions is comparative and fleeting: poſitive perfection, or unchanging aptitude to its object, we know belongs not to the work of man: But, when we view the principles of Government which have recently obtained in other nations, and then look upon our own, we exult in poſſeſſing, at this time, the wiſeſt and beſt poiſed ſyſtem the world has ever known.—A ſyſtem which affords equal protection (the only equality we look for, or that indeed is practicable) and impartial juſtice to all.

It may be thought, perhaps, that, being what we are, a private Society of men—connected by inviſible ties,—profeſſing ſecrecy,—myſterious in our meetings,—ſtamped by no act of prerogative,—and acknowleged by no law, we aſſume a port and hold a language upon this occaſion, to which we can urge no legal or admitted right. We are the free citizens, ſire, of a free ſtate, and number many thouſands of

of our body.——The heir apparent of the empire is our chief.—We fraternize for the purpoſes of ſocial intercourſe, of mutual aſſiſtance, of charity to the diſtreſſed, and good-will to all: and fidelity to a truſt, reverence to the magiſtrate, and obedience to the laws, are ſculptured in capitals upon the pediment of our inſtitution. And let us add, that pervading as we do every claſs of the community, and every walk of life, and diſſeminating our principals wherever we ſtrike root, this addreſs may be conſidered as ſpeaking, the ſentiments of a people.

Having thus atteſted our principles, we have only to implore the ſupreme architect of the univerſe, whoſe almighty hand hath laid in the deep the firm foundation of this country's greatneſs, and whoſe protecting ſhield hath covered her amidſt the cruſh of nations, that he will continue to ſhelter and ſuſtain her. May her ſons be contented and her daughters happy, and may your Majeſty—the immediate inſtrument of her preſent proſperity and power, to whom unbiaſſed poſterity ſhall thus inſcribe the column:

To
GEORGE,
The friend of the people,
and
Patron of the arts
Which brighten and embelliſh life,
With your amiable Queen and your royal progeny, long, long, continue to be the bleſſing and the boaſt of a grateful, happy, and united people!

Given unanimouſly, in Grand lodge, at Free Maſons hall, this 6th day of February 1793.

(Signed,)
RAWDON, A. G. M.
PETER PARKER, D. G. M.
(Counter-Signed,)
WILLIAM WHITE, G. S.

A new German Story.

HERMANN and Cronheim completed their ſtudies together at the univerſity of Gottingen; after which the former engaged himſelf as private tutor to a nobleman of diſtinction, with whom he travelled over all Europe: the latter, who was of a different turn, choſe the military profeſſion.

Thirty years had elapſed, when Hermann, who now lived on his eſtate, ſituated on the delightful banks of the Elbe, had the ſatisfaction to welcome his friend Cronheim to his houſe: during their long abſence, a variety of ſtrange adventures had befallen each of them; theſe they reſolved to communicate to each other, when the joys of the chace were denied them by the inclemency of the weather.

Cronheim began.

My arrival at Frankfort happened to be juſt at the commencement of the fair *. The buſtle of the place, the incredible concourſe of the people from every part of Europe, the ceaſeleſs and diverſified round of ſhews, entertainments, and every poſſible ſort of paſtime, added to the pleaſures of meeting with many an old friend and acquaintance, all theſe cauſes conſpiring together, ſeemed to promiſe that my time would not eaſily hang heavy upon my hands for which reaſon I determined to paſs a few weeks in this place.

The inn, in which I lodged being one of the firſt in the town, was crowded with ſtrangers in every part; among whom an elderly gentleman diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and attracted univerſal notice, by the ſingularity of his dreſs, the bluntneſs of his manners, and a kind of *myſtical* reſerve in all his actions. His appearance commanded reſpect; no Bramin could exceed him in gravity of countenance, no Quaker in plainneſs of apparel. He occupied the beſt apartment in the inn, was attended by his own ſervants, took no notice, much leſs entered into converſation with any of his fellow lodgers; went out regularly every day after dinner, and ſeldom returned home till midnight. Though he frequented all public places of reſort, he was never once ſeen to aſſociate with a ſingle individual, but walked up

NOTE.

* It may, perhaps, not be amiſs to inform the Engliſh reader, that theſe fairs are far ſuperior to any thing of the kind in this country, and generally laſt for ſeveral weeks.

and

and down, ſolitary and penſive, like a man burdened with a heavy load upon his ſpirits, and diſtracted with care.

The extraordinary character of this ſtranger excited my curioſity to be better acquainted with him. For this purpoſe I began my enquiries with the landlord; but the landlord, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, anſwered me only with a ſignificant ſhake of his head. My next application was to the waiters; the waiters likewiſe ſhrugged their ſhoulders, and were as ignorant as the landlord. In ſhort I found it impoſſible to procure the ſmalleſt intelligence about the ſtranger. Nobody ſeemed to know any thing about him.

I had not been a week in Frankfort before I had the misfortune to loſe my purſe. This loſs I attributed to my careleſſneſs; and not doubting but ſome of the profeſſors of *legerdemain* had been dextrous enough to lighten my pocket, either as I entered or came out of a booth, where wild beaſts were exhibited, I prudently determined to be more cautious and circumſpect in future.

Next morning, however, in ſpite of all my care, I perceived a freſh loſs, which gave me infinite more concern than I had experienced for my purſe. The miniature picture of my Eliza, which I wore ſuſpended by a ribband round my neck, and never took off, except when I undreſſed for bed, was no where to be found. I was poſitive that I had placed it on the table the preceding night;—I therefore took the waiters pretty ſharply to taſk; theſe, however, not only diſclaimed all knowledge of this picture, but manifeſted, at the ſame time, no ſmall diſpleaſure at the injuſtice of my ſuſpicions.

In hopes of diſſipating my chagrin, I went in the evening to the theatre. A buxom, freſh-looking laſs, at a diſtant part of the houſe, caught my eye; I put my hand into my pocket, and began to feel for my opera glaſs, rummaging firſt one pocket, then the other, but all to no purpoſe, the opera glaſs was fairly gone:—"Damn it!" thought I, "but this is very extraordinary!"—and with that began to congratulate myſelf, that, contrary to my uſual practice, I had left my pocket-book at home.

A boy with a link lighted me to a neighbouring tavern, after the concluſion of the performance. At the door I gave my conductor the uſual gratuity, and putting my hand at the ſame time inſtinctively to my fob, diſcovered that my watch was miſſing.

"May I be damned, if I ſpend another night in Franckfort!" I exclaimed, firmly perſuaded, that I had been ſingled out as their mark by ſome of the *light-fingered* gentry, who, actuated by the ſame principle as other traders, "*the ſacred thirſt of gain,*" are equally punctual in their attendance at fairs, and every other opportunity of making money. Reſolved therefore to pack up my things early the next morning, and leave a place where I had experienced nothing but misfortunes, I ſeated myſelf in ſullen diſpondency, without taking the leaſt notice of the company around. Already had I finiſhed my ſupper, and was preparing to depart, when in the very moment as I puſhed back my ſeat—"Pray, ſir, what o'clock is it?"—demanded a neighbouring voice. I made no anſwer to this queſtion, which ſo unſeaſonably reminded me of my new loſs.

"What o'clock is it, ſir?" interrogated the ſame voice a ſecond time.

"I cannot tell"— I replied with peeviſh impatience, ſtill advancing towards the door.

"Have you no watch then?" was the next demand. Vexed at the officious impertinence of the ſtranger, I turned round to look at him, and oh! heavens! what was my ſurprize at beholding, in the perſon of my enquirer, no other than my fellow lodger in the inn, the elderly, unſociable gentleman; whoſe character had before ſo much excited my curioſity.

The ſerious look, with which he regarded me, ſufficiently indicated that he expected an anſwer to his queſtion.

"My watch," I began.

"Has been ſtolen from you"—interrupted the ſtranger; "however, give yourſelf no uneaſineſs. I have been fortunate enough to diſcover the thief.

Here,

Here, ſir, is your watch, and take better care of it in future."

I ſtood for ſome time mute with aſtoniſhment. The ſame hands, which purloined my watch, had, I made no doubt, exerciſed their ingenuity on the other articles I had lately loſt. This rendered me extremely anxious to know the offender, but before I was ſufficiently recovered from my ſurprize, to commence my enquiries, the ſtranger had left the room.

I immediately hurried back to the inn: the ſtranger did not return till midnight. The moment I heard his footſteps on the ſtairs, I flew to meet him; and, making a low low, began to thank him for the recovery of my watch. But the unſociable gentleman, without deigning to take the leaſt notice of my diſcourſe, paſſed abruptly by me, and entering his own apartment, locked the door after him.

All ſubſequent attempts to enter into converſation with the wonderful ſtranger, proved equally abortive. In the inn he conſtantly kept himſelf locked in his own apartment, and in places of public reſort ſeemed aſſiduouſly to avoid me. Three days paſſed in fruitleſs endeavours; at length, provoked with the old gentleman's unaccountable reſerve, I determined to give myſelf no further trouble about him, but packing up my portmanteau, fixed upon the following day for my departure, although I had met with no freſh loſs or diſaſter ſince the recovery of my watch.

Previous to my leaving Holſtein, I had been ſupplied by my uncle Mr. Vander Laer of Hamburg, with bills for a conſiderable amount, drawn upon a certain houſe in Leipzig, with which my uncle tranſacted buſineſs. Being low in caſh, I reſolved to get theſe bills negociated in Franckfort, and therefore ſet out immediately after breakfaſt in queſt of a merchant, to whom I had been recommended for that purpoſe. I met with little difficulty in finding out the houſe, but had ſo much the more in finding my pocket-book, which, after feeling for it firſt in the right pocket, then in the left, then in the right again, and ſo on alternately for a full half hour—was actually miſſing.

"I certainly muſt have left it at home!"—cried I—and poſting back to the inn, unpacked my trunk, and emptied its contents a dozen times at leaſt; but all to no purpoſe, pocket-book and notes were irrecoverably loſt.

How I paſſed the remainder of the day after this diſcovery, I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe. Evening approached, and found me ſtill buſy in rummaging every hole and corner in queſt of my pocket-book, which however did not think proper to be forth-coming. The greatneſs of my loſs hardly ſuffered me to be convinced of its reality; after one of the moſt uneaſy nights that can poſſibly be conceived, I renewed the ſearch next morning, but with no better ſucceſs than before.

Stranger in a foreign land, without money, without friends, I now beheld myſelf the ſlave of neceſſity; and with my eyes fixed ſullenly upon the ground, ſtood wringing my hands, and calling down curſes upon myſelf; and the unknown author of my calamity, when I was rouſed from my painful reflections by a ſudden knock at the door. "Walk in," I cried with peeviſh impatience: the door flew open, and who ſhould make his appearance but my fellow lodger, the ſtrange, unſociable gentleman!

"Young man,"—preſenting a bill to me, "here is ſufficient to carry you home to your friends; the poſt ſets out to-morrow morning. I wiſh you a pleaſant journey: farewell!"——

In an inſtant lay the draft upon the table, and away hurried the donor, before I had time to recover from my ſurprize, or to utter a ſingle ſyllable. Aſtoniſhment long held me as it were chained to my ſeat; but curioſity to be acquainted with the nature of the ſtranger's bounty, getting at length the better of my amazement, I proceeded to examine the paper, which I found to be a bill for one hundred and twenty dollars *, drawn upon a merchant in Franckfort, and payable at ſight.

If I was before confounded and ſurprized, I was now not leſs vexed and chagrined at this adventure, in conſe-

NOTE.

* About 25 l. ſterling.

quence

quence of which I ſaw myſelf debtor to the generoſity of a ſtranger, whom nobody ſeemed to know, whoſe very name and place of abode I had in vain attempted to diſcover; what probability therefore had I of ever acquitting myſelf of my obligations by making reſtitution? "I muſt and will learn his addreſs"—was my final determination; accordingly I repaired to the ſtranger's apartment, knocked at the door; but to my great diſappointment found him not at home. In hopes of diſſipating my uneaſineſs, I likewiſe reſolved upon a walk, and hurried to join the buſy ſcenes of tumult and confuſion which the fair exhibited.

It was late when I returned back to the inn. The ſtranger was not arrived: his uſual hour was midnight; I therefore propoſed to wait his return, and either to inſiſt on knowing his addreſs, or elſe compel him to take his preſent back again. For this purpoſe leaving my door a-jar, I ſeated myſelf on a ſopha, and endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours of expectation by reading a German tranſlation of Oſſian.

Midnight approaching without any ſigns of the ſtranger's return. I ſtill continued ſtretched upon the ſopha; at length I grew drowſy, Oſſian dropped out of my hands, my eye-lids cloſed involuntarily, and, overpowered by ſleep, I already nodded, when I was ſuddenly rouſed by a noiſe at the door of my room. I ſtarted up—all was ſilent. I opened the door—could hear nothing—ſee nothing. It certainly muſt have been imagination—I muſt have fancied—have dreamt to hear a noiſe. Reſuming, therefore, my book, I rubbed my eyes, wiped them with a wet cloth, and, that I might be in leſs danger of giving way to ſlumber, began to read aloud:

"Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it ſome paſſing ghoſt?"—Hardly had I pronounced the laſt words when the noiſe returned. I could plainly diſtinguiſh the tread of human feet along the paſſage: the noiſe drew nearer and nearer. Preſently I believed to hear a trembling hand groping for the lock of the door, which opening gradually, diſcovered a female figure dreſſed in white, with a veil over her face that reached half way down her ſhoulders.

Slow and ſolemn, with her back turned to me, ſhe drew near the table, took up my watch, examined it attentively, ſighed thrice and deeply, replaced my watch upon the table, and continued her walk to the oppoſite corner of the room. In repaſſing ſhe reſted her head upon her left hand, and drawing her veil aſide with her right hand, I beheld with horror and aſtoniſhment the very features of Eliza; but her countenance pale, her eyes ſunk and hollow, and her brow contracted with indignation.

After a ſhort pauſe, ſhe drew nearer, caſt an angry look at me, held up her hand in a threatening attitude, and thrice beating her breaſt, whilſt heart-piercing groans burſt from her boſom, regained the door, and diſappeared.

On recovering from my ſurprize, I found myſelf ſtill ſeated upon the ſopha, and revolving in my mind every concomitant circumſtance of this extraordinary apparition, was firmly perſuaded that the whole adventure could be nothing but a dream. I looked at my watch—it was exactly one o'clock. Impatient at the ſtranger's delay, I threw myſelf, dreſſed as I was, upon the bed, and ſlept till late in the morning. My firſt care upon awaking was to enquire of the waiter, whether the ſtrange gentleman had returned to the inn laſt night? I was anſwered in the negative—"Has he left Franckfort?—Did he make any mention of travelling?"

"To have taken any notice to us of his intended journey (replied the waiter) would be contrary to the myſterious reſerve of his character; it is, however, probable enough that he is gone. His reckoning he ſettles regularly every day after dinner, and as to trunks or baggage, he never carries any thing of the kind along with him."

"Suppoſe we ſtep to his apartment—I am curious to ſatisfy myſelf whether he be actually gone or not."

The key ſtood in the door; but, excepting the uſual furniture of the room, not the ſmalleſt trace was there of any perſon having lodged in it.

This was to me a very unwelcome diſcovery.

discovery. What hope could I now have of ever being able to acquit myself of my obligations to my unknown benefactor? More than once I felt myself tempted to destroy the bill for which I stood indebted to his bounty; but this, as I justly reflected, could in no shape cancel or lessen my obligation. Suddenly the thought shot across my mind, that perhaps the bill might be of no value; it might be fictitious; might be drawn upon a person that was no where to be found. Though this supposition, in case it should prove true, threatened to involve me in my former embarrassment, I took a strange delight in cherishing the idea, and that I might put an end to my suspence, shewed the note to my landlord, under pretence of enquiring after the merchant on whom it was drawn. The innkeeper instantly described the street and house, offering to send his boy with me to show me the way: this, however, I thought proper to decline.

I went therefore alone, and tendered my bill for payment the same morning. The merchant ran over the draft, and then fixed his eyes with uncommon significance upon me. His looks seemed expressive of something more than mere astonishment. This I considered as a confirmation of my suspicion, and expected every moment to hear the validity of my bill called in question. I found myself, however, mistaken—the merchant, still eyeing me with the same significant attention, opened his desk, and counted me the money. This seemed a favourable opportunity to obtain some intelligence concerning the stranger from whom I had received the note—I ventured, therefore, to question the merchant about the drawer of the bill. Evidently disconcerted at this demand, the merchant shrugged his shoulders, and, without making any reply, locked his desk and departed! I found his conduct strangely mysterious: a confused train of ideas rushed upon my mind; a walk seemed best calculated to drive away the vapours, I repaired therefore to a neighbouring tea garden.

The beauty of the weather had enticed a large concourse of people to the place. I took my seat in a pleasant arbour, where woodbine and whitethorn interwove their friendly branches, and calling for chocolate, began, whilst this was preparing, to give free scope to my meditations, and to ruminate on the strange occurrences which I had witnessed during my short abode in Franckfort. Above all, my dream engrossed my most serious thoughts; the more I reflected upon every particular, the more extraordinary I found it. Eliza's look, her wrathful countenance, the threatening manner in which she held up her hand—and but too well I knew how justly I deserved her anger—all appeared so natural, so suited to my present circumstances, that sometimes I inclined to consider last night's adventure as more than a mere dream. But against this opinion reason and incredulity raised a thousand unanswerable objections. I endeavoured to banish the whole idea from my mind: in vain, my dream returned, revolted, recoiled upon my imagination; opposition only served to give it additional force. Painful was the struggle between contending sentiments; I could support the conflict no longer—forgetful of the place—forgetful of the company, I broke out into a loud exclamation—"Yes! it must have been a dream."—"'Twas no dream," rejoined a voice familiar to my ear. Astonished and confounded, I lifted up my eyes—the strange gentleman, my unknown friend and benefactor, stood before me.

"Young man, (he continued,) if you wish to be satisfied relative to what you saw last night, meet me at ten o'clock this evening, at the corner of Frederick-street, facing the Dolphin." Without waiting my reply, the stranger hurried out of the arbour, and in an instant lost himself among the crowd.

Soon after, the waiter made his appearance with the chocolate, but my appetite was gone. I traversed the garden, wandered up and down its walks; searched every where for the wonderful stranger, enquired after him of the waiters, described him, characterized him, offered a reward to any one that should discover him, but all to no purpose; none of the waiters had seen any person that answered his description.

Chagrined at the ill ſucceſs of my enquiries, I returned to the inn, and with a kind of ſecret horror, entered my apartment, where the image of Eliza ſeemed ſtill to hover round me. Painful conjectures tortured my mind; her pallid countenance, hollow eyes, and the ſigns of mortality pourtrayed in her looks, filled me with the moſt gloomy apprehenſions. The place became inſupportable—reſtleſs and uneaſy, I wandered from one ſcene of buſtling impertinence to another; from the inn to the coffee-houſe, from the coffee-houſe to the mall, from the mall to the exhibition-room, from the exhibition-room to the fair, to the booths, to puppet-ſhews, merry-Andrews, wild beaſts, &c. nothing could reſtore me to tranquillity—nothing afford me relief—nothing calm the tempeſt of my thoughts.

With the approach of evening, my aſſignation with the wonderful incognito engroſſed my meditations. Strange ideas, unaccountable forebodings, haraſſed my mind. The time, the place of meeting, ſeemed equally myſterious and alarming. "Why not fix upon an earlier hour? why not upon his own apartment at the inn? Go I, or go I not? I inceſſantly put the queſtion to myſelf, whilſt my wavering reſolution, like a pair of balances, preponderated this way, then that, alternately. "What riſk, what danger, mayeſt thou expoſe thyſelf to by going?" demanded Prudence. "What diſcoveries mayeſt thou not make? (replied Curioſity); tomorrow is the day appointed for thy departure from Franckfort, and this very night an opportunity offers of obtaining light, and ſatisfactory information concerning all the ſtrange and intricate occurrences which have lately taken place. How will it repent thee to neglect ſo favourable an opportunity? And of whom ſtandeſt thou in dread? Shame upon thy manhood, to tremble at an old grey-headed gentleman." "A gentleman to whom thou art, moreover, under obligations, (added Pride) which this very evening thou mayeſt learn to acquit thyſelf of."—Yes, I go—was the concluſion of my deliberations.

It was now within half an hour of ten o'clock. I returned to the inn to prepare for my intended expedition. The landlord meeting me at the door, accoſted me with more than uſual gaiety.

"Sir, (he began) I have an agreeable piece of news to communicate, that will, I make no doubt, afford you equal pleaſure and ſurprize."

"Which is?" I demanded with aſtoniſhment.

"During your abode in my houſe, you have had the misfortune to loſe, at different times, ſundry valuable articles?"—

"That indeed, is but too true," I replied, with a look that ſeemed to aſk, whether this was the pleaſant and ſurpriſing news my landlord had announced.

"Theſe loſſes (continued the innkeeper) have been productive of much trouble and uneaſineſs to me, as well as to yourſelf, ſir. For the credit of an inn, you know, ſir—"

"To the point, if you pleaſe, (I interrupted him, being impatient to be gone.)

"It ſeems, ſir, you loſt your purſe, the miniature picture of a young lady, an opera-glaſs, and likewiſe your pocket-book."

"Your inventory of my loſs is very exact, very accurate indeed!"

"All theſe articles (reſumed the innkeeper) you will find faithfully reſtored. They lie this preſent moment upon the table in your apartment."

"Explain yourſelf! (I exclaimed) trifle with my impatience no longer."

"The matter is even as I relate. It is hardly an hour ago ſince a ſtranger brought theſe things to my houſe."

"A ſtranger, do you ſay? He can be no ſtranger to you, I ſhould ſuppoſe?"

"Who then do you imagine it to be, ſir?" demanded the inn-keeper.

"Who elſe, (I replied) but the elderly gentleman, your former lodger?"

"The inn-keeper ſhook his head; at the ſame inſtant he was called off to attend ſome company. I hurried up ſtairs; every thing correſponded with the landlord's relation. On the table lay my purſe, the miniature picture, opera-glaſs, and pocket-book; I examined

mined the latter, and found my notes safe and untouched. I stood petrified with amazement.

That this was a fresh obligation conferred upon me by my unknown benefactor, I had little room to doubt. "But how, (thought I) by what means can he have been enabled to effect this restoration? Why anticipate, as it were, his own appointed time of meeting? Can he have entertained any doubts of my punctuality in attending his assignation? or has he, perhaps, been compelled by unavoidable, unforeseen necessity, to accelerate his departure from Franckfort?" the latter conjecture, whilst it appeared the most plausible, was likewise the most unpleasant, since it deprived me of all possibility of repaying the sum for which I stood indebted to the stranger's bounty, at the very time when the recovery of my own notes put this restitution in my power. However, as the stranger's departure was not positively certain; as the whole of his character and conduct had been in the highest degree mysterious; as his disinterested benevolence, inflexible integrity, and unexampled philanthropy, rendered it improbable that he should fail in his promise of meeting me, without the most cogent reasons, I determined to repair to the appointed place of rendezvous.

"Did the bearer of the lost articles, which I have thus unexpectedly regained, leave no message relative to the author, the place, the manner of their recovery?" addressing myself to the innkeeper, in my way to the door.

"None in the world, (replied the inn-keeper) he said neither more nor less than what I have already told you. 'Here are the things which Monsr. Cronheim has lost during his abode in your house;' and without leaving me a moment's time to question him further upon the subject, laid them down upon the table, and departed."

"Take care of this till my return, (said I, delivering the key of my apartment to the landlord), my effects I have regained; for the future I leave them in your custody, from you I shall expect them." The time of assignation drew near; I hurried away from the inn.

The clock struck ten; I kept my post at the corner of Frederick-street. Dark was the night, loud and hollow roared the wind; not a star shone in the firmament; every distant sound, every approaching footstep announced to my fond imagination the arrival of my unknown benefactor. I ran to meet the coming passenger, accosted every one that fell in my way, but found myself continually mistaken. Repeated disappointments served to confirm me in the opinion which I had already formed on recovering my pocket-book, with the other articles of my loss, as above related. My generous friend, thought I, must have left Franckfort; must have been under a sudden, indispensible necessity of travelling. I grew tired of waiting—the sound of the church-clock again saluted my ears; it was eleven, and the stranger had not yet made his appearance. Passengers were no longer heard at a distance; midnight, silence, impenetrable darkness surrounded me; vexed and discontented, I sat out on my return to the inn.

Hardly, however, had I advanced ten paces, before I fancied to hear somebody endeavouring to overtake me. "Stop, sir, exclaimed the well-known voice of my long-expected friend. I instantly turned round, and ran to meet him.

"Sorry am I (began the courteous stranger) to have detained you so long."

"Longer, Sir, would I have waited with pleasure, had I been certain of meeting you; had I not been apprehensive that you had left Frankfort. I burn with impatience to see myself extricated from my doubts; to obtain your promised explanation, relative to the mysterious adventures which I have lately experienced."

"That explanation you shall soon receive (was the stranger's reply)—follow me."

With long and hasty strides he now began to lead the way, displaying more activity than could have been expected from his years. I followed him—not a single word passed between us. We soon approached the city gates: these were in an instant thrown open by the

guards, and now our way led acroſs the ſuburbs.

At the extremity ſtood a lonely, antiquated houſe, or caſtle, ſurrounded with a high wall, and apparently in a very ruinous condition. The ſtranger ſtopped ſhort; three times he ſtruck with his ſtaff againſt the maſſy gates: hollow ſounded his knocks through the ſolitary apartments. An old grey-headed porter gave us admittance. The ſtranger demanded a light, a lanthorn was brought: in myſterious ſilence we traverſed the rooms, where deſolation ſeemed to have taken up her abode; all was waſte, empty, uninhabited; the old grey headed porter excepted, I ſaw no ſigns of a ſingle living animal. After paſſing through a long narrow paſſage, we came into a ſpacious garden, if a place overgrown with briars and thorns may deſerve that title. Here, however, the former picture of ſilent, ſolitary deſolation was quite reverſed; bats and owls ſwarmed in every part, and filled the air with their doleful, lamentable cries. A ruinous, antique ſummer-houſe, built of flint and granite, ſtood at the bottom; thither I followed my conductor.

"Time and place—(began the latter, carefully re-locking the door the moment I had entered)—time and place are here equally favourable for our purpoſe: explain the nature of your doubts, and thoſe intricate events concerning which you deſire better information."

I began with a brief relation of the extraordinary manner in which my pocket-book, notes, &c. had been reſtored to me, and was juſt proceeding to enquire whether my conductor was not the author of this fortunate diſcovery, when I was interrupted by the latter.

"I am perfectly acquainted with the whole tranſaction; aſk whatever queſtion you pleaſe, but let it comprize the ſum of all your wiſhes."

This command involved me in the utmoſt perplexity. How was it poſſible for me, in my preſent ſtate of ſurprize, to conſolidate, to concentrate, as it were, my deſires inſtantaneouſly into one focus, into one object, one point?

The ſtranger perceived my embarraſſment. "Aſk, then, (he reſumed) who the friend is that intereſts himſelf ſo faithfully in your concerns."

"The very queſtion (I replied) that I moſt devoutly wiſh to have reſolved."

"Well, then, you ſhall ſoon have an opportunity of ſeeing this friend; of being perſonally acquainted with him."

"Soon have an opportunity! (I repeated with aſtoniſhment). Am I not acquainted with him already? Are not you, yourſelf, ſir, that friend, that generous benefactor?"

"No! (replied the ſtranger, with a negative ſhake of his head) I am nothing more than his inſtrument; and that—(here he pauſed a moment) and that only at the third hand."

At theſe words I regarded him with ſilent amazement. Of this the ſtranger ſeemed to take but little notice, but drawing from his pocket a ſmall box filled with red ſand, began to ſcatter its contents about the floor: then deſcribing with his wand two circles, he placed me in one, whilſt himſelf occupied the other, and with his hands croſſed upon his breaſt, and his eyes directed upwards, ſtood for a long time motionleſs like a ſtatue.

"What (thought I to myſelf) will be the end of theſe myſterious preparations?"

"The ſtranger ſtill continued motionleſs, till a diſtant church clock announced the ſolemn hour of midnight. Hardly had the laſt ſtroke ceaſed to vibrate on our ears, when ſuddenly turning himſelf round in his circle, he pronounced with an audible voice, at full length, the name of Eliza. I ſtarted with horror and aſtoniſhment. Inſtantly was heard a ſubterraneous noiſe, like the thunder under ground that forebodes an earthquake or when it rattles with aggravated peals, re-echoing from the mountains.

The ſtranger pronounced the name of Eliza the ſecond time, and louder and more awful than before. A flaſh of lightning ſhot acroſs the room, which ſhook with the roaring of the deep mouthed thunder.

Louder, and ſtill more dreadful, the

ſtranger

ſtranger pronounced the name of Eliza the third time. A ſudden trembling ſeized upon me—the whole ſummer-houſe ſeemed to be on fire—the ground gave way under my feet—I ſunk down—the ſpirit of Eliza hovered over me—my ſenſes forſook me.

(To be continued.)

Deſcription of Loretto, from all the modern Travellers.

LORETTO is a ſmall city, ſtanding on an eminence, in a pleaſant fruitful ſoil, three miles to the weſt of the Gulph of Venice. It is defended by a wall and other fortifications, ſufficient to guard againſt a ſurpriſe, but is incapable of holding out a ſiege. The great ſquare is embelliſhed with a fine marble fountain, ſurrounded with brazen ſtatues; and between that and the cathedral ſtands the figure of pope Sixtus V. who made Loretto the ſee of a biſhop. The piazza before the cathedral is ſpacious, and the buildings about it are large and handſome.

But I expected, ſays Dr. Moore, to have found Loretto a more magnificent, at leaſt a more commodious town for the entertainment of ſtrangers. The inn-keepers do not diſturb the devotion of the pilgrims by the luxuries of either bed or board. I have not ſeen worſe accommodations ſince I entered Italy, than at the inns here. This ſeems ſurpriſing, conſidering the great reſort of ſtrangers. If any town in England were as much frequented, every third or fourth houſe would be a neat inn.

Moore's Tr. i. 335.

This city is particularly famous for the chapel of our Lady of Loretto, to which there is a conſtant reſort of pilgrims from every part of Europe. The *Santa Caſa*, or Holy Houſe, is pretended to be the ſame in which the Virgin Mary dwelt at Nazareth; and which, towards the end of the thirteenth century, according to the legend, was conveyed hither by angels. A magnificent church is built over it, under the cupola of which it is ſituated, in a caſe of fine white marble, which is a beautiful building of the Corinthian order, with excellent baſſo-relievos, in which the hiſtory of the Virgin is repreſented. It is ſurrounded with a double row of marble ſtatues, repreſenting the ſybils and the ancient prophets. The room itſelf is compoſed of hard red ſtone, reſembling bricks, of different ſizes, and is forty feet in length, twenty in breadth, and twenty in height. Nothing remains of the old foundation, and it has only one window, adorned with ſilver, through which the angel is ſaid to have entered when he ſaluted the Virgin. A little chimney is ſeen towards the eaſt, and over it ſtands the Lady of Loretto, with the infant Jeſus on her right arm. This image is ſaid to be the workmanſhip of St. Luke, which was brought hither with the houſe.

Mr. Moore entertains no very exalted opinion of St. Luke's abilities as an artiſt, as appears by the following obſervations:

The figure of the Virgin herſelf by no means correſponds with the fine furniture of her houſe: ſhe is a little woman, about four feet in height, with the features and complexion of a negro. Of all the ſculptors that ever exiſted, aſſuredly St. Luke, by whom this figure is ſaid to have been made, is the leaſt of a flatterer; and nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the Bleſſed Virgin's contempt for external beauty, than her being ſatisfied with this repreſentation of herſelf; eſpecially, as I am inclined to believe, her face and perſon really reſembled thoſe beautiful ideas of her, conveyed by the pencils of Raphael, Corregio, and Guido. The figure of the infant Jeſus, by St. Luke, is of a piece with that of the Virgin; he holds a large golden globe in one hand, and the other is extended in the act of bleſſing. Both figures have crowns on their heads, enriched with diamonds: theſe were preſents from Ann of Auſtria, queen of France. Both arms of the Virgin are incloſed within her robes, and no part but her face is to be ſeen; her dreſs is moſt magnificent, but in a wretched bad taſte: this is not ſurpriſing, for ſhe has no *female* attendant. She has particular clothes for the different feaſts held in honour of her, and, which is *not*

quite

quite ſo decent, is always *dreſſed and undreſſed* by the *prieſts* belonging to the chapel; her robes are ornamented with all kinds of precious ſtones, down to the hem of her garment. *Moore's Tr.*

Before the breaſt of the Virgin hangs a royal toiſon, or fleece of rich jewels, with a collar of rubies, pearls, and diamonds. The niche, in which the image ſtands, is ornamented with precious ſtones, forming a kind of rainbow of various colours. Twelve large lamps of maſſy gold are placed between the ſtatue and the rails, and the altar is of beaten ſilver. The gown of red cambet, which the image had on when it was removed from Dalmatia is reputed a precious relic; but what is thought infinitely more valuable, is the real gown which the Virgin wore when living, and is therefore reſpectfully preſerved in a cryſtal caſe. The cup, out of which ſhe and the infant uſed to drink, is of blue and white earthen ware! but, having been accidentally fractured, the breach is repaired by a kind of brown cement.

The riches in the treaſury only are valued at nine millions of rix-dollars: ſeventeen golden lamps are continually burning before the Virgin, and thirty-ſeven others of maſſy ſilver illuminate the other parts of the houſe. Before the reformation, the number of pilgrims who viſited the holy-houſe in one year, has often exceeded two hundred thouſand; but now it is ſeldom attended by more than fifty thouſand in a ſingle year. They uſually reſort hither between Eaſter and Whitſuntide; many of them travel on foot, ſome on aſſes, others on horſes, and not a few of them in carriages. The poor pilgrims are received in an hoſpital, where they are provided with beds, bread, and wine, morning and evening, for three days.

Pilgrimages to Loretto are not ſo frequent with foreigners, or with Italians of fortune and diſtinction, as formerly; nineteen out of twenty of thoſe, who make this journey now, are poor people, who depend for their maintenance on the charity they receive on the road.

To the poor who are maintained during their whole journey, and have nothing more than a bare maintenance to expect from their labour at home, a journey to Loretto is a party of pleaſure, as well as devotion, and by much the moſt agreeable road they can take to heaven.

The church over the Santa Caſa is compoſed of Iſtrian ſtone, and the iron grates before the ſeveral chapels in it, are ſaid to have been forged out of the fetters, of four thouſand Chriſtians, who, by the naval victory of Lepanto, in 1571, were releaſed from Turkiſh ſlavery. Above twenty jeſuits attend conſtantly in the church, as confeſſors; by one of whom every language ſpoken in Europe is underſtood. The devotees drag themſelves round the holy houſe upon their knees.

Loretto derives its name from Laureta, the lady in whoſe field the Santa Caſa was firſt pitched. It was deemed a very unwholeſome place till pope Clement VII. cauſed the marſhes about it to be drained, the woods cut down, and the hills levelled. The number of inhabitants in this town and its ſuburbs is computed at about ſeven thouſand.

The church is a magnificent ſtructure, adorned with ſtucco-work and exquiſite paintings. In the chapel of the Annunciation is the hiſtory of the viſitation and marriage of the Virgin; and in the chapel of St. John the baptiſt, an incomparable picture of our Saviour's baptiſm; beſides ſeveral others, by the greateſt painters.

An hundred and twenty maſſes are daily ſaid in this chapel, and in the church in which it ſtands. The muſic in the chapel is remarkably fine. A certain number of the chaplains are eunuchs, who perform the double duty of ſinging the offices in the choir, and ſaying maſſes at the altar. The canonical law, which excludes perſons in their ſituation from the prieſthood, is eluded by a very extraordinary expedient, which may be gueſſed at.

The jewels and riches to be ſeen at any one time in the holy chapel, are of ſmall value in compariſon of thoſe in the treaſury, which is a large room adjoining to the veſtry of the great church. In the preſſes of this room are kept thoſe

thoſe preſents which royal, noble, and rich bigots of all ranks have, by oppreſſing their ſubjects, and injuring their families, ſent to this place. To enumerate every particular would fill volumes. They conſiſt of various utenſils, and other things in ſilver and gold; as lamps, candleſticks, goblets, crowns, and cruciſixes; lambs, eagles, ſaints, apoſtles, angels, virgins, and infants: then there are cameos, pearls, gems, and precious ſtones of all kinds, and in great numbers. What is valued above all the other jewels is, the miraculous pearl, wherein it is aſſerted, that nature has given a faithful delineation of the Virgin, ſitting on a cloud, with the infant Jeſus in her arms. Something like a woman with a child in her arms, is indeed to be ſeen; but whether nature intended this as a portrait of the Virgin Mary or not, it is not our province to determine.

There was not room in the preſſes of the treaſury to hold all the ſilver pieces which have been preſented to the Virgin. Several other preſſes in the veſtry, they told us, were compleatly full, and they made offer to ſhew them; but our curioſity was already ſatiated. It is ſaid, that theſe pieces are occaſionally melted down by his holineſs, for the uſe of the ſtate; and alſo, that the moſt precious of the jewels are picked out, and ſold for the ſame purpoſe, falſe ſtones being ſubſtituted in their room. This is an affair entirely between the Virgin and the pope: if ſhe does not complain of ſuch treatment, no other perſon has a right to be offended.

It is obſerved, however, by Mrs. Piozzi, that the jewels being taken out of the treaſury, and replaced with falſe ones, is a ſpeech always ſaid over fine things by the vulgar: I have heard the ſame thing affirmed of the diamonds at St. Denis. *Piozzi's Tr.*

The ſame lady informs us, that additions continue to be made to the riches of the Santa Caſa, and that the princeſs Borgheſe ſent an elegantly ſet diamond necklace, no longer ago than laſt Chriſtmas-day, (about three years ago) valued at a thouſand pounds ſterling. *Piozzi's Tr.*

The cellars belonging to the houſe are very ſpacious, and ſtocked with a prodigious quantity of wine, for the accommodation of the pilgrims. The annual revenue of the Santa Caſa, from the lands and other ſettled funds, is ſaid to be thirty thouſand ſcudi, excluſive of the preſents and offerings of devotees.

The inhabitants of Loretto, excluſive of their emoluments from keeping inns, taverns, and lodging-houſes, employ themſelves in making medals, cruciſixes, images of the Virgin, painted paper, caps, ribbons, and roſaries; which are purchaſed by the pilgrims, as amulets for the head-ach, fits, and other diſeaſes. There is an apothecary's ſhop at the holy houſe, with medicines for the uſe of the pilgrims; adorned with large pots, containing particular drugs, which are highly valued for the paintings on them, ſaid to have been executed by Raphael: they illuſtrate ſeveral pieces of ancient and prophane hiſtory. The palace, where the governor, the biſhop, and the penitentiaries reſide, is large and commodious, having apartments proper for the accommodation of perſons of all ranks.

Addiſon's remarks on the riches of the Santa Caſa at Loretto, are too ingenious to be omitted: the riches in the holy houſe and treaſury, ſays he, are ſurpriſingly great, and as much ſurpaſſed my expectation as other ſights have generally fallen ſhort of it. Silver can ſcarce find an admiſſion, and gold itſelf looks but poorly among ſuch an incredible number of precious ſtones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greateſt value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its preſent fervour. It is an amazing thing, continues he, to ſee ſuch a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead and untouched, in the midſt of ſo much poverty and miſery as reign on all ſides of them. There is no queſtion, however, but the pope would make uſe of thoſe treaſures, in caſe of any great calamity that ſhould endanger the holy ſee; as an unfortunate war with the Turks, or a powerful league among the proteſtants; for I cannot but look upon thoſe vaſt heaps of wealth

wealth that are amaſſed together, in ſo many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reſerves and magazines of the church, which ſhe would open on any preſſing occaſion, for her laſt defence and preſervation. If theſe riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the moſt flouriſhing country in Europe.

Whoever were the firſt inventors of this impoſture, they ſeem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which ſtood on Mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell into decay.

Loretto is ſituated about fifteen miles ſouth-eaſt of Ancona, and one hundred and ten north-eaſt of Rome.

Adventures of Matthew Milkſop.

MATTHEW MILKSOP was born to an eaſy fortune; his father died when he was very young; and his mother, who doated upon him as an only ſon, took him immediately from ſchool, leſt his maſter ſhould be too ſevere, the weather too cold, or the fire too far off her dear Matty, and thereby endanger his health; but above all, as her darling had in her ſight, *fine eyes*, ſhe was reſolved he ſhould not ſpoil them in poring over thoſe naſty, aukward, crooked letters, which he once ſhewed her in a Greek Teſtament. Having come to this reſolution, Matty's education remained in her hands; and as he *wrote ſweetly*, and underſtood *accounts to a charm*, ſhe diſmiſſed the heathen writers for the more polite and approved author Mr. Hoyle. This work ſhe recommended to her ſon for his peculiar ſtudy; and Matty in a ſhort time made a great proficiency in Mrs. Milkſop's admired claſſick.

Maſter Milkſop now approached his fifteenth year, and his mamma took care that he ſhould be introduced into the beſt company; and as he arrived at manhood, he gradually attained the character of a complete *fine gentleman*. The three chief maxims mamma inſtilled him were to avoid colds, quarrels, and naughty women. Matty was an apt pupil, and never had a ſore throat to this very hour; naughty women he ſhunned as he would a peſtilence; and as for quarrelling, Matty never contradicted any man who wore a ſword, except it related to the odd trick, or a revoke. But this was his bane. In the beſt company where will not *quarrelſome Iriſhmen* intrude? He was playing a *ſans prendre* at the counteſs of B——'s, when colonel Murphy found that Matty had loſt deal; Matty *inſiſted* upon it he had not; the colonel *inſiſted* upon ſatisfaction; poor Milkſop's ſword would not draw, and it was broke about his ſhoulders.

Miſfortunes never come alone; whilſt mamma and Matty were conſulting how *they* ſhould act upon this important occaſion, Betty, Mrs. Milkſop's waiting maid, came into the room in a flood of tears, pointed to her apron-ſtring, and then to Matty, ſaying, "You ſee, madam, how I am ruined!" Maſter Milkſop *purteſted* he had never known woman; Betty out-ſwore him; took her bible oath he was a father; and Matty has the honour of having a baſtard.

Mr. Milkſop, (ſo we muſt now call him,) is learning to fence, and propoſes ſoon to be initiated upon the town, as his mother is given over, and he is reſolved to ſee the world *beyond a pack of cards*. Matty ſwears tolerably well already; has read the firſt volume of the Woman of Pleaſure, and can parry *carte* and *tierce* againſt the *wall*; ſo that there are ſtill hopes he will recover his reputation, and appear a firſt-rate man of gallantry.

HENRY.

P. S. Betty's child, maſter Richard Milkſop, was chriſtened yeſterday, and the butler *ſtood* GOD-FATHER.

Abſtract

Abstract of the Trial of Samuel Busby, and Judith, his Wife, upon three several Indictments, for the unnatural Treatment of their Children, at a Commission on Tuesday 2d July, 1793. Held before Edmond Stanley and Robert Day, Esqrs. two of his Majesty's Counsel, learned in the Law.

The King against Samuel Busby and Judith his Wife.

Counsel for the Prosecution.

Thomas Hacket, Timothy O'Driscol, John Cummins, William Lapp, Esqrs.

Counsel for the Traversers.

William Calbeck, J. P. Curran, Leonard Mc. Nally, Edward Lysaght, Esqrs.

BEFORE the jury was called over, the counsel for the prosecution moved the court to quash the indictment, and for liberty to send up fresh indictments to the grand jury, framed in such a manner as they should be advised.

The counsel for the traversers objected that this could not be done after the parties had pleaded, for once the issue was joined, the jury must dispose of the indictment.

The court said there was no reason to comply with this application;—the indictments were good upon the face of them for any thing that yet appeared; they had been found a considerable time, and it was now rather ungracious at the eve of a commission, when the parties were ready for trial, to make a motion of this kind.

The counsel for the prosecution then moved for liberty to send up bills of indictment to the grand-jury, grounded upon the same information, which stated distinct facts which might warrant a distinct charge from that contained in the present bills.

But the court refused to make any rule, saying, that if bills of indictment containing different charges, and those warranted by the information, were tendered, they supposed the clerk of the crown would do his duty—and *Frith*'s case, *Leach* 11. and a case in *Forster* were cited, where the attorney general sent up fresh bills without any such application.

The counsel for the traversers then prayed the court, that the person or persons who prosecuted in this case, might be made known:—in England, it is the practice, to indorse the name of the prosecutor upon the indictment: here that practice is not followed, and the prosecutor in this case being concealed, it became necessary that he should be avowed, in order that if the traversers were acquitted, they might not be at a loss against whom to seek redress for so foul an attack upon their characters.

But the court refusing to make any rule, the following gentlemen were sworn upon the jury, viz:——

Names of the Jurors.

William Frayne, John Alley, P. Rutledge Courtney, Thomas Hope, Owen Hart, Joseph Maddock, Richard Smith, George Simpson, William Daniel, John Rigby, William Salmon, William Kindelan.

INDICTMENT.

The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oath say and present, that *Samuel Busby*, of the city of Dublin, hatter, and *Judith Busby*, his wife, unlawfully, cruelly, and unnaturally, contriving and intending the destruction of *Rebecca Busby*, daughter of the said *Samuel* and *Judith*, on the 28th day of February, in the 33d year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, &c. at Dame-street, in the city of Dublin, aforesaid, and at divers other days and times, as well before as after, did assault said *Rebecca Busby*, against the peace of our said Lord the King, and that they the said *Samuel* and *Judith*, in pursuance of their said wicked, cruel, and unnatural intention, on the day, year, and place aforesaid, and at other times, as well before as after, with force and arms, did assault said *Rebecca Busby*, and her wickedly, cruelly, unnaturally, and unlawfully, as well before as after said 28th of February, did imprison for the space of nine months, without any common sustenance and necessaries of life, to the wicked, cruel, unnatural, and evil example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of our said Lord the King, &c.——

A similar indictment as to *Jane Busby*.

And a third as to *Mary Busby*.

Mr. Hacket stated the case for the prosecution.

My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury.

In this case I am counsel for the prosecution: this, gentlemen, is a very extraordinary case; if it were not, I should not trouble you with a single word; but because it is a case of a very singular nature indeed, perhaps a few words may be necessary.—You, gentlemen, have heard the indictments, and I have no doubt you are surprised, as much as you are shocked, at hearing a father and a mother indicted for an assault and false imprisonment of their children! three infant, innocent, helpless females! and you must be the more surprized when you know the natural power which parents possess over their children of restraint and correction—a power which is entrusted to them to controul bad habits, and keep them from such society as may vitiate their dispositions. The law of nature, gentlemen, the grand law between children and parents, and which is recognized by every law of every civilized society upon earth, imposes certain duties upon the parents, and vests certain powers in them, to enable them to fulfill those duties:——By the law of this country those powres are classed under three general heads:——

The firſt duty of a parent is protection; that is a duty impoſed by nature, and the law of the land gives certain powers to carry that into execution. A parent is juſtified in committing an aſſault, or battery, or even putting to death an adverſary, to preſerve the ſafety of his child. The next great duty of a parent pointed out by law is maintenance:——the nature and ſituation of a child requires it to be ſupported by the parent until the parent puts it into a ſtate to ſupport itſelf:—— this appears to be derived immediately from the great law of nature, and you, gentlemen, muſt have obſerved it in every animal, from the hen taking care of her chickens, to the human being taking care of his offſpring:——The common law of England and Ireland being the ſame, theſe powers and theſe duties are recognized by acts of parliament in the reigns of queen *Eliz.* and *Geo.* the firſt. The parent is bound by nature and law to ſupport his child in ſuch a manner as his condition enables him, and if he does not, he is puniſhable for it:—if a parent confines a child to prevent its clamouring in the neighbourhood, and the child dies in that confinement, it is murder in the parent.——The next great duty is education, perhaps the moſt important, undoubtedly the moſt important with regard to ſociety:——certainly, it muſt be better to ſociety, perhaps to the child, that it ſhould periſh an infant, than by coming abroad in the world full with bad and vicious diſpoſitions.—— The parent has a power to correct his child to fulfill thoſe duties, and when they are exerciſed with that view they muſt be ſupported:——But here, I underſtand, there was an exertion for a different purpoſe; reſtraint may be neceſſary to prevent bad company; correction may be neceſſary to meliorate bad diſpoſitions; the parents who enforce theſe are to be encouraged, and they deſerve well of the community; but you, gentlemen, will have here to determine whether the conduct of the traverſers ſprung from ſuch principles, or from a ſpirit of barbarity ſhocking to human nature. Gentlemen, I do not mean to anticipate the evidence; I wiſh you to hear the facts from the witneſſes upon the table; I will only mention one circumſtance to ſhew the complexion of this caſe; one of thoſe children, confined in a garret, without fire, without food, did make her eſcape one day down ſtairs; the parent was out of the way; the ſervant was out—ſhe caſt her greedy eye around to ſee what food ſhe could get—ſhe ſaw a bullock's liver—food deſtined for dogs! ſhe cut a piece off, and put it upon the fire to warm—ſhe devoured it before it was half dreſſed, and then, having more feeling than her miſerable parents, ſhe cut two pieces off for her two ſiſters, and having warmed them on the coals, ſhe brought them up ſtairs!—I am happy, gentlemen, to ſay, that inſtances of ſuch proſecutions are very infrequent in this country; I am very happy to ſay that it never fell to my experience to know ſuch. In England they occur more frequently; it is a diſgrace to any country to find an inſtance of it. When they do occur, the natural defence is to diſpute the fact of ſeverity; when they fail in that, they attack the characters and diſpoſitions of the children, and ſay they were ſo ungovernable, that they could not be reſtrained otherwiſe. I know not whether ſuch a defence will be made here; but if it ſhould, I warn you, gentlemen, not to liſten to it, until we offer evidence to rebut it. We will prove theſe children to have been the beſt conditioned children poſſible, and then what becomes of theſe wretched parents after having attacked the character and reputation of their children? I will not trouble you, gentlemen, more upon circumſtances. But who are to take up proſecutions of this kind? Are the weak and helpleſs children to do it? There was a caſe in *England*, where a man and a woman lived in a large common, and treated their child with unnatural ſeverity; was the child to make its eſcape, and hunt after magiſtrates, make examinations, and look into bills of indictment? No, gentlemen; perſons of humanity, the magiſtrates in the neighbourhood and the clergyman of the pariſh came forward, and were aided by other humane people. It is impoſſible for children, having loſt the only ſupport, to which they could look for protection, that of their parents, to conduct proſecutions of this kind. The gentlemen of the other ſide called for the proſecutor: I ſay it is the King who proſecutes—I ſay it is Humanity which proſecutes. But you, gentlemen, will look to the circumſtances of the caſe only: if you ſee them proved, you will find the traverſers guilty; if they are not proved, you will be happy to acquit them. A verdict of acquittal would give pleaſure to myſelf, becauſe I ſhould be ſorry to find ſuch an abominable tranſaction exiſting in the country.

Firſt Witneſs for Proſecution.

Miſs *Mary Buſby*, examined by Mr. O'Driſcoll.

Q. Miſs Buſby, where do you live now?—A. In Exchequer-ſtreet.——Q. At whoſe houſe?—A. Mrs. Nalty's.——Q. Who is ſhe?—A. She is miſtreſs of the pariſh ſchool.——Q. Of what pariſh?—A. St. Andrew's.——Q. Do you, or any one elſe, pay for your diet and lodging at that houſe?—A. No.——Q. Upon what ground do you underſtand you diet and lodge there.—A. I ſuppoſe at my father's and mother's expence. ——Q. Who put you there?—A. I believe the Lord Mayor.——Q. You have been there three months?—A. I believe ſo.——Q. Where did you live before you went there?—A. In Dame-ſtreet. —Q. In whoſe houſe?—A. At my father's and mother's.——Q. In what part of your father's houſe did you generally live before you went to the pariſh-ſchool; was it up-ſtairs or below?—A. Up ſtairs in the garret.——Q. Did you go freely to live there, or was it under the direction of any body that you went there.—A. I was put there.——Q. By whom?—A. By my mother.——Q. Did your mother ſay any thing when ſhe was putting you to live there?—A. I do not recollect her ſaying any thing particular.—— Q. Did any one live with you there?—A. Yes, my ſiſters, Rebecca and Jane: there was only one of them conſtantly there.——Q. Which of them was that?—A. Rebecca.——Q. Who put Rebecca there?—A. My mother.——Q. How long did you and Rebecca ſtay there?—A. To the beſt

beſt of my recollection it was eight months.——Q. At what ſeaſon of the year were you put there?—A. It was winter, a little after New-Year's day.——Q. What furniture was in the room that time?—A. Some chairs and a table.——Q. Was there any bed?—A. There was a palliaſs.——Q. Were there any bed-cloaths?—A. Yes.——Q. What bed-cloathes were there?—A. A blanket and ſheets.——Q. Was there the uſual quantity of bed-cloaths? A. There were lodgers in the houſe at that time.——Q. Had you the uſual quantity?—A. No, becauſe they were given to the lodgers.——Q. How many blankets were there?—A. One to the beſt of my recollection.——Q. Was there a quilt?—A. No.——Q. Were there any ſheets?—A. I believe a pair.——Q. Had you any fire at any time during theſe eight months.—A. Only part of the time.——Q. Do you recollect how you and Rebecca uſed to warm yourſelves at that time?—A. By putting things about us.——Q. What things?—A. Any work that lay in the room, ſuch as gowns for my mother that we worked at, ſometimes bed-cloaths.—Q. Did you get your breakfaſt and dinner regularly during theſe firſt eight months?—A. Yes.——Q. What was it you and your ſiſter generally got for breakfaſt during theſe firſt eight months?—A. Sometimes butter-milk, ſometimes tea.—Q. What ſolid food did you get?—A. Bread.——Q. What did you uſually get for dinner?—A. Whatever my father and mother had.——Q. Did you and your ſiſter get a ſufficient quantity of food theſe firſt eight months?—A. Yes.——Q. Did your mother aſſign any reaſon for confining you this time?—A. I took ſome tea and ſugar to Clontarf with me, and my mother diſcovered it, and ſent me into the garret for that.——Q. Did ſhe aſſign any reaſon for putting Rebecca into the garret?—A. She broke a large bottle.——Q. In what bed did Jane lie?—A. In the ſame bed with us.——Q. She was not confined?—A. No, ſhe was not.——Q. Did Jane breakfaſt or dine with you?—A. Sometimes ſhe did, and ſometimes not; ſhe generally dined below.——Q. Was the door of the room ſhut or open generally during this time?—A. Part of the time it was locked, part of the time it was not locked.——Q. Who locked the door?—A. A child of the name of Tom Geoghegan generally locked it, ſometimes my ſiſter Jane.——Q. Who was he?—A. A perſon whom my brother brought from Jamaica.——Q. What age was he?—A. About eight years old.——Q. Did you make any attempt to walk down ſtairs during the time the door was not locked?—A. We had liberty of going as far as the third floor, and ſometimes down to the lower part of the houſe.——Q. Who gave you that liberty?—A. My mother.——Q. Were you forbid by any perſon to go further?—A. We were forbid to go into the parlour.——Q. Who forbid you?—A. My mother.——Q. Was your mother ever in the room with you during theſe eight months?—A. No, ſhe was not;—I believe ſhe once threw in ſome work to us, and paſſed by to the next garret.——Q. Did your father often come into the room while you were confined?—A. Yes, pretty often.——Q. Had he any converſation about your confinement, or what time you were to ſtay there?—A. No.——Q. What did he come for there? A. Sometimes with work, ſometimes for things which were in a cheſt in the room.——Q. Did your father keep any ſervant during theſe eight months?—A. There was a ſervant maid there part of the time.——Q. What was her name?—A. I do not recollect.——Q. Did you ſee any other part of the family?—A. I ſaw my brother when at home, and Tom Geoghegan.——Q. How old is your brother?—A. About twenty-one.——Q. Where did he generally reſide?—A. Abroad.——Q. What ſituation in life is he?—A. He is deputy to Mr. Harriſon.——Q. Did he often come to you?---A. Yes, and we went to his room.——Q. Had you permiſſion to go there?---A. Yes we had.——Q. Who gave you permiſſion?---A. My mother, when there was no ſervant maid.——Q. What did you do when you went to the lower part of the houſe?—A. Whatever was neceſſary.——Q. Did you ever go out of the ſtreet door during theſe eight months?—A. No.——Q. What prevented you?—A. My mother.——Q. Did you ever attempt it?—A. No.——Q. Why ſo?---A. I knew it was uſeleſs, and I had no deſire at that time.——Q. During theſe eight months were you at liberty to go out of the garret or not?---A. When there was a ſervant in the houſe we could not; when there was one, we had no liberty.——Q. Had you liberty to ſtay out of it as long as you pleaſed?---A. Whatever was to be done, we did; and when that was over we went up again.——Q. Who was it that laid you under that reſtraint?---A. My Mother.——Q. At the end of the firſt eight months, how were you treated?---A. We were at Mrs. Flinn's.——Q. Who was ſhe?---A. She kept a boarding ſchool at Clontarf.——Q. Who took you from the boarding ſchool?---A. My mother when ſhe came from England.——Q. How long did you ſtay in Clontarf?---A. I think we went there in June; we ſtaid nine months the firſt time; when my mother returned, we went home for a fortnight, my mother wanted ſome things done.——Q. During that fortnight in what part of the houſe did you live?---A. I was very ill and could not go down ſtairs.——Q. Where did you ſleep during that fortnight?---A. In the ſame place.——Q. Had you any more comfortable accommodations at that time?---A. Yes.——Q. What was it?---A. A bed.——Q. did your ſiſter ſleep with you at that time?---A. Yes.——Which of them?---A. Both.——Q. Had they liberty at that time to go down ſtairs.---A. Yes.——Q. When did you return laſt from Clontarf?---A. June twelve months.——Q. When you came back were you put into the garret again?---A. Yes.——Q. How were you treated while there?—A. While Mrs. Hudſon was in the houſe we were kept there, when ſhe was gone we had the liberty of the houſe.——Q. Who was Mrs. Hudſon?——A. A ſervant.——Q. Did you get food enough?—A. Part of the time.——Q. What did you get for breakfaſt?—A. Bread and milk.——Q. What for dinner?—A. Bread and milk three days in the week; meat on other days.——Q. At the time Mrs. Hudſon was in the houſe were you ſupplied with food?—A. Yes.

—Q. Had you enough?—A. Yes.—Q. Who ſupplied it?—A. My ſiſter Jane.—Q. Were you put back into the garret after that time?—A. We were for ſeven weeks.—Q. In what manner were you treated for theſe ſeven weeks—did you get ſufficient food?—A. We got two loaves.—Q. What loaves?—A. ſix-penny loaves.—Q. For what time?—A. A week.—Q. A ſixpenny loaf apiece?—A. Two ſixpenny loaves between us three; but my ſiſter Jane was up and down, ſometimes breakfaſted and ſometimes dined with us.—Q. Did you at all times, during theſe ſeven weeks get enough of food?—A. Not at all times.—Q. Did any day paſs without your getting a dinner at all?—A. Yes.—Q. Were there many days you got no dinner?—A. Not many; five, ſix, or ſeven.—Q. It was not regular?—A. No, at odd times.—Q. On any day that you did not get dinner, did you get breakfaſt?—A. Yes.—Q. Were you any day without your breakfaſt during this time?—A. We were.—Q. Did your father or mother during this period, exerciſe any particular act of cruelty towards you?—A. Yes: my mother beat me.—Q. With what did ſhe beat you?—A. A ſweeping bruſh.—Q. Upon what part of your body did ſhe ſtrike you?—A. My ſhoulders.—Q. Were theſe beatings in the garret?—A. Yes.—Q. Did ſhe ever beat you or any of your ſiſters in any other part of the houſe?—A. Yes, in the ſtreet room.—Q. Upon what occaſion?—A. My ſiſters were going to the kitchen to dry ſome cloaths, I went down, Mrs. Hudſon aſked us to drink ſome tea, my mother came down and beat us.—Q. With what?—A. Her ſhoe.—Q. What part of the ſhoe?—A. I believe the heel.—Q. What cauſe did ſhe aſſign for it?—A. Becauſe we were going to drink tea with the maid.—Q. Did your father at any time exerciſe any act of cruelty towards you?—A. Never.—Q. At the time your mother beat you, were you hurt?—A. We were bruiſed—Q. Were you cut?—No.—Q. Were there curtains to the bed?—A. There were curtains, but they never were hung up, there being no top to the bed; we made uſe of them as bed-clothes.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Caldbeck.

Mr. Caldbeck prefaced his croſs-examination, by requeſting the jury to look at the witneſs, a very plump young lady of twenty years, in perfect health, and yet this is the perſon alledged to have been ſtarved.

Witneſs ſaid. I do not ſay I was ſtarved.—Q. Miſs Buſby, do you recollect the reaſon why you came from the boarding-ſchool?—A. Mrs. Flinn grew very ill, and was ſending away the boarders.—Q. Was the lock ever taken off the door of the room in which you ſay you were kept?—A. Yes, my ſiſter took out the ſcrews, and the holdfaſt which was looſe.—Q. Do you recollect captain Wathan lodging in the houſe?—A. I do.—Q. Did not your father ſleep in the garret at that time?—A. Yes.—Q. Where did you ſleep that time?—A. My father ſlept in the ſtreet room, we ſlept in the back room.—Q. The houſe was pretty full, every ſleeping-room was occupied?—A. It was.—Q. Did not your mother during that time ſleep upon a pallet laid on the parlour floor?—A. Part of the time ſhe did.—Q. Where did your father ſleep that time?—A. In the ſtreet room three pair.—Q. Had you converſed with any of the ſervants during theſe laſt ſeven weeks?—A. No.—Q. No perſon was admitted but your ſiſter Jane and Tom Geoghegan?—A. No other.—Q. Did your father ever beat you during this time?—A. He never did.—Q. Did you get enough to eat during theſe ſeven weeks?—A. Part of the time.—Q. Did you get as much as ſatisfied your hunger?—A. In the morning.—Q. Did you get nothing from that time till you went to bed?—A. No, not till morning.—Q. You got bread and milk then again?—A. Yes.—Q. Who gave it to you?—A. Tom Geoghegan.—Q. Were you ſupplied with clean linen?—A. We were.—Q. During the whole of the laſt period, except theſe two days you were ſupplied with as much food as you required?—A. Yes.—Q. During the former period, did you get ſufficient food?—A. Part of the time.—Q. Were there any days that you did not get ſomething to eat?—A. No.—Q. During the ſeven weeks were you allowed to go out?—A. No.—Q. Who made your bed?—A. Ourſelves.—Q. Did you find your health affected?—A. No.—Q. Did you take any exerciſe during that time?—A. No.—Q. Did the ſervant maid come in to accommodate you in any reſpect, to carry any thing out during theſe ſeven weeks?—A. She did not come into the room at all.—Q. Did you complain to any perſon of the manner in which you were treated?—A. I did to Miſs Leckey.—Q. Was ſhe a lodger in the houſe?—A. She was.—Q. When did you complain to Miſs Leckey?—A. When ſhe came up ſtairs.—Q. What brought her up to you?—A. She heard we were there; and came up of herſelf.—Q. Did you tell Miſs Leckey of the ſituation you were in?—A. Partly.—Q. Was it in conſequence of that you were delivered from confinement?—A. It was.—Q. Did you write to Miſs Leckey?—A. No.—Q. Had you the uſe of pen, ink and paper?—A. No.

Second Witneſs, Miſs Rebecca Buſby.—Examined by Mr. Hacket.

Q. How long ago is it ſince you were in your father's houſe?—A. Three months.—Q. What was the occaſion of your quitting your father's houſe?—A. I was not treated properly.—Q. In what inſtances were you treated improperly?—[*No anſwer.*]—Q. In what part of the houſe were you kept?—A. In the garret.—Q. How long were you kept there?—A. We were not always in one room.—Q. Were you generally in the garret?—A. Yes.—Q. Were you at liberty to go up and down ſtairs?—A. No, we were confined.—Q. Who do you mean by *we*?—A. My ſiſter Mary and myſelf.—Q. What reaſon did ſhe alledge for confining you?—A. Becauſe there were lodgers in the houſe.—Q. Did ſhe give any other reaſon?—A. No.—Q. What time of the year was this?—A. The

—A. The laſt time was winter.—Q. Had you fire in the room?—A. No.——Q. Had you candle light?—A. No.——Q. Had you ſufficient bedcloaths?—A. Yes.——Q. How many of you were confined?—A. Two of us.——Q. What bed had you?—A. A feather bed.——Q. Did you get food enough for that ſeven weeks?—A. Sometimes.——Q. When you did not get food enough, how were you ſupplied?—A. Milk three times a week.——Q. What did you get the other four days?—A. Meat, and any thing that was going.——Q. How often in the day did you get food, when you did not get enough?—A. Twice a day.—Q. Did you get bread?—A. Yes.——Q. [*By the court.*] How old are you?—A. fifteen.——Q. How many meals did you get when you had not ſufficient food?—A. One meal a day.——Q. For what time was that?—A. Six weeks.——Q. What did you get?—A. Bread and milk.——Q. How much milk?—A. About a pint.——Q. How much bread?—A. A ſide of a loaf.——Q. Of what loaf?—A. Sometimes a ſixpenny loaf, ſometimes a twelvepenny loaf.——Q. What was the reaſon for confining you in this manner?—A. My mother ſaid I took ſixpence, which was afterwards found.——Q. Was that the reaſon for putting you up?—A. I was put up before, but I had my allowance.——Q. During that confinement did you ever get out, or go down ſtairs?—A. Only the firſt or ſecond week, I was ſent down by my mother to do ſomething below.——Q. Did you ever go out by yourſelf?—A. No.——Q. During that confinement did you ever ſlip out of the room to go down?—A. Yes, one morning I went to the ſervant, who aſked us to take a cup of tea.——Q. Do you recollect at any former period going down and bringing up ſomething for your ſiſters to eat?—A. I went down one morning in Mrs. Hudſon's time, and got a piece of liver.——Q. What liver was it?—A. I do not know.——Q. Was there any body in the kitchen that time?—A. Mrs. Hudſon was.——Q. What did you take the liver for?—A. To eat it.——Q. Why, were you hungry?—A. I was.——Q. To whom did you carry the liver up ſtairs?—A. To my ſiſters.——Q. Did they eat any of it?—A. They taſted it, but did not eat much.——Q. During your confinement were you beat by your father and mother?—A. No.——Q. Did you take tea with Mrs. Hudſon?—A. No; my mother came down when we were going to take it, and put us up ſtairs.——Q. Did ſhe merely deſire you to go up, or did ſhe make uſe of her hands?—A. She ſlapped us.——Q. With what?—A. With her ſhoe.——Q. What time of the day was that?—A. Early in the morning.——Q. What became of Mrs. Hudſon?—A. She was turned off.

Croſs Examined by Mr. Curran.

Q. Do you recollect this morning you came down to the kitchen, whether you had not a loaf that morning above ſtairs?—A. There was ——Q. Was there more than a loaf?—A. A loaf and a half.——Q. It was not your hunger that brought you down?—A. No, ſir.——Q. Do you remember whether your mother was not very angry at your keeping ſuch company as Penelope Hudſon?—She was.——Q. Did not ſhe complain of your keeping her company?—A. She did not ſay any thing of it.——Did ſhe not condemn your keeping her company?—A. I believe ſhe did condemn it.——Q. You told the court and the jury, that for ſix weeks you had but one meal a day. In what manner was the bread given to you; did you get a piece to ſerve for a day, or any quantity to keep a certain time —A. The firſt week of the ſeven weeks we got a loaf, after that we got a piece every day——Q. How long was the loaf to laſt you?—A. A week.——Q. What loaf was it?—A. A ſixpenny loaf.——Q. How did you get the loaf?—A. It was put into the room.——Q. How much did you get in the other weeks?—A. A large piece of bread every day.——Q. Did you get as much as ſatisfied you?—A. Yes.——Q. Did you eat the entire of what you got?—A. Yes.——Q. At dinner time, what kind of a dinner was ſent up to your ſiſter?—A. Sometimes milk, ſometimes meat.——Q. When meat was ſent up were there any vegetables ſent up?—A. Sometimes bread, ſometimes potatoes.——Q. Will you ſwear that the quantity ſent up was leſs than your ſiſter could eat?—A. It was leſs than ſhe could eat.——Q. Had not you an aunt in the houſe?—A. I did not ſee her.——Q. Did you ever ſee your aunt?—A. Not while I was at home laſt.——Q. Do you ſwear ſhe kept you ſix weeks without any other dinner than what your ſiſter might give you?—A. I do.——Q. What ſtate was your health in that time?—A. Part of the time I was in bed.——Q. Did any body ſtrike you that time during theſe ſix or ſeven weeks?—A. Not during the ſix weeks.——Q. I am told you ſlept in your mother's room five weeks out of the ſeven?—A. No, I believe I ſlept one.——Q. [*By the Jury,*] At the time you went down to the kitchen, in what part of the kitchen did you find the liver?—A. In the window I believe.——Q. Was it dreſſed or raw?—A. It was dreſſed.——Q. Who dreſſed it;—A. I dreſſed it; it had been dreſſed but not enough.——Q. What had it been dreſſed for?—A. The dog.——Q. [*By Mr. Curran,*] Which do you think your father or mother was the cauſe of what you complain of?—A. My mother.——Q. Was ſhe entirely the cauſe?—A. I ſuppoſe ſo.——Q. [*By the Court,*] Did you find your health or ſpirits affected?—A. Except when faſting on one meal a day.——Q. what was the reaſon you were removed from Mrs. Flin's?—A. She was very ill, and could not keep ſchool.——Q. How long were you there?—A. My ſiſters were there three or four years; I was there a year and a half at different times.

Third Witneſs. Penelope Hudſon.

Examined by Mr. Cummins.

(As ſoon as this witneſs was ſworn, ſhe was aſked by Mr. Lyſaght, of counſel for the traverſers, whether ſhe had got a ſum of money for the evidence ſhe was to give? which ſhe anſwered

ſwered in the negative. She was then aſked whether ſhe expected to gain or loſe by the event of the trial? This ſhe likewiſe anſwered in the negative.)

Q. Do you know Samuel Buſby?—A. Yes. —Q. Do you know Judith Buſby?—A. Yes —Q. How long have you known them?—A. I knew him when he lived in Dame-ſtreet, oppoſite Daly's Chocolate-houſe, when he and Mr. Elwood were partners: I worked for him at that time.—Q. What work?—A. Lining and binding hats.—Q. Did you ever live in the houſe?—A. I did.—How long did you live there?—A. Five months and a fortnight to the beſt of my knowledge.—Q. What made you leave it?—A. In conſequence of the work being too heavy.—Q. Do you know the children—A. Yes; Miſs Mary and Miſs Rebecca were at ſchool when I went there firſt.—Q. Were they at ſchool during the whole time you were there?—A. I was there about a fortnight before they went; Mrs. Buſby was going to the country and ſhe ſent them to ſchool.—Q. What time was that?—A. Laſt ſummer twelvemonths: ſhe ſaid ſhe intended to go to the country and ſhe wanted me; ſhe told me how to treat the children; to have a ſixpenny loaf, a bowl containing better than half a pint of milk every morning for breakfaſt: they had potatoes and milk three times a week for dinner, and the other days meat, whatever was the run of the houſe.—Q. How long did you live that time?—A. Three months —Q. How long ago is that?—A. laſt October.—Q. How long were they kept upon that ſort of diet?—A. I do not know how long after I left them.—Q. Had they liberty to go thro' the houſe?—A. No, they had not; they ſlept in the garret and went to Mrs. Buſby's room and maſter Geoghegan's room.—Q. Do you remember aſking them to partake of any meal with you?—A. Never but once, and it was the laſt time I was in the houſe; one of them came down ſtairs to dry ſomething, the others came afterwards, I aſked them to take a cup of tea, they were going to take the cup of tea, when Mrs. Buſby miſſed them and came down ſtairs.—Q. What happened when ſhe came down?—A. She ſtopped miſs Mary and beat her.—With what? Her ſhoe.—Q. What became of them then?—A. She brought them up ſtairs.—Q. Had they always enough to eat?—A. They ſometimes ſaid they had not. —Q. Had you any other reaſon to think they had not enough?—A. If there was any thing lyin, about they always took it.—Q. What do you mean by any thing?—A. A potatoe or bit of bread.—Q. Do you recollect any thing in particular?—A. Mrs. Buſby had given them but one loaf and they were hungry, and I had no bread, having before that given them what I had; Miſs Beck came in for ſome water, and ſhe ſaw a liver lying in the window; ſhe took it, I ſaid it was not fit for her, ſhe went away, and came down in the evening. I was in the parlour, and perceived ſomething was broiling; I went down and found Miſs Beck broiling a piece of it, and two pieces for her ſiſters, and ſhe ſaid it was nice.—Q. Had you any other reaſon to think they had not enough of food?—A. Becauſe I found they took ſome of the ſheep's paunches which had been got for the dog.—Q. What made you leave Mrs. Buſby? A. Miſs Jane came down, ſaid ſhe wanted ſome bread and butter for her ſiſter; ſhe got ſome from me; but I told her if her mother ſaw her ſhe would be angry; ſhe then aſked me to go out before her; ſhe put the bread and butter into her apron; Mrs. Buſby met us on the ſtairs, and ſcolded me for giving them bread; I ſaid if they were ſtrangers I would give them bread. She went up, and found the ſcrews off the door; ſhe did not ſay any thing more at that time: but in the evening ſhe told me to look for a lodging to ſleep in that night, for, ſays ſhe, "I would not like you to ſleep here, becauſe the girls may contrive ſome mode of getting out." I aſked her for ſome money; ſhe ſaid ſhe had none; ſhe attacked me for concealing the bread, and giving it to them. I ſaid it was no uſe to ſpeak to her about it, but if there was a proper perſon, I would open my mind to him. I went away that night; went there next morning for my things, and never was there ſince.

Croſs Examined by Mr. Lyſaght.

Q. Were you not turned off by Mrs. Buſby?—A. I was not turned off more than that.—Q. Did Mrs. Buſby give you a diſcharge?—A. No, I never aſked her for one.—Q. Did ſhe refuſe Mrs. Evans a diſcharge for you.—A. No, I never heard of ſuch a perſon.—Q. Did you not refer Mrs. Evans to Mrs. Buſby for a character?—A. No.—Q. You left Mrs. Buſby in October?—A. I did.—Q. You gave an account of the treatment to the lord mayor?—A. When ſent for I did.—Q. Why did you cloſe your lips for five months if ſo anxious to give this account?—A. I was not called upon, and I would not have told it yet, if I had not been obligated.—Were you ever charged with putting whiſkey in your tea, and getting drunk in the morning?—Never.—Q. Were you ever accuſed of drunkenneſs?—No.—Q. Were you ever accuſed of pilfering tea?—A. No.—Q. Did ſhe not ſeize the tea on the table?—A. She did; it was mine.—Q. Did ſhe not ſay, if you can prove it is your own, ſhe would give it you?—A. She did.—Q. Did you ever make that affidavit? A. No.—Q. You were in a paſſion when you left Mrs. Buſby?—A. Yes.—Q. Did you utter any harſh words?—A. I did.—Q. Did you not kneel down and curſe her, and pray that her daughter might be a curſe to her?—A. No, but I ſaid when ſhe accuſed me wrongfully, "May my curſe and the curſe of the fatherleſs light upon you as I have not deſerved this treatment.—Q. Did ſhe accuſe you of theft?—A. There were ſome ſheets miſſing one day; the waſherwoman was ſent for Mr. Buſby ſaid there were two pair in the bill and but one pair came home. I was uneaſy about them; they never were found: but I was hired by Mrs. Buſby the ſecond time after that.—Q. At the end of the five months when you were obligated to come before the lord Mayor, you had no grudge againſt Mrs. Buſby?—A. No; I ſaid when applied to, I would go to Mrs.

Buſby

Buſby firſt.——Q. Will you venture to ſwear that after quitting Mrs. Buſby's ſervice with a curſe in your mouth, and after ſealing your lips for five months, you went without any hatred or grudge whatſoever?—A. I do ſwear ſo, and told the lord mayor ſo at the time: I cleared Mr. Buſby ſo far as he knew nothing about the children.——Q. [*By the court.*]. During thoſe three months, were the children confined whenever Mrs. Buſby was out?---A. They were locked up till ſhe returned.——Q. Did the mother aſſign any reaſon for it?---A. No, I never heard any.——Q. In the morning they were allowed to go about the houſe?---A. They were allowed to go to Mr. Buſby's room and make his bed.——Q. Did they ever dine with their father during this time?---A. I never ſaw them dine with them but twice, on two Sundays.——Q. Did you hear any thing in the houſe of Mrs. Buſby's charging theſe children with wiſhing to be in the company of the ſervants?---A. No, I did not; there was no ſervant in the houſe but myſelf at that time.——Q. Did not Mr. Buſby, the father, know of the manner in which the children were treated?---A. I think not;—— if he did he would not allow it.

Fourth Witneſs, Dr. Evory.---Examined by Mr. Lapp.

Q. Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Buſby?---A. Yes.——Q. Do you know their children?---A. The firſt time I ſaw them was in company with the lord mayor.——Q. Upon what occaſion did you ſee them? --A. I was attending Mr. Leckey there that time.——Q. Did you find the lord mayor there?---A. I was there before him.—— Q. Upon what occaſion did you firſt ſee them?--- A. At the requeſt of Mr. Leckey.——Q. Were you called upon to examine the children?---A. No, I was in the houſe attending Mr. Leckey. ——Q. Had you any converſation with their father and mother previous to ſeeing them with the lord mayor?---A. I had.---Q. What was it, and when?—A. On Saturday the 16th of March, I told Mr. Buſby I was extremely ſorry to hear of this matter againſt him; I ſaid, I underſtood the children were confined, and if any thing happened he would be liable to a proſecution, and I adviſed him not to keep them there: he ſaid it was an infamous falſehood---that it was the ſuggeſtion of a ſervant turned off a few days before, that they had fire and candle light, and every thing comfortable. In this ſtage of the converſation Mr. Lecky came up. Mr. Buſby ſaid it was very extraordinary he ſhould ſend any perſon upon ſuch a ſubject after the converſation he had that morning with Mrs. Leckey, when he promiſed the children ſhould be liberated. Mr. Leckey replied——"There is Dr. Evory, my particular friend---you ſaid the children were ill, and I promiſe he will do every thing in his power, and if he reports they are in the ſituation in which you ſay, you ſhall have no farther trouble."——Mr. Buſby ſaid he was very much obliged to both of us, but he could not permit us; but if we came the next day, he would admit us. I immediately replied and ſaid, "that is defeating the intention completely, for you may make ſuch a change as will make an alteration of circumſtances; take me upon the ſpur of the occaſion, and I will certify for you."—— Q. Did you go up?---A. No, we did not; he did not permit us; we went down ſtairs.——Q. Did you ſee Mr. Buſby or the children after that? ---A. Not till Monday afterwards with the lord mayor.——Q. Where did you ſee the children?---A. In a room in Mr. Buſby's houſe; that immediately under the ſtreet garret.——Q. In what ſituation did you find them?---A. They ſeemed pale and nervous, but not emaciated.—— Q. As a medical man, what do you ſuppoſe their ſtate of health proceeded from?---A. It is difficult to ſay, not having ſeen the children before. ——Q. What was their ſtate of health?---A. I cannot ſay they were in good health: I cannot ſay they were in bad health.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Mc. Nally.

Q. If theſe ladies had been in an emaciated ſtate on Saturday, could they be plump on Monday.---A. Certainly not.——Q. Might not their nervous ſtate proceed from their being brought into the preſence of the lord mayor?--- A. They were not much affected at firſt; but were much ſhocked when Mr. Buſby ſpoke to them.——Q. Was Mrs. Buſby preſent at that time?---A. No, ſhe was not.——Q. [*By the court.*] Did the children deſcribe at that time the ſituation in which they had been kept?---A. They made ſome complaint, and Mr. Buſby interrupted them, upon which he was turned out of the room.——Q. What were they ſaying?--- A. They were ſaying they had been confined, when Mr. Buſby interrupted them, and the lord mayor found it neceſſary to turn him out.

Fifth Witneſs, the Right Hon. Lord Mayor.— Examined by Mr. O'Driſcoll.

Q. Do you recollect having ſeen the Miſſes Buſby, in March laſt?---A. On a Monday---I do not recollect the particular day of the month, I was told by a magiſtrate, that Mr. Leckey, a member of parliament, wiſhed to ſee me at Dame-ſtreet, about the children of Mr. Buſby. I went to Mr. Buſby's houſe, was ſhewn to Mr. Leckey's apartment, and he ſaid he had found out that the children of Mr. Buſby were illegally confined---I ſaid it was a delicate matter to interfere between child and parent, and required an information upon oath, that if reſiſted, I might be juſtified in the exerciſe of my authority. Mr. Leckey was ſworn, and then I ſent for Mr. Buſby, of whom I had always entertained a high character. I ſaid I muſt ſee the children---He ſeemed much ſurpriſed, but at length conſented that I ſhould ſee them.——Q. Did he expreſs any diſinclination?---A. No, he appeared diffident about it; from what cauſe I cannot ſay. I was attended by ſheriff Poole, Mr. Leckey, Dr. Evory, and another gentleman---we went up ſtairs to the third ſtory ſtreetward, in which were two beds; one had curtains, the other had not. In a corner of the room the three young women were ſitting together---they were in tears, and ſeemed a good deal affected. I reaſoned with them a good while, and by a good deal of argument got them to hold ſome converſation with me. I told them I would not encourage them in an act of rebellion againſt their parents; but if they had been hardly uſed, I deſired them to look

upon

upon me as their protector. I deſired them to tell me what was the conduct of their parents for ſome time paſt with reſpect to them.—They mentioned circumſtances very ſimilar to the evidence given by Rebecca---the other ſeemed very unwilling to give any account that might affect the character of either of the parents. I aſked them about two letters ſaid to be written by them---they acknowledged the writing of them with ſtone blue moiſtened with water, that they put them under the door to ſome perſon who conveyed them to me.——In the preſence of Mr. Buſby, Mr. Leckey ſaid that was not the room in which they were confined---I then told Mr. Buſby I muſt ſee it; upon which I was ſhewn the upper room, and I made two of the young women come up along with me---When I was ſhewn it, it was certainly in a very uninhabitable ſtate---there was a bed in a corner of the room, not the moſt comfortable --the man might have reaſon for it, the houſe being full of lodgers.—— Q. Did the father accompany you ?---A. He ſhewed me up, but I cannot charge my recollection whether he came in.——Q. You ſaid it was not in a very habitable ſtate ?---A. It certainly was not fit for any perſon;---I ſaw ſomething on the ground like linen---Mary wiſhed to conceal it from me---I examined it, I thought it was a ſhift, and aſked her was it---ſhe with a good deal of heſitation ſaid it was. It had a ſhocking appearance.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Mc. Nally.

Q. Did theſe young ladies ſay any thing to you of their food?---A. They certainly told me they were ſhort of food at times.——Q. Did you communicate that to Mrs. Buſby ?---A. I certainly told her every information I received from the children. [*Here the caſe was cloſed on the part of the proſecution*]

Mr. Caldbeck, for the Traverſers.

I riſe now, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, after a good deal of time has been taken up, the advocate for human nature---for the peace of families---for the law of the land, in oppoſition to, perhaps, a well intended, but a much miſtaken zeal. This appears to me to be an attack upon the peace of every private family in the community. It is an indictment againſt a father and a mother for aſſaulting three daughters ---for confining them for a very long ſpace of time, and depriving them of the neceſſaries of life. Except the ſtatement of the caſe by the counſel on the other ſide (a caſe that I could have wiſhed to ſtate as to many parts of it for my own clients, except that ſtate of the caſe) I never met with any thing more ridiculouſly futile than this proſecution. But this I am afraid of, that it is likely to be attended with very bad conſequences. The charge in this indictment in a court of criminal juriſdiction would have rouſed, to be ſure, the attention of every auditor, and lead him to expect that theſe daughters, when produced, would appear to be at the eve of death. On the contrary, it is ſeen, that they (one of them in particular) carry with them, except a pallor of complexion, every ſymptom of perfect health. I call upon the jury to look with attention to the perſon of the elder girl: I know not whether her face was kept clouded purpoſely or not, but I think, from what I could ſee, ſhe was in every reſpect proportioned with perfect ſymmetry, conſiſtent with the delicacy of the ſex. The other daughter neceſſarily from her age, is a more ſlim figure; and yet there is nothing that bears the appearance of the treatment which merits a proſecution of this kind. It has been ſtated, gentlemen, that there are three grand duties incumbent upon parents with regard to their children. That they ſhould find for them *protection*. There is no evidence to ſhew, that any attempt has been made upon them, which has not been repelled. Their *education* has not been neglected: no better evidence can be had than the conduct of the children themſelves this day upon the table; and why it ſhould be ſuppoſed, that the parents, who have protected and educated their daughters well, ſhould attempt to deprive them of their lives, to deprive them of what is more dear than life, becauſe, without it life is a burthen, their health, is utterly unaccountable. My lords, there is a duty that your lordſhips owe to the public, that as it is more extenſive, and as it relates to a larger claſs than any indictment---to the great family of the nation—is a greater duty. It is to keep diſtinct, *private* and public concerns---to keep the courts of criminal juriſdiction from burſting in with unhallowed hands the ſacred tribunal of domeſtic juſtice. I call upon your lordſhips and the gentlemen in that box, upon thoſe who are married and have children---upon thoſe who hope to marry and have children, to conſider with themſelves what a buſineſs this is which is this day brought into this court. How is it poſſible in this public manner to inveſtigate every motive of every parent's action in every part of his conduct towards the children? I ſay, no court has a right to enquire into it; and there has not appeared to this court this day any thing which is the ſubject of a criminal proſecution. It was obſerved by the gentleman who ſtated the caſe for the proſecution, that it was a charge very uncommon in this kingdom---ſo very uncommon indeed that my recollection, now not a very young one, furniſhes me with but one ſolitary inſtance---the caſe of Mr. Molloy, who was tried ſeveral years ago in this court; and the account given there indeed was ſuch an account as would have fully juſtified, had it been true, the criminal court for interfering with the parental authority. A child---feeble and decrepid---ſcarcely human left---overgrown with hair---ſcarcely poſſeſſed of a human aſpect---a monſter rather than a human creature---idiotic---deprived of every human quality that could make human exiſtence tolerable even, let alone deſirable. Is that the preſent caſe? I call upon you, gentlemen, to lay your hands upon your hearts, and ſay whether that is the caſe this day or not? And how did that caſe end? It appeared that the creature produced on the table was not the daughter of Mr. Molloy. What induced any perſon to ſet on foot that proſecution I do not pretend to ſay: the character of thoſe concerned juſtified them from any imputation of malevolent motives. But it is the fate of human nature, upon hearing of any thing extraordinary, both the greater and the ſmaller mob ſwallow it with voracity.

[The remainder in our next.]

Affairs of France.

(*Continued from Page 546 of our last Vol.*)

IN the evening of April 13, the debate was noisy and tumultuous beyond description. Marat was denounced as an instigator to massacre. He, on the other hand, spoke loudly of his patriotism, of his republican spirit, of his love for the people. He even hinted, that he would soon convince the convention that the people were also attached to him. A scene of the utmost tumult now followed.—'He threatens to excite the people to insurrection,' was exclaimed from every side of the hall. After a debate of some hours, a decree of arrest was passed against him, and the committee of legislation was ordered to make their report on this subject. General Miranda was ordered to be delivered over to the revolutionary tribunal. But, the next day, Petion moved for the repeal of this decree. He observed, that this general, a victim to Dumourier, was sacrificed only by him, for having had the courage to denounce him four days before his treachery was unveiled. During the discussion of this motion, the deputies were thrown into great commotion; and Albite, Robespierre the younger and some others, cried out, that the convention wished to save all conspirators. This was loudly applauded by the *galleries*, and some of the spectators even insulted the members who supported Petion's motion. Vengeance being loudly called for from all quarters of the convention against this insult offered to the national representation, a new tumult arose, and the president ordered one of the serjeants to turn out all the citizens who were denounced on this account. After a violent debate, the convention passed to the order of the day on the motion of Petion, and referred that of several others on the same subject to the committee of war.

A letter from the commissioners to the army at Valenciennes having stated, that the Austrian general having sent a letter to general Dampiere (the contents of which, and his answer, they had not yet seen) Robespierre proposed, that no letters which might in future come from the generals of the enemy should be read. On a motion by Danton, the convention declared, in the name of the French people, that they would not interfere, in any manner, in the government of foreign powers; but that they would rather bury themselves in the ruins of their country, than suffer any foreign power to interfere with the constitution which they wish to form for themselves. They farther decreed death against any who should propose a negotiation with the enemy, for the purpose of modelling the constitution agreeable to their suggestions, or recommend offering any terms whatever to such nations as would not first acknowledge the sovereignty, unity, and indivisibility of the republic, founded upon liberty and equality.

In several days spent in tumultuous debates, in which the galleries took, as usual, the unbecoming freedom of applauding or hissing their representatives, nothing important occurred. On the 17th and 18th of April, the convention decreed nineteen articles of the rights of man. But whatever relates to the new constitution will more properly be noticed, whenever the whole is completed, and, we may add, *accepted*; which last circumstance may, perhaps, depend on the issue of the civil war now raging between the royalists and the patriots in Britany, &c. On the 20th, a decree of accusation against Marat was adopted. It was as follows:

"The convention, after having heard the report of the committee of legislation, considers that Marat is convicted of having in his (printed) publications, excited murder, carnage, the degrading and dissolving the convention, and the establishment of a power destructive of liberty—therefore decrees Marat is impeached; and ordains that he shall be carried before the revolutionary tribunal.'

On the 24th, a body of citizens, petitioners, appeared before the assembly: they announced that Marat had been acquitted by the tribunal extraordinary; and they begged permission to defile through the assembly, to shew the representatives of the people their joy to find Marat *innocent!* Permission being granted, they entered without arms, in great numbers, of both sexes; and, as many as could, took possession of the unoccupied seats, the tribunes and citizens, crying loudly, 'Long live the Republic!—Long live the Nation!—Long live Marat!' At the head of the citizens were the gendarmes, and the municipal officers. At length Marat arrived, and proceeded to take his seat: he had on his head a crown, which he himself took off; he was embraced by all the citizens, women, and deputies; after which he mounted the tribune, and made the following speech: 'Citizens, you see a representative of the people whose rights have been violated, but justice has been done him; I swear anew to espouse the cause of equality, liberty, and of the people.' He was loudly applauded. The right side, or minority of the assembly, had entirely left the hall.

On the 25th of April, the convention received intelligence, that the Spaniards had invaded Rousillon, that they had been joined by the malcontents of the village of St. Lawrence, and had defeated the few troops that opposed them. On the 29th, deputies from the department of Maine and Loire announced, that 'an extent of country of fifty leagues in length, and eighteen in breadth, was possessed by the rebels.'—Other advices, from different quarters, announced the ill success of the generals of the republic, and the very serious and alarming aspect which the revolt began to assume.

On the 30th of April, a letter from Custine was read, informing the convention that he had shot some of his soldiers who had been guilty of plundering, as an example for the rest.

Gaudet complained that no respect was paid to the convention at Paris, and moved that the place of their sittings should be removed to Versailles on the Monday following; in this he was supported by a great number of members; one however objected to naming any particular day; but moved that the next time the tribunes disturbed their debates the

deputies ſhould unite and go to Verſailles, if neceſſary, ſword in hand.

Marat moved, that a reward of 200,000 livres and a civic crown, ſhould be given to whomſoever ſhould take any one of the four emigrant ci devant princes of France, dead or alive: if emigrants, their free pardon to be included.

On the 1ſt of May, a deputation from the ſuburbs of St. Antoine appeared at the bar, and challenged the convention with having promiſed every thing and performed nothing: the orator of the deputation then pointed out the means of ſaving the country; all his propoſitions tended to plunder the rich, and inveſt the ſovereign power in the mob; and he declared, that on a refuſal to adopt thoſe meaſures, they would declare themſelves in a ſtate of inſurrection, in which they ſhould be joined by many more. The preſident, alarmed, without putting the queſtion, invited the deputation to the honour of the ſitting; in conſequence of which it was moved, that a vote of cenſure ſhould be paſſed on him, and a violent debate enſued, which was interrupted by ſome diſagreeable accounts from St. Domingo.

Commiſſioners having been ſent to Corſica, to arreſt general Paoli, who was charged with *inciviſm*, the convention received a letter from them on the 4th of May, intimating, that they thought it unſafe to attempt that meaſure at preſent.

On the 7th and 8th of May, farther advices were received of the grent progreſs of the inſurgents, who had taken the towns of Breſſure, Thonars, and Laudun, deſtroyed the tree of liberty, and hoiſted the white flag.

(To be continued.)

Britiſh Parliamentary Intelligence.

(Continued from p. 551 of our laſt Vol.)

ON Tueſday, April 9, the chancellor of the exchequer preſented a meſſage from his majeſty, that 'his majeſty relied on the zeal and affection of the houſe to make proviſion for ſuch extraordinary expences as may be incurred in the taking ſuch meaſures as the exigencies of affairs may require in the enſuing campaign.'—He ſaid that the meſſage was for the purpoſe of bringing before the houſe in the moſt parliamentary way, the demand of the 1,500,000l. which at the time of opening the budget he ſtated as the ſum likely to enable government to take effectual ſteps againſt the common enemy in the courſe of the campaign. He then moved, that the meſſage ſhould be referred to a committee of the whole houſe, which was ordered accordingly.

The ſame day, the traiterous correſpondence bill, after a variety of minute diſcuſſion, at laſt paſſed the houſe; previouſly to which Mr. Fox ſaid, he ſhould neglect the duty he owed to the public, did he not ſolemnly proteſt againſt the bill; for he had never known a bill brought in, ſo little called for in point of policy or neceſſity, and, at the ſame time, ſo effectually contrived to overthrow every principle of juſtice and humanity. It was founded on pretext, inſtead of principle; which well accorded with the whole of the adminiſtration of the right honourable gentleman.

Mr. Burke contended, that the bill, inſtead of meriting thoſe cenſures caſt on it by the right hon. gentleman, was calculated to enſure to us the bleſſings we enjoyed under a good conſtitution; it carried with it thoſe guards to ſecure the bleſſings of ſociety, which had been on former occaſions created by the wiſdom of our anceſtors.

The queſtion for paſſing the bill being put, the numbers were,

Ayes	154
Noes	53
Majority	101

On Tueſday, April 23, Mr. ſecretary Dundas moved the houſe to reſolve itſelf into a committee to conſider of the government and commerce of India; and having reſolved itſelf into a committee accordingly, Mr. Beaufoy in the chair,

Mr. Dundas ſaid, that he ſhould have to propoſe, that the government of India, civil and military, ſhould continue to be exerciſed through the preſent exiſting organ, the court of directors of the Eaſt India Company. With reſpect to the trade, though every writer he had read contended, that in proportion to the freedom of trade was its chance for proſperity, he ſhould, notwithſtanding, recommend the trade of India to be carried on excluſively by the company. His wiſh was to be guided by experience and practice in preference to ſpeculation and theory. The ſtake was of too great national importance to be raſhly handled. By authentic documents, it appeared, that the trade of the company employed 81,000 tons of ſhipping; upward of 7,000 mariners; that they imported annually into this country raw materials to an amount of more than 700,000l. and exported of our manufactures to more than the amount of a million annually. They paid into the exchequer not leſs than a million annually for duties, and contributed farther to the enriching of the ſtate, by adding to its circulation and capital a million annually as a tribute from India, to which he might add a further ſum of 500,000l. more as the fortunes the ſervants of the company annually brought home. In one groſs ſum, he might ſtate, that there were nearly ſeven millions of money ariſing out of, or connected with, the trade, added thereby to the circulation in this country, and to that increaſe of her capital which had operated to extend every other branch of her commercial and manufacturing proſperity. He had given this ſtatement in order to deter the houſe from encouraging raſh ſpeculations. The country had ſeen the benefit ariſing to the company, and to the public through that company, from the exiſting mode of government; his propoſition would, therefore, be to continue that government as it did now exiſt, in the court of directors, ſubject to the board of controul—the king, the ſovereign—the parliament, the great ſuperintending guardian—but the inſtrument, the company. Under that government the company's affairs, for the laſt nine years, had been in one progreſſive ſtate of proſperity: it had tended to extend benefits in time of peace, and to give vigour in time of war. It had, in the laſt year, unprovoked on our part, enabled the Britiſh arms to add honour

to

to their country, and future ſecurity for the peace and proſperity of her Indian empire. In war or peace, the preſent mode of government had been found experimentally effectual; to continue that government, the trade muſt be exclusively given to the company; for to change the mode of carrying on the trade, it would be neceſſary to go into long inveſtigations to aſcertain the rights the company might claim to territory and to ſovereignty; and though upon their claim to ſovereignty, he had not a doubt, being fully convinced that they had no ſuch claim, he was averſe to the changing of the mode of trade, as ſuch change muſt of neceſſity bring on the diſcuſſion of thoſe claims, which would produce very long delays, and operate to the interruption, if not to the material injury of the trade between this country and India. He was hoſtile to any delay in coming to a ſettlement with the company, not from the fear of any rival in Europe to our trade, but from a conviction of the wiſdom of ſeizing the preſent favourable opportunity of ſecuring that valuable trade to this country for ever, from the rivalſhip of any future power. He was alſo averſe to any change in the government, as the natives of India looked up to the company as the ſovereigns; and as they might deem any change to be an innovation or uſurpation, he would aſk, what man would be bold enough to ſpeculate upon the convulſion ſuch a change might occaſion in the empire of India? It might be urged, that the preſent mode gave great patronage to the executive power; upon this he would ſay but a few words, as he ſhould have abundant opportunities, in the progreſs of the buſineſs, to diſcuſs the patronage the executive power did poſſeſs, and he pledged himſelf to ſtate every ſhare of patronage that had been exerciſed by that power. In every valuable reſpect, the company had the patronage. To take it out of their hands, and to place it in thoſe of the executive government, would be dangerous to the balance of the conſtitution. The exiſting connection, however, between the executive government and the company, with reſpect to the patronage, was well calculated for every good purpoſe. The company poſſeſſed that which the government ought not to poſſeſs, and the executive power that which was anſwerable to the important end of good government. One alteration he ſhould ſuggeſt, which would be to extend the powers of the king in the choice of perſons to ſit at the board of controul, ſeats at which were now reſtricted to privy-counſellors. It had been ſuggeſted to him by lord Cornwallis, that the appointment of governor-general and governor of preſidencies, ſhould reſt with the king: his reaſon, however, for not propoſing that power was, that the king already poſſeſſed a right to negative any improper perſon that might be choſen by the company. With reſpect to the trade, he objected to the opening of it, becauſe an open trade to India would produce an emigration to that continent which might be productive of convulſions ultimately ruinous to the whole of the Britiſh power in that part of the world. The perſons ſo emigrating for ſpeculative commercial views, might furniſh recruits for the armies of Tippoo, or of the Mahrattas, and might in other ſhapes riſe up againſt the intereſts of their own country. Many golden dreams had been enjoyed upon the idea of having the trade opened, but if the trade were opened, thoſe ſpeculative dreamers would be completely diſappointed; for the great diſtance of that country was againſt any lucrative commerce, unleſs carried on upon a large capital, and to a very conſiderable extent. With reſpect to the faſhionable attempt to cry down the company, he wiſhed to call the attention of the country to what they were indebted to the company. To that company was the country indebted for its preſent flouriſhing manufactures of cottons and muſlins, for the great increaſe of our navigation; for a great annual influx of wealth, enabling ſpeculators to commence new manufactures, and to carry on the old ones with vigour and effect. The company was entitled to the gratitude of the country, rather than to be run at by people who might think it convenient to pull down the ladder by which they had mounted to proſperity and riches. But whether the charter ſhould or ſhould not be again renewed; the company would ſtill remain a corporate body, with a large trading capital in perpetuity, and would continue to hold the different forts of which they were poſſeſſed, and the numerous factories they had eſtabliſhed, of none of which the public could deprive them, without being guilty of the groſſeſt injuſtice; how then could merchants, individually or corporately, hold a ſucceſsful competition with them? The more it was looked into, the more imaginary would be found the views of thoſe who ſpeculated upon the advantages of an open trade. To ſhew that an idea of competition was ridiculous, he drew the attention of the committee to the competition which had been attempted by foreign countries, and drew a contraſt between their miſerable ſucceſs, and the ſplendid ſuperiority of the Britiſh company. He contended that the Commutation Act had, by deſtroying clandeſtine trade, given to the company a fair chance of diſplaying their ſuperiority. Previous to that act, the tea ſales annually at the India-houſe amounted to about ſix millions of pounds; they amounted now to ſixteen, ſeventeen, or eighteen millions annually. Previous to that act, when the impolicy of the country placed high duties on the import, and enabled foreigners to counteract the fair trade of the company, Sweden and Denmark employed each ſix or ſeven large ſhips annually; they were now content with one, and that alternately between them. Holland was alſo now content with one, as was Portugal laſt year, but this year had none. Theſe countries had tried a competition, and had failed, which he conceived ought to operate to Britiſh ſpeculators as a warning of the dangers to which they might be expoſed by ſimilar attempts. He referred the committee to the time of Oliver Cromwell, who had with his ſtrong hand deſtroyed the monopoly, and opened the trade, a meaſure which had alarmed the Dutch Eaſt India company, who, under the perſuaſion of the great protector, dreaded the meaſure as deſtructive to themſelves; but what was the conſe-

quence?—the Dutch went quietly on with their exclusive charter, obtained those valuable poſſeſſions which were the foundation of their ſubſequent power in India, and our trade, which had been opened, went to ruin. The conſequence of which was, that Oliver, though not a man very ready to change his meaſures, in the courſe of three years had the good ſenſe to reſtore the charter he had raſhly deſtroyed. In the reigns of Charles and James, the trade was in ſome degree opened by letters of licence to individuals, to carry it on independently of the company; but every one who had embarked in it had ruined themſelves. He was convinced that the ſame would happen again; and that if the trade were opened to-morrow, the company would ſpeedily beat every rival out of the world. After many other obſervations to the ſame effect, he ſaid that on Monday he would move certain propoſitions accordingly. Some explanations took place, when, as a matter of courſe, the houſe was reſumed, and the committee ordered to ſit again on Monday.

On Thurſday, April 25, the chancellor of the exchequer, purſuant to notice given, roſe to move the appointment of a ſelect committee to examine into the preſent ſtate of commercial credit. He accordingly moved the appointment of a committee of fifteen gentlemen, among whom were the maſter of the rolls, the lord mayor, ſir J. Sinclair, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Huſſey, Mr. S. Thornton, and the chancellor of the exchequer. The motion was agreed to, and the committee empowered to ſend for perſons, papers, and records.

After this, Mr. Sheridan roſe to make a motion, of which he had given notice on a former day. It related to a memorial preſented by lord Auckland to the ſtates-general on the 5th of April. He ſhould not conſider it of importance, if its object went merely to cenſure lord Auckland, but of very great importance, as it went to obtain an explanation of the true nature and object of the war. A war of vengeance and extermination had been diſclaimed by miniſters: he wiſhed now, however, to preſs them deciſively upon that point, and to try them by the paper he complained of, whether they avowed one purpoſe, the ſecurity of the country, and had another purpoſe which they durſt not avow. If they ſhould not diſclaim the memorial of lord Auckland, it would be evident they had abandoned the ground on which they had called the houſe to ſupport the war. The memorial had termed the perſons poſſeſſing the government in France, *wretches* and *miſcreants*: ſhould the fate of war be againſt us, the hard words beſtowed upon an enemy with whom we might be compelled to treat for peace, could have no other operation than to render that peace ignominious. He admitted the right of England and Holland to determine, as they did by memorials in September, to refuſe aſylum to thoſe who might commit that act which had been every where lamented: by thoſe memorials, however, no idea had been expreſſed of ſeizing or puniſhing perſons guilty of any crime in France: matters remained in that way until chance put five commiſſioners into the hands of the Auſtrians, and into what lord Auckland terms the reach of the ſword of juſtice. The memorial of the 5th inſtant, was the conſequence of the poſſeſſion of thoſe commiſſioners, who were termed deteſtable regicides within the reach of the ſword of the law. The Britiſh miniſter, in his memorial, adviſes to have them delivered up as examples to mankind, and calls on the Dutch, in effect, to put them to death, and all who might fall in like manner into their hands. Dumourier had delivered thoſe commiſſioners to the Auſtrians as hoſtages for the living; not to be immolated in a Dutch garriſon to the manes of the dead. The memorial of lord Auckland was a recommendation to have them aſſaſſinated; which might, when known at Paris, expoſe thoſe to deſtruction for whom the commiſſioners were delivered as hoſtages. The noble lord talked of holding up to men leſſons and examples; by his memorial he had proved, however, that he was not one who profited by leſſon or example, or he would have recollected his ſituation when he acted in a ſimilar manner in America, when a commiſſioner. A proclamation by the ſame hand, threatening deſolation to the wretches in America, with whom we were afterward compelled to treat, was an inauſpicious ſimilarity. If we were to conſider ourſelves at war with France, we ought to conduct that war whoever might rule in France, and by whatever means they might have obtained the power, in the ſame manner as we ſhould conduct a war againſt any other country in Europe. If we were to act upon ſuch principles as muſt have led to the production of the memorial of the 5th inſtant, we might as well act out at once boldly, offer a price for the head of every Frenchman, treat their rulers as conſpirators, their armies as banditti, their navy as pirates, and hunt them as wolves. Was ſuch the intention of miniſters? If it were, let them ſpeak out; the people of England ought to know the real grounds and objects of the war, that they might ſee for what they were expending their blood and treaſure. Aſſuming, for a moment, that miniſters had changed their profeſſed grounds, and had reſolved not to treat with thoſe who now exerciſed the power in France, he would aſk, how was peace ever to be acquired? With what ſort of government were we to treat? Were ſuch perſons as the emperor, the king of Pruſſia, the virtuous and pious lady who is empreſs of Ruſſia, the queen of Portugal, and the king of England, to form it? If they were, what conſtitution were we to look for? Was the conſtitution of 1789, to which the French nation had ſworn, and which Cobourg, in two memorials, ſtates to be the wiſh of all ſovereigns to ſee eſtabliſhed, one that could reconcile the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Burke) to a termination of the war? No, it could not be expected; for againſt that very conſtitution he had exhauſted every epithet of indignation and reproach. Would it be avowed that there exiſted a wiſh to eſtabliſh the ancient deſpotiſm? He was confident it would not; for no miniſter in this country would dare to avow that to be the object for which Britiſh blood

blood was to be shed, and British treasure expended. By treating the existing ruling powers as wretches and regicides, he saw no means by which we could treat for peace; on the contrary, it should seem that peace was not the object of the confederation against France; for whatever the allies might profess, their object was to aggrandize themselves by a partition of France. Partition might not be the object with England, but she would be the dupe of those views she was forwarding. The present emperor had been but little tried. The late emperor, however, was notorious for his disregard of good faith. The king of Prussia had not shewn himself better, for he engaged the Brabanters to rebel, and afterward gave them up to their enemy. To that perfidious act England was accessary, and a participator in the guilt. For a proof of the virtuous conduct of crowned heads, he adverted to their proceedings with Poland; they had there done acts of rapine, ambition, and injustice, which ought, in policy, to have been deferred for some little time, as extremely mal-apropos, at a period when those very powers were reproaching France for acts of injustice and aggrandizement, which they themselves had far exceeded. Describing the revolution in Poland, which had been overthrown by Russia and Prussia, he read Mr. Burke's beautiful description of that revolution, by which all, from the king to the peasant, were bettered; yet this glorious revolution had been destroyed by ambition and despotism, without a single word in reprobation from those who had been foremost to applaud that revolution. The empress of Russia, in an insulting memorial, had stated that she had, to indemnify herself for her interference with the government of Poland, been graciously pleased to annex for ever to the Russian empire, several districts of Poland, and all their inhabitants; she was also pleased to declare, that she wished to affiliate them with her own subjects. Fraternity and affiliation offered by France had been treated cavalierly; but here was imperial affiliation, for the glory, not of the country taken, but of the whole Russian empire, which was passed by without reprobation. Such affiliation the allies have in view for France; and, in like manner, if they could form a sufficient combination, would they affiliate England. The great, generous, and pious empress, had stolen a territory, with three millions of inhabitants, the great and pious king of Prussia, in his fraternizing and affiliating measure, had acted in a similar manner. When we were connected with powers guilty of such conduct, it was necessary to know how far we were bound to act with them against a country whose conduct had been imitated by those who were waging war against her: for he considered a robbery to be a robbery, whoever committed it, whether by an empress with a sceptre, or a poissarde with a pike; whether by men with crowns on their heads, or with woollen nightcaps. Should the war against France be successful, and the crowned fraternizers succeed, how was the spoil to be divided? The emperor, he had no doubt, would be desirous to affiliate Alsace and Lorrain, and, in the general scramble, it was far from improbable that we might be compelled into another war, against some of our present allies, for the maintenance of the balance of power, which would be endangered by the conquest of France. If the British lion were to come in for his share of the prey, we might appear in a new shape upon the continent, and be continually involved in war, because this gentleman of a king, or that lady of an empress, might not agree about their respective shares. With our allies there could be no cordial co-operation: we had a right to look upon them with a jealous eye, and to consider every victory obtained by them dangerous to our future peace. They eyed us with jealousy, and, upon the same principle which had induced the invasion and partition of Poland, might they, if strong enough, invade and divide England: for one of the reasons advanced for seizing Poland was, the danger of the propagation of French principles. That such principles were propagated in this country: the assertions of our ministers might be advanced to prove, and our good allies, to destroy those principles, might favour us with the fraternity of their armies. He, however, wishing to avoid their kindness, and to separate England from co-operating with powers guilty of the deeds they had perpetrated, was desirous of getting rid of the present war, by keeping open some channel for a separate peace. For that reason he reprobated lord Auckland's memorial, which, if not disavowed, was calculated to add to the horrors of war, by reviving that sanguinary spirit which had characterized the wars of less civilized ages. He concluded by moving, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, to express the displeasure of this house, at a memorial, dated the 5th of April 1793, presented to the states-general by lord Auckland, his majesty's minister at the Hague, the said memorial containing a declaration of the following tenor: "Some of these detestable regicides, (meaning by this expression the commissioners of the national convention of France delivered to prince Cobourg by general Dumourier) 'are now in such a situation, that they can be subjected to the sword of the law; the rest are still in the midst of a people whom they have plunged into an abyss of evils; and for whom famine, anarchy, and civil war are about to prepare new calamities. In short, every thing that we see happen, induces us to consider as not far distant the end of these wretches, whose madness and atrocities have filled with horror and indignation all those who respect the principles of religion, morality, and humanity. The undersigned, therefore, submits to the enlightened judgment and wisdom of your high mightinesses, whether it would not be proper to employ all the means in your power to prohibit from entering your dominions in Europe, or your colonies, all those members of the assembly styling itself the national convention, or of the pretended executive council, who were directly or indirectly concerned in the said crime; and if they should be discovered and arrested, to deliver them up to justice, that they may serve as a lesson and example to mankind." To acquaint his majesty with the sense of this house, that the said minister, in making this declaration, has depart-

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ed from the principles upon which this houſe was induced to concur in the meaſures neceſſary for the ſupport of the war; and has announced an intention on his part, inconſiſtent with the repeated aſſurances given by his majeſty, that he would not interfere in the internal affairs of France; and humbly to beſeech his majeſty, that ſo much of the ſaid memorial as contains the declaration above recited, may be publicly diſavowed, as containing matter inconſiſtent with the humanity which at all times have diſtinguiſhed the Britiſh nation, and derogatory to the dignity of the crown, by avowing an intention to interpoſe in the internal affairs of France, which his majeſty has in ſo many declarations diſclaimed, and mingling purpoſes of vengeance with thoſe objects of defence and ſecurity to ourſelves and our allies, which his majeſty's miniſters have ſo often declared to be the ſole object of the preſent war —To repreſent to his majeſty, that this houſe has already expreſſed its ſenſe of the acts ſpoken of in this declaration; but that as neither this, nor any other ſtate, can poſſeſs any cognizance or juriſdiction reſpecting them, the only tendency of menaces againſt their perpetrators is, to compel this country either unjuſtifiably to carry on war for the ſubverſion of the preſent government of France, or diſgracefully to ſeek peace by an ignominious negotiation with the very government whom we have thus ſtigmatized in our public acts. That theſe threats muſt tend to give to the hoſtilities with which Europe is now afflicted a peculiar ferocity, by reviving a ſyſtem of retaliation and bloodſhed, which experience of its deſtructive tendency, honour, humanity, and religion, have combined to baniſh from the practice of civilized war. And finally, to repreſent, how deeply the reputation of his majeſty's counſels is intereſted in diſclaiming the unjuſtifiable, and we truſt unauthorized, denunciations of vengeance, ſo deſtructive of all confidence in the ſincerity of the public acts of miniſters, and ſo manifeſtly tending at once to render the principle of the war unjuſt, the conduct of hoſtilities barbarous, and the attainment of honourable peace hopeleſs."

Mr. Grey having ſeconded the motion, the chancellor of the exchequer obſerved, that the hon. gentleman, inſtead of an argument againſt lord Auckland, had indulged himſelf in an invective againſt the king of Pruſſia and the empreſs of Ruſſia: and inſtead of moving (according to the notice he had given) for the recal of our ambaſſador at the Hague, had worded a motion which went to attack not the noble lord, but the profeſſions and ſentiments of the king, approved of by that houſe and the nation. The motion ſtated a departure from avowed principles; he denied any ſuch departure, and defied a proof to be advanced of ſuch departure by any word or ſentiment contained in the memorial of the 5th of April. He entered into the great ſervice of lord Auckland, particularly his recent ſervices in Holland. The memorials iſſued by that noble lord, were founded on the reſolutions of that houſe and the general ſentiments of the country. The king had declared, previous to the act which had diſgraced France, that thoſe who ſhould commit ſuch an act ſhould not find an aſylum in his dominions. That declaration had been approved of, and he was confident that no lover of juſtice would differ with him in opinion, that there ought to be handed down to poſterity ſome ſignal puniſhment accompanying the hiſtory of the horrid act which had been committed. The perpetrators had been denounced before the war. Did our being involved in a war render a repetition of that denunciation improper? It certainly did not: nor did it in any ſhape change the principles of the war; the war had been commenced to repel an unprovoked aggreſſion, and its objects were to obtain an indemnity for that aggreſſion, and to render our ſituation hereafter ſecure. The memorial condemned by the hon. gentleman did not recommend, as he had declared, under any poſſible conſtruction, the execution of any perſon: the ſentence that *they may come under the ſword of the law* could not have been written by lord Auckland, in the ſenſe it was explained by Mr. Sheridan, nor had the Dutch acted upon it in that ſenſe: its obvious meaning was, that thoſe perſons who had been delivered over to the Auſtrians might, by being in their hands, be brought to juſtice, upon ſucceſs attending the plans of Dumourier, and the progreſs of the Auſtrians, by which a counter-revolution might have been reckoned upon, though as he had thought too haſtily, and by which counter-revolution a tribunal might have been eſtabliſhed in France for the purpoſe of bringing to juſtice all thoſe perſons who might have been concerned in the murder of the king. But this obvious ſenſe would not ſuit thoſe who were on the hunt to impute blame where merit was due. In that fair ſenſe of the memorial there was not any thing new, or contrary to the law of nations. Upon an occaſion ſomewhat ſimilar in this country, a Britiſh ambaſſador at the Hague applied for the delivery of certain regicides. The regicides were delivered up, tried in this country, and executed. He had been puzzled to account for the views of the hon. gentleman in his motion; one of thoſe views now appeared to be, to induce the country to give up the co-operation with other powers which might aid us in repelling ſucceſsfully an unjuſt war, becauſe thoſe powers had been guilty of acts of aggrandizement and ambition which he was far from approving, as acts of injuſtice and violence were to him as odious when offered by crowned heads as by republics: the aggrandizement of thoſe powers, however, was at a diſtance, and the danger not equally preſſing upon us with that aggrandizement attempted by France, and by her war commenced againſt us, which was aimed at the vitals of the conſtitution. After again expreſſing his diſapprobation of the partition of Poland, he replied to that part of Mr. Sheridan's ſpeech which held out the probability of all proſpect of peace being deſtroyed, by the apparent determination of miniſters not to treat with thoſe who exerciſed the power in France. It was not his wiſh to treat with them, nor could it be the wiſh of any man; but ſhould there be a neceſſity for treating with them, there was not any thing that precluded it.

Mr. Fox obſerved, that the right hon. gentleman

man had exculpated ministers from holding out any principles of vengeance, or of interference in the internal affairs of France; they had not avowed authorizing language, cutting off all chance of treating with those who might hold the government of France; but if, while they held that language in the house, they continued to employ ministers in foreign courts holding a contrary language, the public would be induced to believe that principles were acted upon which it was not deemed convenient to avow.

The chancellor of the exchequer repeated, that there had not been any intention of interfering with the internal affairs of France; but in that declaration he did not wish to have it understood, that this country, when any circumstance might arise, was precluded from such interference, if that interference should have an operation to accelerate the termination of the war.

Mr. Fox admitted the right of interference hinted at by the right hon. gentleman, which he never meant to deny; for he was fully aware, alluding to former wars with France, that this country, if insurrections took place, for instance, in their West India settlements or elsewhere, was justified to aid the insurgents, for the purpose of distressing the enemy, and the more speedily effecting a peace.

The question being loudly called for, Mr. Burke, who had risen, declined speaking, and the question was negatived, there being ayes 36, noes 211; majority against the motion 175.

On Monday April 29th, the report of the committee respecting the present state of commercial credit was brought up, and read. It represented, that the immediate interposition of the legislature was necessary; that the effects of circumstances, already of public notoriety, are not confined to the concerns of private individuals, but threaten to involve consequences of very serious national importance: that the best mode to avert and remedy those evils; would be to enable individuals, by the public advancing them money (for which proper security should be given) to restore their lost credit, and thereby recover the energy of the national commerce; this assistance to be afforded only to houses of known solvency and reputation: that the sum of five millions, on public security, would be adequate to those purposes, for which an interest should be required of 2½d. per cent. per diem, or 3l. 16s. per cent. per ann. The difference of which, and the usual interest and discount on such securities, to be also paid by the borrowers, that the bills issued for this purpose should be some of 100l. each, some of 50l. and some so low as 20l. That the distribution of these, the superintendence of the goods and articles received as security, which the committee recommend to be warehoused, should be vested in commissioners to be appointed by parliament. The committee think that 20 commissioners would be sufficient; and they also think that many would gladly undertake the office without wishing for emolument; and that the best places which appear to the committee for the securities, &c. to be warehoused, is at London, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull, Leeds, and Glasgow, &c.—This report was ordered to be taken into consideration the next day. This was accordingly done, and the chancellor of the exchequer moved a resolution in conformity to the report of the committee. It was objected to, on various grounds, by some of the members; Mr. Fox, in particular, observing, that, in a constitutional point of view, there was great danger in permitting government to interfere in these matters, and that fatal effects might ensue from the influence which such a measure would give them in the commercial world. —The force of those observations was allowed by members on the other side, who alleged, however, in answer, that the necessity of the case was paramount to every consideration; and, on a division, the resolution was carried by 110 to 26, and the next day, a bill was ordered to be brought in pursuant to this resolution.

On Monday May 2, a petition for a parliamentary reform was presented from Sheffield, which was refused to be received on account of the disrespectful terms in which it was couched. But petitions for the reform were received from Birmingham, Durham, Glasgow. Leven, Anwick, Kempsey, Hamilton, and Kirkintulloch.

The following gentlemen were appointed commissioners for carrying into effect the act for the relief of commercial credit:

Lord Sheffield, sir John Sinclair, sir Grey Cooper, alderman Anderson, Mr. Boddington, Mr. Manning, Mr. Baring, Mr. R. Barclay, Mr. Forster, Mr. Grant, Mr. Bosanquet, Mr. Smith, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Innes, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Harman, Mr. Chiswell, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Bragdon; seven of whom are members of the house; four Bank directors; and the remainder merchants of established credit and reputation in the city of London.

On Monday, May 6. A petition from Norwich having been printed, was, on that account, not received.

Mr. Grey proceeded to make his long-expected motion respecting a reform in parliament What he advanced in support of the petition contained a variety of matter, which, though urged with great force and perspicuity, was necessarily a repetition of arguments which had been constantly argued in all former discussions of the subject. On one great point he insisted; namely, that a majority of the whole house of commons is elected by less than 15,000 persons; that is, by the 200th part of the people to be represented, supposing them to consist of 3,000,000 of adults. He stated farther, that by the influence and patronage of 71 peers and 91 opulent commoners, the return of no less than 306 members was procured, which greatly exceeded the majority of the house. He took notice of the formidable adversary he should find in the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Pitt) who had been once the great advocate for the reform. He adverted to the argument that had been and would be used, that the

present

preſent was a time of too much danger to attempt a reform. The plea had been urged on every diſcuſſion of the ſubject in this century, and, particularly in 1785, when the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Pitt) then miniſter, had made a motion for a reform, and who then very ably and completely refuted that plea. It was ſingular that this plea ſhould be urged, whenever any extenſion of popular rights was propoſed, but never, when any encroachment upon thoſe rights was attempted, when an alien bill, a traiterous correſpondence bill, &c. was propoſed. Had the reform taken place at the concluſion of the war in 1763, this country would probably have been ſaved from the American war. Had it taken place laſt year, we might have been ſaved from the preſent calamitous ſtate in which the commercial credit of the country was involved. Were he to advert to authorities for the neceſſity of a reform, he might mention the late earl of Chatham, ſir George Savile, the right hon. gentleman himſelf (Mr. Pitt) and the duke of Richmond; and an authority ſtill greater than theſe, a ſpeech of his majeſty from the throne in 1784. Recurring again to the plea of danger, he ſaid, that ſo far as that could follow (which had, indeed, been much dreaded) from the propagation of French principles there could be *none*; for ſuch had been the dreadful *effect* of thoſe principles in France, that none but madmen would either adopt the principles or imitate the conſequent practice. He concluded by moving, that the petition be referred to a committee; and the motion was ſeconded by Mr. Erſkine, who, however, reſerved his obſervations to another period of the debate.

Mr. Jenkinſon, in oppoſition to the motion, urged the danger of attempting to ſtir up the minds of the people, who, when once rouſed, were to be quieted by the nod of no man. Of this poſition France exhibited a deplorable example. Gentlemen would recollect, that the happineſs of man depended not on any general theories, unleſs it could be proved, that thoſe theories were calculated to promote practical good; and hence he drew this concluſion, that no theories, however plauſible, ought to be adopted, unleſs actual grievances were experienced. He expatiated on the ends of repreſentation, which, he ſaid, were beſt anſwered by the preſent conſtitution of parliament; for, to preſerve and ſtrengthen the deliberative capacity of the houſe of commons, it was requiſite that it ſhould conſiſt of men attached to the landed intereſt, of men attached to the monied intereſt, and of profeſſional men. From this mixed conſtitution of the houſe it followed, that while, in other countries, there was not a ſufficient number of ſtateſmen, in this country there was more than ſufficient. And it was to be obſerved, that one ſpecies of the elected, namely, profeſſional men, could never find their way into the houſe, except through the medium of the *rotten boroughs*; for, in populous places, none but men poſſeſſed of landed or monied intereſt could poſſibly ſucceed. He denied that the public burdens were occaſioned by any ineffectual repreſentation of the people; obſerving, that the very American war, ſo much reprobated as a proof of it, was, on the contrary the war of the people till within two years of concluſion, when it ceaſed to be popular, becauſe it was unſucceſsful; and he concluded by ſaying, that as no practical grievance had been ſtated, he ſhould be againſt the motion.

Mr. Powys ſpoke againſt the motion in a ſpeech, that was principally levelled at the Society of the Friends of the people.

Mr. Windham condemned the introduction of metaphyſical ſpeculations as rules of conduct. It was like turning a mill by the power of muſic, or raiſing a wall, like another Amphion, by a tune. He denied the propoſition, that in all ſtates the will of the majority ought to govern. It was not a general principle of government, nor conſonant to the ſpirit and practice of ours, in particular, that the numerical majority ſhould decide for the whole. An ingenious author, whom he admired more as a philologiſt than a politician (Mr. Horne Tooke) had ſaid with ſome pleaſantry, that many of the evils of life aroſe for want of a right underſtanding of *particles*. Juſt ſo, he imagined, many of the errors of theſe new political philoſophizers originated in a miſunderſtanding of particles. They ſaid, for inſtance, that all government proceeded *from* the people; now, if inſtead of the particle *from* they would inſert the particle *for*, their propoſition would be not only intelligible but true; and yet on the ſtupid confounding of theſe two, not indeed by ſtupid, but very ingenious men, did they reſt their wild and injurious ſpeculations. When he denied the right of the majority to govern the whole, and decide in all caſes, he might be aſked what he would ſubſtitute for it; if he would take the minority. He would not ſay ſo, though even that propoſition would not be more abſurd than the other, in the manner they argued upon it. He would reſt the deciſion on the merits of the point to be decided; and as men would ſee thoſe more or leſs clearly in proportion to their greater or leſs degrees of information. it followed that the majority was not the moſt likely to be in the right. If twenty perſons of ordinary capacity were to decide on a queſtion by a mere majority, was it a certain rule that the majority would be right? By no means. If to theſe twenty as many more are added, would they certainly be greater? It would be leſs; for as the number was augmented, the deficiency of deliberative judgment, the moſt eſſential quality, would be greater. If, therefore, the plan of theſe reformers, who ſaid that nothing but a mere majority ought to govern, were to be carried, the nation muſt be undone. Applying this argument to the caſe of the revolution—was it not notorious that the revolution was produced by the minority, and yet that event had received univerſal applauſe? Mr. Windham, after many other obſervations to the ſame effect, concluded with being againſt the motion.

(To be continued.)

Iriſh

Iriſh Parliamentary Intelligence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Continued from our laſt Vol.)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11.

RIGHT hon. Mr. *Maſon* reported, from the committee of ways and means.

Mr. *Vandeleur*.—Sir I condemn the reduction of the duty on tobacco, as made merely for patronage, and I heartily blame the commiſſioners of the revenue, for not attending to the complaints made of ſmuggling in the county of Clare, where the ſmuggler in every creek, is aſſiſted by an armed banditti, in defiance of the magiſtrates.

Right hon. the *Chancellor* of the *Exchequer*.—Sir, I certainly conſider the banditti which the hon. gentleman alludes to, (and ſo I am convinced, will he on mature reflection) as the cauſe and not the conſequence of ſmuggling.

Right hon. Mr. *Beresford*.—Sir, the hon. member muſt ſee that patronage can be no object in the tobacco department, as there are but eight officers in the kingdom, who all reſide in Dublin. The remainder of the buſineſs is managed by the guagers. Sir, I deny that any application from the county of Clare has been treated with diſreſpect. But from what I can learn, it was requeſted to diſpatch a party of the army to reſide at Kilruſh, to which it was not convenient to ſend them.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The houſe then reſolved itſelf into a committee of the whole houſe, to enquire into the ſtate of the repreſentation of the people.

Sir *Michael Cromie* in the chair.

Mr. *Grattan*.—Sir, it is not my wiſh this night to come to any concluſive or ſpecific meaſure; my object is merely to open the committee, to revive the ſubject, and to ſet the buſineſs of reform on foot: to effect the great end, it would be proper that the committee ſhould ſit from time to time, to conſider the queſtion maturely, for this committee is merely auxillary to a bill which a right hon. friend of mine has promiſed to bring forward, and is now, with all dilligence preparing, for a reform in parliament.

I will not ſay that this is the moſt important ſubject that was ever agitated in this houſe. I do remember in 82, another ſubject of equal, if not ſuperior moment. The queſtion then was, whether Ireland ſhould be governed by the parliament of another country? and the preſent is, whether ſhe ſhall enjoy a parliament of her own? As the ſubject of parliamentary reform is now poſted, it is impoſſible for government to retreat from it. Their declarations the 4th day of the ſeſſion, the words of the lord lieutenant's ſecretary; the liberal grants of the houſe, have eſtabliſhed the neceſſity of acceding to a reform in parliament, and have ſealed the doom of every rotten borough in the kingdom—hence I collect two things; that parliament ſhould be reformed, that the reform muſt take place this ſeſſion.

Here let us appeal to gentlemen converſant with the diſpoſition of the people; do not they think ſo? Are they not convinced of it—don't they know—have they not declared that their conſtituents do now expect a reform of parliament, and that it is a meaſure not more neceſſary for their freedom than their felicity?

It is painful to detail the preſent ſtate of repreſentation; it is an unpleaſant ſubject for reflection, and nothing but the freedom allowed to this committee could induce me to arraign, as I muſt do, the ſtate of repreſentation; this I will do as ſhort as poſſible. Having mentioned the ſtate of the queſtion, I will advert to the ſtate of your repreſentation; it is ſhort. Of 300 members, above 200 are returned by individuals; from 40 to 50 are returned by 10 perſons; ſeveral of your boroughs have no reſident elector at all; ſome of them have but one; and on the whole, two-thirds of the repreſentatives in the houſe of commons are returned by leſs than 100 perſons! This is not that ancient, that venerable conſtitution of king, lords, and commons. It is not even an ariſtocracy. It is an oligarchy. It is not an oligarchy of property, but of accident; not of preſcription, but of innovation. Here again I appeal to the conſcious conviction of every man who hears me; and I aſſert two propoſitions, which can neither be denied nor defended. Firſt, that the majority of the repreſentatives are choſen by individuals. Second, that a great proportion of them are afterwards endowed by the crown. And it follows, that, in our preſent ſtate of repreſentation, the houſe of commons cannot be ſuppoſed to be the organ of the people.

In defence of ſuch a ſtate, three arguments are advanced, 1ſt, its antiquity—antiquity!—an eſtabliſhment you'd imagine that took place in Saxon times, in the age of the Confeſſor, or after the Engliſh intercourſe with Ireland, at the time of the charter of John; or the reign of Edward. No! James the 1ſt was the king who made above 40 of thoſe private boroughs. In the year 1613, the number returned to parliament were 232; ſince which time 68 members have been added, all by the houſe of Stuart; 1 by Anne, 4 by James the 2d, moſt of the remainder by Charles the 1ſt, with a view to religious diſtinctions, and by Charles the 2d, with a view to perſonal favour. If you look to antiquity, therefore, the boroughs ſtand on bad ground. The form of your conſtitution was twelve counties, eſtabliſhed in the reign of king John. Henry the 8th added 1; Mary 2; and Elizabeth 17. Since which time your counties received no addition whatſoever, though between the year 1613 and the preſent, the borough intereſt has received an addition of 68 members; which is more than double the whole county repreſentation.

The great diviſion on this ſubject is cities or boroughs, where the grant was to burgeſſes and freemen indefinite, or to a limited number of burgeſſes, ſeldom exceeding 12, in whom the right of election was confined. The former are boroughs intended to be free, and the latter intended to be otherwiſe. The number of the former, I apprehend to be above forty, and where they have become what we underſtood to be intended by the word *cloſe boroughs*, they have departed from the intention of the grant, and ought, purſuant to the meaning of that grant, to be opened.

The other claſs, which I apprehend to be above forty, are in their origin vicious; it is a monopoly; like any of the other monopolies of James the I. a grant in its nature criminal. Moſt of the forty boroughs, created by James the I. were ſo. It appears from the grants themſelves, that they were intended to be private property; they were granted as a perſonal reward for doing ſome ſpecified tranſaction. Such a grant could ſtand, I apprehend, on no principle whatſoever. Theſe, with thoſe made by Charles I. became a ſubject of complaint; they were moſt of them made on the eve of calling a parliament, and ſome of them not ſealed till after the writs of ſummons had iſſued, and were ſo loudly complained of, that Charles I. had promiſed to ſubmit a plan to the conſideration of parliament. Thus are there two deſcriptions of boroughs; the one intended to be free by the grant, and rendered cloſe by the proprietor; the other intended to be cloſe by the grant, and rendered vicious by the principles of the law. The firſt ſet of boroughs are liable to be queſtioned for departing from their original purpoſe, and the laſt for adhering to it.

Let us compare the ſtate of thoſe boroughs with the principles of the conſtitution. The principles of the conſtitution are ſacred—its organization accidental. Are theſe defenſible on the ground of population, or property, or population and property mixed? Population is out of the caſe; and as to property, we will ſuppoſe 200 members returned by 100 individuals;—what property do the former repreſent? Suppoſe the property of theſe individuals is 4,000l. per annum; they repreſent 400,000l. and vote near 2,000,000l. taxes on the people. They are two-thirds of the houſe voting near 2,000,000, and not repreſenting half a million. But if you add what is received back again in place or penſion, you will find it comes nearly to this—that the majority tax others and not their conſtituents. Take it in a ſtronger light; it is well known that near 40 perſons are returned by about 10 individuals,—ſomewhat more than the 6th of the Houſe of Commons, repreſenting that quantity of property and population.—By the old conſtitution, the conſtituents paid their repreſentatives—try the preſent ſtate of repreſentation by that teſt.

Could the 100 individuals pay the 200 members? Could the 10 individuals pay the 40 members? So far from any right on the principles of property to ſend ſo many members to parliament to pay the ſtate, they could not pay the members. The argument, therefore, can ſtand no examination—neither the teſt of property, nor population, nor antiquity of theſe boroughs have been eſtabliſhed by accident, by humour, by ignorance, and by favour, without any regard to property, population, or any other principle of conſtitution. The 2d argument in their favour is, that they have worked well—that the conſtitution has flouriſhed under rotten boroughs.—I beg to conſider the operations of the conſtitution on the public welfare and on private property.

As to public welfare, I acknowledge many beneficial acts, wholeſome regulations, and one great revolution; but may I be ſuffered to think that the redemption of this country had been more ſpeedily eſtabliſhed, the good of this country more uniformly purſued, and with leſs intervals of inconſiſtency, if parliament had been conſtituted more according to the principles of the conſtitution. As it is inſtituted, to me its ordinary operation appeared defective, its raptures ſucceſsful, and its relapſes diſgraceful.

You have certain committees—committees of courts of juſtice;—have they acted?—committees of trade;—have they acted? What was the caſe of the Eaſt India trade?—Committees of grievances;—have they acted?—It appears to me that the functions of the houſe of commons would be diſcharged with more benefit to the public, and more honour to itſelf, under a conſtitution by repreſentation, than a conſtitution by boroughs. I have had opportunities to ſpeak to the growth of the expences of government.

I have ſhewn, without the probability of contradiction, that in ſeven years you have, in thoſe expences alone, exceeded your eſtimates in the ſum of 163,000l. I did not form my compariſon with the actual expence of 84: if I had, the exceſs had been greater, particularly with regard to the civil eſtabliſhments, which was in the year 84, 174,000l. and the exceſs therefore 33,000l. not 17,000l. as the right hon. gentleman was pleaſed to mention—But I mentioned a progreſs of expence ſtill more ſtriking, that ſince the year 69, you have encreaſed your annual charge, including debt, more in proportion than G. B. notwithſtanding the American war, and all her armaments. But the evil effects on private fortunes of this ſpecies of repreſentation are more ſenſibly felt, and more readily underſtood—thoſe who have conteſted boroughs, thoſe who have repeatedly obtained ſeats in this houſe for boroughs, may find in their mortgages an anſwer to the admirers of the preſent ſyſtem.

I may aver, without fear of contradiction, that the expences of election and returns to parliament are ſo ruinous, that no private fortune can ſupport them; that the expence for obtaining returns for a borough, except under the gift of a patron, are ſo great, as no private fortune can ſuſtain; that theſe expences encreaſe with the powers of the conſtitution. I have heard that ſeats in this houſe forty years ago were obtained for 600l. I have heard they now coſt 3,000l. and you know theſe expences are ultimately paid by the public. Hence ariſes what we often lamented, the trade of parliament, a trade in which the dealer does not make 6 per cent. by his money, with all the other ſacrifices of honour, &c. I wiſh to lay the axe at the root of this trade, in which the political morality, as well as the freedom of the country, are intimately concerned. I ſhall be told there are exceptions to this expence; I feel it; but I feel alſo that the expence is the rule, and the ſaving an exception. The property of boroughs, the ſale of boroughs, the ſale of honours, ſale of votes, private embarraſſments, and public ſervility, all will be corrected by the reform of parliament, and the conſtitution under its defective ſtate, ſo far from working as well as gentlemen have flattered themſelves, has been

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attended with a growth of public expence, equalled only by an accumulation of private difficulties. The 3d argument in ſupport of the preſent ſyſtem is, that gentlemen cannot agree about a better. We agree in what we condemn; we cannot well differ in the principle on which we are to reform. We agree, I apprehend, that 12 burgeſſes ſhould not return two members to ſerve in parliament. That is, we agree in the deſtruction of cloſe boroughs. We agree on the principle which is to conduct your compaſſes, a maſs of propertied people, the preciſe number only to be a ſubject of diſcuſſion; but we agree that we are to look to a maſs of people having property. How far we are to go, and what geographical line, whether the circle of a county, or any leſſer circumſcription, may be a ſubject of diſcuſſion, but not of diſcord.

We cannot differ about the propriety of reſidence—of extending the right of franchiſe to freemen by birth, marriage, or the exerciſe of a trade for a certain time. Perhaps we ſhall not differ on the propriety of extending the right of voting to landholders for years, having a certain valuable intereſt—an univeral regiſtry—elections to be limited in time, and to be carried on in different places at once; an oath to be taken by the candidate, and to be repeated at your bar, by the member:

> "That he has not been at any expence whatſoever, nor paid any ſum whatſoever, to procure his return, by himſelf or others."

Theſe, with ſome other regulations, when added to an internal reform, which ſhould exclude officers of the revenue, and a long &c. which my friend will explain, and which will reduce the influence by excluding all penſioners for years, and placemen—except ſuch as are in higher departments—ſhew, I think, that the ſubject, however it may have been ſuppoſed to be involved in difficulties, yet contains the principles of concord.

I truſt, that as I reſt my principle of reform on property, that gentlemen will coincide with me; and that if the houſe agrees with me, delay will be conſidered unneceſſary. By this, I hope, we ſhall make ſuch a conſtitution as will ſecure reſponſibility to the people of Ireland; a conſtitution founded upon that of Great Britain; which will intereſt every farmer, every *grey-coated* man in the country in the liberty of the nation, by extending that liberty to himſelf; and then ſubordination will be more chearful as freedom becomes more univerſal.

Theſe broad principles carried into execution muſt inſure you that conſtitution, temperate at once and pure, founded on the true principles of property, with population, including what is well underſtood by the words, 'conſtitutional public,' giving to every farmer a ſort of ſtation in his country; and to every landlord an intereſt to give an encouraging leaſe.—Thus, the reform of parliament may be a good ſyſtem of agriculture, as well as of liberty. Theſe principles, I ſay, carried into execution, may produce that ſteady calm in the minds of men, which reſults from the ſenſe of a good conſtitution, and the benefits of an honeſt repreſentation.

Mr. *Grattan* then read three reſolutions, and moved the firſt.

Reſolved, That the repreſentation of the people is attended with great and heavy charges and payments, in conſequence of elections and returns of members to ſerve in parliament, and the ſaid abuſes ought to be aboliſhed.

Reſolved, That of the 300 members elected to ſerve in parliament, the counties, and counties of cities, and towns, together with the univerſity, return 84 members, and that the remaining 216 are returned by boroughs and manors.

Reſolved, That the ſtate of the repreſentation of the people in parliament requires amendment.

Right hon. the *Chanc. of the Exc.*—I riſe, ſir, with great anxiety upon the preſent occaſion. I am againſt acquieſcing under indefinite ideas of reform, becauſe no perſon can tell where they would ſtop. Many well diſpoſed perſons, who intended good on occaſions like the preſent, has done much miſchief. I am certain that the ſpirit of innovation will never reſt content with conceſſion, but that the ſame power that ſhall accompliſh one matter, will be for attempting another. I diſclaim the idea of perſonal prejudice on the occaſion.

Sir, I think that on the firſt reſolution we ought not to divide, but I am decidedly againſt the remainder. We are not in a moment to pull down our old conſtitution, without being ſo much as offered a ſubſtitute to adopt in its room; nor is it decent to propoſe to the houſe to degrade itſelf, and to bring its ſtatute book and its proceedings into contempt. I do not wiſh to avoid enquiry; what I wiſh to avoid is predetermination. Upon looſe aſſertion, the third reſolution contained matter ſufficient to overturn the conſtitution. I claim, therefore, on behalf of the parliament, that we ſhould not degrade its character, or leſſen its authority. Parliament is never to be degraded in the firſt inſtance; it is not neceſſary to degrade parliament in order to correct it—it has often mended itſelf. It did ſo by the octennial bill, when it was totally independent of the people. I could not conceive any houſe of commons could have acted more for the benefit of the country, or more to promote its proſperity than that of Ireland; which has always been governed in its deciſions by the direction of the public mind.

As to the proſperity of the nation, it has advanced rapidly. The trade of the north will be found to have doubled within a ſhort time. In 1782 parliament had adopted the habeas corpus act from Great Britain—eſtabliſhed the independency of judges—freedom of trade—and made a declaration of the independency of the nation. Would any one, then ſay, that it was wiſe to criminate parliament? They ſhould at leaſt prove, before they proceeded to cenſure: but I deprecate the proceeding which we are invited to adopt, which was, to demand firſt, and to debate afterwards.

I therefore, Sir, move you to expunge the right hon. gentleman's reſolutions, and to ſubſtitute the following—

"Reſolved, That if any plan ſhall be propoſed which ſhall promiſe additional benefits, without hazarding the advantages that we at preſent enjoy, it ſhall be conſidered to be entitled to the moſt ſerious conſideration of the committee."

"Reſolved, That under the preſent order of repreſentation, the privileges of the people have been extended—and that the agriculture, the trade, and commerce of the nation have been promoted."

The *Secretary of State.*—Sir, I was not in the houſe when this reſolution paſſed for inquiring, in a committee of the whole houſe, into the ſtate of the repreſentation. I underſtand that right hon. gentlemen in high offices have ſtood forward on that occaſion, and declared themſelves friends to a reform in the repreſentation of the people, and that the order, as it now ſtood, was an amendment moved by an hon. gentleman in a conſiderable office under government. I think, therefore, that the gentlemen at the other ſide of the houſe are not entitled to the whole credit of this meaſure, but that thoſe with whom I uſually act, are to have their ſhare in it, and are bound to give it every proper ſupport. It was not now the queſtion, whether it was wiſe to agitate the public mind by the inveſtigation of this ſubject that had been already determined. The houſe had reſolved on the inquiry, and had I been preſent, I would have been induced, from the preſent ſtate of this country, and from the example of ſo many gentlemen in high offices under government, to have agreed to it. Having thought it wiſe to enter into this ſubject in ſo ſolemn a manner, we ought to conſider it with the utmoſt caution and deliberation, and draw no concluſion without firſt ſtating the premiſes on which it was founded.

To the reſolution, reſpecting the injurious conſequences to individuals and the public, occaſioned by the expences of elections, I ſee no objection. The fact was acknowledged, and I think a proper election bill would be a good ſtep to a reform in the repreſentation. The other reſolution, as to the number of repreſentatives returned from counties, and from great cities, and great towns, is a truth, and I ſee no objection to their reſolving it; but to reſolve that the repreſentation required amendment, without hearing any evidence, or ſtating any facts, was to determine without inquiring, and was contrary to the expreſs words of the order under which the houſe had gone into a committee. I believe the fact to be true, but that was not enough on a ſubject of ſo much importance; the ſtatement of the facts would give the greateſt weight to any plan of reform that may be thought practicable.

The repreſentation of Ireland had been compared to that of Great Britain, but I think moſt unjuſtly; the latter could be traced in the times of Britons, Saxons and Normans, through various tenures, ancient uſages, immemorial preſcriptions, ſeveral great charters, and many acts of the legiſlature, from the earlieſt periods of the hiſtory of that kingdom, to the act of union. I confeſs, that in ſeveral inſtances boroughs have been incorporated there by royal charters, but that as to the legality of this prerogative, different opinions have been entertained by authors of great character.—The laſt exertion of this prerogative was in the creation of the borough of Newark, by Charles the Second; and though in the year 1676, the Engliſh houſe of commons determined to receive the members, yet the oppoſition to it was ſo ſtrong, and the minority ſo conſiderable, that this was the laſt attempt made to exerciſe the prerogative in that manner. But what was the hiſtory of the repreſentation in this country? I can inform gentlemen with ſome accuracy, having thought it my duty, when I took a more active part in public buſineſs, to extract from all the borough charters at the rolls office their material contents.

The number of repreſentatives in the 34th year of Henry 8th was 100; to this number Mary and Elizabeth added about 48; but of theſe there were 19 counties, of which Elizabeth had eſtabliſhed 17, a mode of repreſentation worthy the character of that great princeſs. In the firſt parliament of James the 1ſt, held in 1613, the members of the houſe of commons were 232; the laſt creation of a borough was by queen Anne, who created one only. For the difference between the number of repreſentatives at the acceſſion of James and the preſent number of 300, the houſe of Stuart is reſponſible. One half of the repreſentatives were made by them, and made by the exertion of prerogative; of thoſe James made 40 at one ſtroke, moſt of them at the eve of a parliament, and ſome after the writs of ſummons had iſſued. The commons in that parliament expreſſed their doubts, whether thoſe boroughs had the power of returning members to ſit in parliament, and reſerved that ſubject for future conſideration. Complaints were made to James of thoſe grants, but what was his anſwer? "I have made 40 boroughs; ſuppoſe I had made 400,—the more the merrier." Charles the 1ſt followed the example of his father in exerciſing this prerogative, but not to ſo great an extent. Complaints were alſo made to him, and he gave aſſurances that the new corporations ſhould be reviewed by parliament.

The grant made by theſe two monarchs appear, by the hiſtories and correſpondences of thoſe times, to have been for the purpoſe of giving the proteſtants a majority over the Roman catholics. The grants by Charles II. James II. and queen Anne, proceeded from motives of perſonal favour; thus it would appear, if the facts were inveſtigated, that one-half of the repreſentation of Ireland had ariſen from the exertions of prerogative, influenced by occaſional motives, diſputes among religioniſts, and inducements of perſonal favour, but had not been derived from any of thoſe ſources which had produced the Engliſh conſtitution. Had I the honour of being a member of the britiſh houſe of commons, I would never touch the venerable fabric of their repreſentation. But in this kingdom, the part of the repreſentation univerſally complained of, had originated in private or party motives, and I do not believe there is one preſcriptive borough in the whole kingdom. I know ſome boroughs called ſo, but I believe, unjuſtly. Eleven of the grants which had

had been mentioned did not appear at the rolls office, but moſt of theſe were modern in the time of the houſe of Stuart. It is the duty, I think, of the committee, to inquire what was become of thoſe charters, and to inveſtigate the titles of thoſe places to ſend members to parliament. The ſtatement of thoſe facts would give great weight to any opinions that may be formed on the ſubject of improving the repreſentation.

I think it juſt, that the houſe ſhould be fully acquainted with all thoſe facts upon which they were to form an opinion on a ſubject of ſuch general importance; ſuch a ſtatement would tend to ſupport thoſe opinions, and to ſhew the propriety of interpoſing on a ſubject where nothing but the moſt evident neceſſity could warrant any interpoſition at all; and I can ſpeak from knowledge in ſaying, that the neceſſary information may be obtained in a few days. I acknowlege the truth of the propoſition made by the chancellor of the Exchequer, that the repreſentatives of the people had, in many inſtances of great public utilty, performed the truſts repoſed in them, in a manner moſt honourable to themſelves, and uſeful to the community.

I give them great credit for the limitation of parliaments, the relief to their Roman catholic fellow-ſubjects, as to their property in lands, for our free trade and independent legiſlature, and I cheerfully join the right hon. gentleman in any reſolutions of that nature, if propoſed in the houſe of commons, or in a committee, appointed for that purpoſe; but I cannot vote for ſuch a reſolution now, becauſe the buſineſs of this committee is to enquire into the ſtate of the repreſentation of the people, and not to conſider in what manner their repreſentatives had conducted themſelves, or what advantages the public had derived from their conduct; nor is it the buſineſs of the committee to ſay, in what manner they would conduct themſelves, if any uſeful plan ſhould be propoſed; it ought to be preſumed that they would do their duty without any aſſurance of their reſolution to do ſo.

I cannot, therefore, agree to the amendment propoſed, which might be conſidered as avoiding the object of the enquiry, though from my knowledge of the right hon. mover, I am ready to ſuppoſe, that he had no ſuch intention. The events which have been mentioned, and which are ſo honourable to the repreſentatives of the people, furniſh an additional reaſon to ſhew, that this committee ſhould be careful in reporting facts before they propoſed opinions in thoſe great nationly acquiſitions which have been mentioned; the members of parliament are united in one common cauſe with the people; the limitation of parliaments particularly increaſed the power of the proprietor of boroughs, and free legiſlature, and free trade, tended to increaſe both their power and property; an equal repreſentation ſtruck at the root of both.

I believe that many; and I hope all of thoſe gentlemen will act from public motives only; but where the intereſts of men are concerned, they are often imperceptibly influenced to exert this natural bias. I think it proper that the facts which ſhew the neceſſity of a parliamentary interpoſition ſhould be ſtated; the queſtion is not now, whether the public mind ſhould be agitated by the diſcuſſion of ſuch a queſtion, which has been already done by the appointment of this committee. By this meaſure general expectations have been raiſed throughout the kingdom, that a reform in the repreſentation is ſeriouſly intended; any thing that might be conſidered as evading or obſtructing the enquiry in the preſent ſtate of this country, will be highly prejudicial.

The ſtatement of facts will ſhew the neceſſity of the interpoſition, and the difficulty of the ſubject. I will mention how far my ideas go. The boroughs might be divided under two heads; thoſe in which freemen have votes without any limitation as to number; the other where the power of electing is veſted in a ſmall and limited number of burgeſſes. The former were intended to be free, and I think it a juſtice due to the crown as well as to the people, that they ſhould be made ſo. This I think might be done, by giving a title to all freeholders, of the yearly value of ten pounds, lying within certain diſtricts, to be appointed for that purpoſe, to become free of thoſe boroughs. They conſiſt of above fifty; this would be a great improvement in the repreſentation of Ireland, by a conſiderable acceſſion to the democratic ſcale ariſing from freehold property in lands. Thoſe boroughs are generally thought to have become private property; this is an uſurpation on the crown as well as on the people, and no man can diſpute the juſtice and propriety of reſtoring to the people thoſe franchiſes which they derive from the crown, and of which they have been unjuſtly deprived. I think alſo, the repreſentation admits of improvement in another way. If 32 counties were neceſſary in the time of queen Elizabeth, conſidering the great improvement in the culture of land, and the vaſt encreaſe in population ſince that time, a greater number of counties would be neceſſary now. This was not without precedent, it had been done in one inſtance in the reign of Henry VIII. and an act of parliament for conſtituting commiſſioners for dividing counties is ſtill in force. Such a meaſure would be of great public utility, not only to the repreſentation of the people, but to the police, and to the adminiſtration of juſtice.

Some of the exiſting counties are confeſſedly too large, from which, in all thoſe reſpects, conſiderable inconveniencies has ariſen; the repreſentatives of thoſe new counties may ſupply the places of ſuch of thoſe private boroughs as were not able to ſhew ſuch titles as ſatisfied the houſe, or as for any other reaſons it ſhould be thought proper to aboliſh. In reſpect of thoſe private boroughs, if it ſhould be thought neceſſary to go into an alteration of them, it may be effected in the manner which I have mentioned in reſpect to the free boroughs; but I think that the number of repreſentatives ought not to be increaſed.

I acknowledge, that nothing can be ſaid in defence of the private boroughs; I think a perfect repreſentation is not poſſible to be attained in any country. No object ought to be in contemplation but ſuch a repreſentation as would make this

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houſe the real organ of the people; that the houſe of commons of England always acted agreeably to the ſenſe of the people when that ſenſe was known, could not be denied; they had therefore probably attained to that point of perfection which could alone be expected in ſuch a ſyſtem. It muſt be confeſſed, that this houſe has not been conſidered as the organ of the people, and has not always ſpoken their ſentiments. The cry for a reform in the repreſentation has become general throughout the kingdom. The conſtitution itſelf has become totally different in moſt of its great principles, from what it was ſuppoſed to be when the houſe of Stuart had new modelled the repreſentation, on motives, and in a manner, which no man would defend at this day.

From the arbitrary ſpirit which had prevailed at thoſe periods, the long and frequent diſcontinuance of parliaments, the diſtracted ſtate of this nation for a part of that time; and its diſtreſſed ſituation during the greateſt portion of it, this ſubject, though the conſtant topic of complaint, was never before the object of enquiry; it ſhould be more fully inveſtigated before you come to any reſolution. You ſhould not tell the people that the repreſentation required amendment, without ſuggeſting the remedies.

I recommend the following mode to be adopted by the committee. Have all thoſe charters laid before you, enquire after thoſe not now at the rolls; then report reſolutions of fact, ſetting forth the ſtate of the repreſentation, and other reſolutions containing your opinion as to the remedies proper to be applied; but let the houſe poſtpone the conſideration of thoſe reſolutions till next ſeſſion of parliament, that time may be given to the members of this houſe to conſult with their conſtituents, and to digeſt ſuch a temperate plan of reform as may be generally acceptable. I mean no delay; I wiſh to forward the meaſure; to obſtruct or embarraſs it now would be highly impolitic; but I wiſh to proceed with the utmoſt caution and deliberation, and to receive the fulleſt information before we finally decide on a ſubject of ſuch magnitude.

Hon. *Robert Stewart.*—I cannot, ſir, but reprobate in very unconditional terms that kind of little ſpecial pleading, by which the adminiſtration endeavour to get rid of every great conſtitutional queſtion. Parliament, ſir, would not at all be injured by the adoption of my right hon. friend's motion; for both in the houſe and out of it, in this country and in England, the fact is well known, that a reformation is abſolutely neceſſary. The reſolution is perfectly defenſible, and alſo the two others, which are to follow it;—I declare it is not from a love of theoretic perfection that I am a friend to reform, but becauſe I ſee, that under the preſent ſyſtem, the great ends of repreſentation are not anſwered—for the public voice does not operate finally and with effect on the repreſentative aſſembly.

The preſent borough ſyſtem, ſir, prevents the people from having any tie or influence over the repreſentatives; it alſo prevents the crown from having a power of appeal to the people, and thus ſubjugates it to the will of an ariſtocratic combination. A reform, ſir, is much leſs neceſſary in England than here, for the conſtitution of Ireland is indeed worſe, much worſe than that of England.

I ſhall beg leave, ſir, to throw out an idea of reform, which has occurred to me recently, and which therefore is not matured. It is that of giving to the county electors the power of returning all the members now returned within the county for boroughs, allowing however to each elector a voice only for one member.—I am decidedly againſt an internal reform of parliament without an external one;—for ſuch a reform would only ſubjugate the country to the borough monopoliſts, and I would much rather have the power placed in the crown than in them. I ſeriouſly adviſe miniſters to meet this ſubject fairly and freely; for, the reform of parliament, founded as it is in reaſon and juſtice, will ultimately eſtabliſh itſelf.

Mr. Curran oppoſed the amendment propoſed by the chancellor of the Exchequer, and ſupported the original motion with great warmth. He went into a number of different points of view of the queſtion. He ſaid, this was not a time for ſophiſtry or quibble. A member of parliament ought to leave his ingenuity at the door, and bring into the houſe nothing but his ingenuouſneſs and integrity.

We muſt be beſotted indeed if we thought ſophiſms, which could not impoſe upon ourſelves, could make dupes of the public. The queſtion before us was the ſimpleſt imaginable. The houſe had come to a reſolution of enquiring, "into the ſtate of the repreſentation." The committee had now met accordingly. What did they meet to inquire into? Was it the merits of the houſe of commons? No;—he ſaid, every man knows the contrary; it was the defects of the repreſentation complained of by the people, and admitted by the houſe itſelf.

When then could the chancellor of the Exchequer mean by propoſing a fulſome panegyric on the merits of a body into whoſe defects they were ordered to enquire? If we do this, ſaid he, we ſhall deceive nobody, not ourſelves, not the people, they will diſpiſe and deteſt us, for the hypocriſy and effrontery of ſuch a procedure. He ſaid parliament was at the very moment of criſis. The hope we had held out of conſtitutional redreſs, had held the diſquiet of the public mind in ſuſpence.

Our preſent conduct muſt be deciſive; it muſt fix the public hope of reform to parliament, or ſhew the people they muſt look only to themſelves. We had, he ſaid, brought forward the firſt neceſſary ſtep—the avowed abuſe of parliament,—the ſale of boroughs. Was this a fact? If you deny it, ſaid he, we will ſhew you that the great body of this houſe are ſitting here for money, and not by election. If you admit the fact, will you ſay that it is not an abuſe? If you ſtifle this by artifice, I ſay again, we ſhall become odious and contemptible to the nation, and they will look to themſelves, and Ireland muſt take her chance of ſuch conſtitution as may be made for her. If you do your duty, you may now form it yourſelves.

Mr. Curran then ſtated the reform which, he

ſaid

GAD A MERCY.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN as JEMMY JUMPS in the FARMER.

Gad a mercy! devil's in me! all the damſels wiſh to win me, all the
damſels, all the damſels, wiſh to win me. Like a May Pole, round me cluſter; hanging garlands, fuſs and fluſter; liſt'ning,
cap'ring, grinning, ſmirking, pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking, cocking bills up, chins up perking; Kates and
Betty's, Polls and Letty's, all were doating gentle creatures on theſe features, to their aprons all would pin me. Gad a
Sy.

he people; that the
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I wish to forward the
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stem, sir, prevents the
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f an aristocratic com-
much less necessary in England than here, for the constitution of Ireland is indeed worse, much worse than that of England.

I shall beg leave, sir, to throw out an idea of reform, which has occurred to me recently, and which therefore is not matured. It is that of giving to the county electors the power of returning all the members now returned within the county for boroughs, allowing however to each elector a voice only for one member.—I am decidedly against an internal reform of parliament without an external one;—for such a reform would only subjugate the country to the borough monopolists, and I would much rather have the power placed in the crown than in them. I seriously advise ministers to meet this subject fairly and freely; for, the reform of parliament, founded as it is in reason and justice, will ultimately establish itself.

Mr. Curran opposed the amendment proposed by the chancellor of the Exchequer, and supported the original motion with great warmth. He went into a number of different points of view of the question. He said, this was not a time for sophistry or quibble. A member of parliament ought to leave his ingenuity at the door, and bring into the house nothing but his ingenuousness and integrity.

We must be besotted indeed if we thought sophisms, which could not impose upon ourselves, could make dupes of the public. The question before us was the simplest imaginable. The house had come to a resolution of enquiring, "into the state of the representation." The committee had now met accordingly. What did they meet to inquire into? Was it the merits of the house of commons? No;—he said, every man knows the contrary; it was the defects of the representation complained of by the people, and admitted by the house itself.

When then could the chancellor of the Exchequer mean by proposing a fulsome panegyric on the merits of a body into whose defects they were ordered to enquire? If we do this, said he, we shall deceive nobody, not ourselves, not the people, they will dispise and detest us, for the hypocrisy and effrontery of such a procedure. He said parliament was at the very moment of crisis. The hope we had held out of constitutional redress, had held the disquiet of the public mind in suspence.

Our present conduct must be decisive; it must fix the public hope of reform to parliament, or shew the people they must look only to themselves. We had, he said, brought forward the first necessary step—the avowed abuse of parliament,—the sale of boroughs. Was this a fact? If you deny it, said he, we will shew you that the great body of this house are sitting here for money, and not by election. If you admit the fact, will you say that it is not an abuse? If you stifle this by artifice, I say again, we shall become odious and contemptible to the nation, and they will look to themselves, and Ireland must take her chance of such constitution as may be made for her. If you do your duty, you may now form it yourselves.

Mr. Curran then stated the reform which, he said

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damſels, pretty damſels, dowdy damſels, pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd, ſix foot, three foot, pale fac'd, plump fac'd, ſmall leg'd, thick leg'd, dowdy,
dainty, all run, all run after me Sir; For when pretty fellows we, pretty maids are frank and free. Gad a

mercy! devils in me! all the Ladies wish to win me. For their Stays taking measure, taking

measure, oh the pleasure, taking measure, taking measure, oh the pleasure; oh such tempting looks they ge me, wishing

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of my heart to nim me, pat and cry you devil Jemmy. Pretty ladies, ugly

ladies, black hair'd ladies, red hair'd ladies, six foot ladies, three foot ladies, pale fac'd ladies, plump fac'd ladies, small leg'd

ladies, thick leg'd ladies, dainty ladies, dowdy ladies, pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd, six foot, three foot, pale fac'd,

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ſaid, ought to take place. Sir, a fair repreſentation of the landed and commercial property of the nation; that, he ſaid, ought to be done forthwith as cautiouſly as may be, but certainly within this ſeſſion; otherwiſe it muſt be loſt, and the ſtate of Ireland, at war, divided and diſſatisfied, made it peculiarly neceſſary at this juncture. But, he ſaid, gentlemen deſired a plan. He expreſſed much indignation at this demand; to deny the diſeaſe, and demand the remedy, he ſaid, was ridiculouſly abſurd. He ſaid, he ſhould be ſorry to ſee a plan introduced until the neceſſity was confeſſed; it would be ſilly while that neceſſity was denied.

But he had another objection to the introduction of a plan; he thought it ought to be ſubject to all the conſideration within and without the houſe, which the ſeſſion would allow; and he thought the houſe ought to inſure the continuance of the ſeſſion for that great object. He had alſo another; the catholic queſtion muſt precede a reform. Their place in the ſtate muſt be decided firſt.

The queſtion, he ſaid, was ſhort, and would be deciſive. Ireland feels, that without an immediate reform, her liberty is gone. I think too: While a ſingle guard of Britiſh freedom, either internal or external is wanting, Ireland is in bondage; ſhe looks to us for that great emancipation; ſhe expects not impoſſibilities from us, but ſhe expects honeſty and plain dealing; and if ſhe finds them not, remember what I predict, ſhe will abominate her parliament, and look for a reform to herſelf.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

The Tear. By the late Queen of Denmark.

HOW prone the boſom is to ſigh!
How prone to weep's the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we ſteer,
This valley of a ſigh and *tear*.

When by the heart with ſorrow griev'd,
A thouſand bleſſings are receiv'd;
With ev'ry comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright virtue's *grateful tear*.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends long abſent meet once more;
Fraught with delight, and love ſincere,
'Tis then ſweet friendſhip's *joyful tear*.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade the heart;
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, O then, the *parting tear!*

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation ſign'd,
(The end of earthly beings near,)
'Tis then ſoft pity's *gentle tear*.

If on ſome lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colours, grace,
A pearly drop ſhould once appear,
'Tis then the lovely *beauteous tear*.

When mothers (O the grateful ſight!)
Their children view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge ſo dear,
'Tis then the fond *maternal tear*.

When lovers ſee the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid;
With conſcious bluſhing ſobs draw near,
'Tis then, O then, the *pleading tear*.

When two dear friends of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie combin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then, the *parting tear*.

But when the wretch, with ſin oppreſs'd,
Strikes in an agony his breaſt,
All torn with guilt, remorſe, and fear,
'Tis then the beſt, the *ſaving tear*.

The Smile.

(In Imitation of The Tear.)

Tho' vulgar horſe-laugh all revile,
E'en poliſh'd *Cheſterfield* would ſmile.

GAY Spring withdraws, ſtern Winter's
And proſp'rous commerce ſwells each
No more diſgrac'd by midnight broil—
All nature now is ſeen to *ſmile*.

The ruſtic ſwain with ſporting lay,
Hails the return of genial May,
And views with tranſport free from guile,
His charmer's dimpling *artleſs ſmile*.

Be it, you generous youths, your care,
To cheriſh, not betray, the fair;
Nor e'er excite, by wiſh ſo vile,
Indignant virtue's *ſcornful ſmile*.

For ah! the loſt deluded maid,
By fickle, barb'rous man betray'd,
Too ſoon adopts each artful wile,
Too ſoon allures with *wanton ſmile*.

And he, the wretch, whoſe cruel ſcorn,
Plants in her lovely breaſt the thorn,
Who dares her innocence defile—
That wretch indeed ſhould never *ſmile*.

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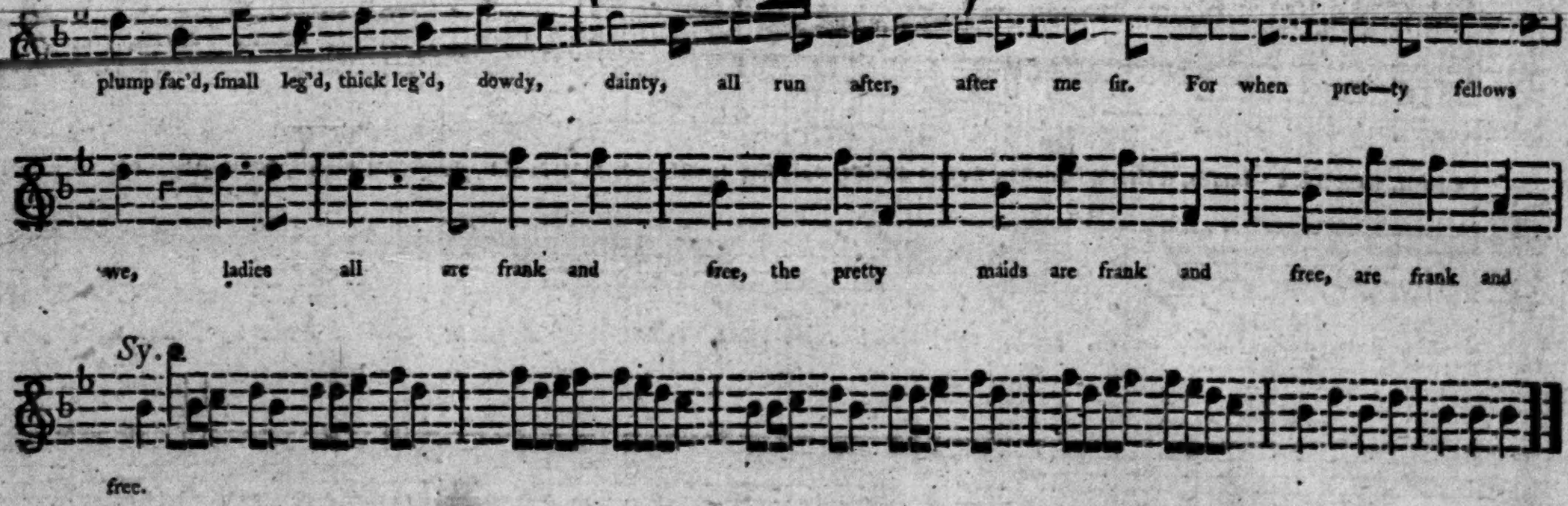
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Th'

Th' enamour'd youth his flame confeſs'd,
To the dear idol of his breaſt,
Beholds her beauteous cheek the while,
Irradiate with a *heav'nly ſmile.*

Again they meet—in ſweet embrace,
And gazing on each dear-lov'd face;
Then inſtant ſeek the hallow'd aile,
With Hymen's moſt *propitious ſmile.*

When two fond parents claſp the boy,
Their future hope, their preſent joy;
Sudden their ſwelling hearts recoil,
And tears bedew th' *extatic ſmile.*

The Indian, when depriv'd of life,
Is follow'd by his faithful wife;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt mounts the pile,
Expiring with a *martyr's ſmile.*

The baſe monopoliſt, whoſe ſtore
Swells with the ravage of the poor,
As ruthleſs he recounts the ſpoil,
" Grins horribly a *ghaſtly ſmile.*"

Not ſo the man, whoſe generous heart
Pants to the ſuff'rers to impart;
Each bleſſing wafted to our Iſle,
Rewarded by their *grateful ſmile.*

Rewarded by that conſcious glow,
Such liberal actions well beſtow,
By juſt ſucceſs that crowns his toil,
And bounteous heav'n's *approving ſmile.*

LAURA.

A Prologue to the Tragedy of Venice Preſerv'd; intended to have been performed in Sligo, by Ladies and Gentlemen, for the Benefit of an old Gentleman in Diſtreſs.

BEHOLD, advent'rous on this little ſtage,
A hardy band in virtue's cauſe engage.
Unpractis'd we to captivate the heart,
By mimic woe, by ſtudy'd groan or ſtart;
But nobleſt principles our ſouls inſpire,
Exalt each thought, and fan the ſacred fire
Within our breaſts; where charity alone
Excites each throb, and ſtimulates each groan;
Whence to each ſympathetic heart ſhe flies,
And calls ſoft pity's drops from beauty's eye's.
Apt to our purpoſe is the piece we've choſe,
Replete with ſcenes of deep domeſtic woes;
Where poverty's chill hand aſſaults the fair,
And drives the wretched huſband to deſpair;
Involves in guilt—no, there my tongue I check,
Of HIS integrity there's yet no wreck.
No rebel he to king, or native ſoil,
Tho' fortune frowns upon his honeſt toil;
Dooms him to ſad variety of pain,
And dread viciſſitudes of land and main,
Sends him thro' diſtant realms with weary tread,
Nor gives him where to reſt his weary head:
'Tis yours to end his wand'rings, and his woes,
And give his feeble age deſir'd repoſe.

Heav'n's Lord, for purpoſes of wiſe import,
Sends man to man for ſuccour and ſupport.
T'excite our moral faculties, and prove
All the ſweet intercourſe of mutual love:
Elſe would he with a word all ſorrows end,
And fortune's partial gifts more equal blend.
But pleas'd he delegates his power to bleſs,
That by conferring, you taſte happineſs.
A promiſe ſure of fuller bliſs to come.—
Hence man's uncertain and unequal doom,
Hence that to you is given the Godlike power
With bounteous hand to ſanctify this hour;
Hence, though no qualities of mind or ſoul,
Exempt from draining life's care-mingled bowl,
They yield the bright reward of honeſt fame,
And give on genuine worth a dearer claim.
Virtue will virtue's ſuff'rings relieve,
The friends of ſcience for her vot'ry grieve;
Nay, ſcience ſelf here tunes the ſuppliant reed,
(Her proudeſt ſon might glory in the meed.)
Here ev'ry human touch of mis'ry ſues,
Here *Otway's* ſpirit aids a hapleſs muſe,
Among the bleſt his boſom fondly glows
For kindred genius, and for kindred woes,
A like ſad fate our generous ſcene prevents,
A generous audience ſeconds our intents,
Nor *Otway* vainly, writes, nor LAUDA * repreſents;
She bleſs'd with more than Belvedera's charms,
Yet ſhrinks with female terrors and alarms;
With throbbing boſom anxious ſits within,
And trembling waits the ſignal to begin.
Reſolv'd, tho' diffidence and fear perplex,
To vanquiſh all the weakneſs of her ſex.
Adorn'd by ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
See *fortitude* aſcends into her face,
Whilſt *charity*, *compaſſion*, all the reſt
Retain their ſoft aſylum in her breaſt.
You, who the noble generous feelings know,
Which in the breaſt of virtue's children glow,
View her performance in it genuine ſenſe,
A ſacrifice to ſweet benevolence.
True ſings the bard that, " Heav'n connects in this
" Man's greateſt virtue, with his greateſt bliſs;
" Happier as kinder in whate'er degree;
" And height of bliſs but height of charity."
Oh, then juſt heav'n, may all who here this night,
Taſte that refin'd, that exquiſite delight,
Preſerve the ſacred boon and ſtill relieve,
Nor ever want what thus they lib'ral give.

MIRA.

NOTE.

* The name by which we diſtinguiſh a lady of birth and ſuperior talents, who generouſly undertook the part of Belvedera.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

☞ *IN a work whoſe object is not only to convey intelligence to the readers of the preſent day, but alſo to hand it down to poſterity; it ſhall be our care to inſert no Foreign Tranſaction but what is fully authenticated, we ſhall therefore avoid giving place to doubtful accounts (related frequently one day, and either contradicted or differently told the next,) or ſpeculative conjectures; but confine ourſelves entirely to what has the ſtamp of variety, by appearing in the* London Gazette; *that we may not miſlead our preſent or our future readers—and for the ſame reaſons ſhall ſtill farther confirm the above Intelligence by the addition of authentic State Papers, and Official Accounts.*

Letter of General Cuſtine to the Preſident of the National Convention.

"*Head-Quarters General at Weiſſembourg, May 7, 1793.*

"*Citizen Preſident,*

"I CANNOT command the armies of the Rhine and the Moſelle, which have been entruſted to me, after having loſt the confidence of citizens Ruamps, Montout, and Sobrani, the commiſſioners of the repreſentatives of the people. I cannot doubt that the firſt has brought with him the moſt diſagreeable and moſt unmerited prejudices againſt me.

"Theſe three commiſſioners, on Saturday the 27th of April, brought me to trial before them, giving me, as antagoniſt, Lieutenant Colonel Oſenſtein, one of the leaſt reſpectable ſubjects of the Republic.

"At preſent, after returning from a journey which I was obliged to take to the Upper Rhine, for the intereſt of the Republic, I was violently accuſed by one of the repreſentatives, in preſence of a number of the officers of the army reſpecting a letter which I wrote to the Duke of Brunſwick; an exact copy I have here ſubjoined, with my private thoughts, by which it was dictated, explained in the margin. As long as I was obliged only to interpret my expreſſions, I anſwered with all that moderation which the commiſſioners had a right to expect; but when one of them, whom the reſt applauded, accuſed me of having diſplayed in that letter ſentiments unworthy of a republican, I can no longer, after ſuch an injury, continue to command the armies of the Republic; and for its intereſt I requeſt that you will appoint ſome one to ſucceed me; for I cannot command the French troops after their delegates announced to me that they refuſed me their eſteem; and it would be diſhonouring the poſt to which your confidence raiſed me, and by ſhewing myſelf unworthy of that teſtified to me by my fellow-citizens, if through an ambition I ſhould retain an office in which ſuch language would deprive me of the means of being able to diſcharge the duties of it.

"The character which I had even before the aſſembly of the ſtates general, the opinions which at that epoch were in me the reſult of long experience, and of mature obſervation, made in the midſt of courts, (an experience and obſervation which gave riſe to my republican principles) are the ſame at preſent; but as they are the reſult of principles long ago deeply ſtudied, they have not produced that exaggeration which makes ſome deſpiſe all Kings, becauſe they have had the misfortune to be born on the throne.

"I beg the repreſentatives of the people to remember, that I demanded the reſtoration of a villain, and that I was not making an eulogium; but I will again repeat, let impartial men read my letter, and they will ſee whether I offer incenſe to the virtues of the King of Pruſſia—on the contrary they will read, and I hope not to be compelled to pronounce opinions ſo unfavourable to him as thoſe which would be excited in my mind by his granting protection to traitors.

"I ſhall not here mention the harſh expreſſions with which this charge was accompanied, becauſe they concern myſelf perſonally. I inſiſt only on the impoſſibility under which I am of being able to diſcharge theſe functions which I am deſirous to ſee taken from me. My wiſhes for the glory of the arms of the Republic are, however, not leſs ſincere. I wiſh that another more fortunate than myſelf may unite the confidence of the commiſſioners to the talents neceſſary for enſuring our ſucceſs. Till the laſt moment I ſhall neglect nothing to attain that end, the object of all my vows; but I muſt inform you, repreſentatives of the people, that it is abſolutely requiſite that ſome one may be appointed to fill my place as ſoon as poſſible, I ſhall wait for my ſucceſſor and give him an account of all my plans.

(Signed) "CUSTINE."

From the London Gazette.

Whitehall, April 22.] The ratifications of the convention; ſigned the 12th of February laſt, between his Majeſty and the Catholic King, for the final adjuſtment of the Nootka claims, were this day exchanged at Whitehall, between Sir Ralph Woodford, Bart. Commiſſary and Plenipotentiary, on the part of his Majeſty, and Don Manuel De Las Heras, his Catholic Majeſty's Commiſſary and Plenipotentiary.

May 3.] On the 1ſt inſt. the French attacked

the advanced poſt of the left wing of the Combined Army, but were repulſed in all their attempts. On the ſame morning the French alſo attacked the advanced poſts on the center, but were there likewiſe repulſed: they ſuffered in theſe ſeveral engagements a conſiderable loſs both of men and cannon.

Extract of a letter from Colonel Sir James Murray Bart. Adjutant-General to the Forces under the command of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, to Mr. Secretary Dundas, dated Tournay, May 10, 1793.

In conſequence of the movements of the enemy, which gave reaſon to expect an attack upon the Auſtrian and Pruſſian poſts, his royal highneſs determined to march in the morning of the 8th to their ſupport. He arrived about ſix o'clock at the camp of Maulde with the brigade of Guards, and a battalion of the 10th regiment of Hanoverian infantry. The Pruſſian General was by this means enabled to reinforce himſelf, at St. Amand and the adjoining wood, with the troops which had occupied that important poſition.

The attack commenced about ſeven o'clock. It was directed againſt the poſts occupied by General CLAIRFAIT, which extend from the Scheldt to the Abbaye de Vicogne, and the Pruſſian corps which defends the wood in the front of the high road, leading from that place to St. Amand.

To theſe points were directed the whole efforts of the French army, which had been previouſly reinforced by all they could bring together from every quarter. Gen. KNOBELSDORFF, having been under the neceſſity of ſending a conſiderable part of his troops to ſupport the Auſtrians at the Abbaye de Vicogne, his royal highneſs, about five o'clock left two battalions in the camp at Maulde, and marched with the Coldſtream, the flank battalion, and that of the third Regiment, to his ſupport. When the battalion of the Coldſtream, which was upon the left, arrived, the enemy had nearly reached the road; they already commanded it, to a great degree, by their fire: the guns attached to the battalion were placed upon it, and, by a well-directed and well-ſupported fire, kept the battery which was oppoſed to them in check, and did conſiderable execution.

The battalion advanced into the wood, attacked and drove the enemy before them: in going forward, they became unfortunately expoſed to the fire of a battery from which they ſuffered ſeverely. They fell back to their poſition at the edge of the wood, which they maintained for the reſt of the day, notwithſtanding a very heavy cannonade; the enemy made no attempt to approach them. Nothing can exceed the ſpirit and bravery diſplayed by the men and officers of the battalion upon this occaſion; nor is leſs praiſe due to the alacrity and intrepidity with which the other battalions advanced into action. They took different poſitions in the wood, where they were at times expoſed to a ſevere cannonade, from which however, they received little injury, the direction of the fire being in general above them. There were ſeen this morning between forty and fifty of the French lying dead upon the ſpot upon which the fire of the Coldſtream and of its guns had been directed. Major Gen. LAKE commanded the battalions which went into action; and his royal highneſs declared that he was much indebted to him for his exertion.

The importance of the ſervice rendered by his Majeſty's troops upon this day has been acknowledged in the ſtrongeſt and moſt explicit terms, by their timely co-operation, the enemy were prevented from advancing upon the high road, it cannot be doubted that they contributed, in a very high degree, to ſecure the fortune of the day.

At the Abbaye de Vicogne and the village of Raimes the action continued with almoſt equal and unremitting violence, till eight o'clock in the evening; Gen. CLAIRFAYT was every where ſucceſsful in maintaining his ground, the enemy, however, though baffled and defeated in their purpoſe, remained in the woods, within a very ſmall diſtance of his poſts. During the action they cannonaded the Pruſſian camp near St. Amand.---I am not exactly informed what meaſures they took in order to keep the Prince of COBOURG in check; but it appears that nothing of moment paſſed in that quarter.

Upon the following day, the 9th, there was little firing, and it was not known what might be the intention of the enemy. His royal highneſs thought it therefore proper to let the troops remain till the evening at St. Amand and Maulde: every thing being quiet, and intelligence having been received that the troops oppoſed to general Knobelſdorfe were retreating, they began their march for Tournay, but he was ſtopped at the village of Maulde, by a meſſage from general Clairfayt, informing him that the enemy had erected batteries all along his front, as well as upon ſome part of general Knobelſdorfe's, which, if they were allowed to compleat and poſſeſs, it would become extremely difficult for him to maintain his poſition. His royal highneſs immediately ſtopped the march of the troops, and went himſelf to St. Amand, where he was met by general Clairfayt and general Knobelſdorfe. It was agreed that the Auſtrians and Pruſſians ſhould aſſault the whole of the batteries at day-break, whilſt his royal highneſs kept poſſeſſion of the camp at Maulde.

This was done accordingly, and had the deſired ſucceſs. The enemy had withdrawn their cannon in the night; but they were entirely driven from the batteries, ſeveral killed, and upwards of 100 priſoners taken, with a very inconſiderable loſs. Thus defeated upon every occaſion, the enemy ſeem to have entirely abandoned their deſign: the body which came from Liſle has fallen back upon Orchies. There was firing to-day at one of general Clairfayt's poſts, but nothing which had the appearance of a ſerious attack. By the account of deſerters and priſoners, they loſt 4,000 men upon the 8th.---General Dampierre is ſaid to have received a wound, of which he is ſince dead.

The troops arrived this evening in their former quarters.

The

The Auſtrians had upwards of 500 killed and wounded, and the Pruſſians 300, on the 8th.

Whitehall, May 27.] Captain Craufurd, aid-de-camp to his royal highneſs the duke of York, arrived here yeſterday evening, with a diſpatch from ſir James Murray, bart. adjutant-general to the forces under the command of his royal highneſs, of which the following is a copy.

SIR, *Famars, May* 25, 1793.

I am happy to have the honour of informing you, that the combined forces, under the command of his royal highneſs have defeated the enemy, and driven them from the ſtrong camp of Famars.

A body of ſixteen battalions, viz. the brigade of Britiſh, two battalions of Hanoverian guards, two battalions of Hanoverian grenadiers, and eight battalions of Auſtrian infantry, with ſix ſquadrons of Britiſh light dragoons, four of Hanoverian and eight of Auſtrian cavalry, with a great proportion of heavy artillery, aſſembled very early in the morning of the 23d, under the command of his royal highneſs. They were to arrive at day-break upon the bank of the Ronelle near the village of Ortie, to eſtabliſh bridges to paſs the river and turn the right of the enemy.—Another column of nearly equal force under general Ferraris, was deſtined to attack the works which had been thrown up upon the right bank of the Ronelle, and after carrying them, to ſecond the operations of his royal highneſs as circumſtances might direct: a column, under the command of general Colloredo, was employed to obſerve Valenciennes; and another under general Otto, to cover Queſnoy.

The enemy attempted an attack upon the latter, in which they were repulſed, with the loſs of three pieces of cannon; two were taken by a detachment of huſſars. A thick fog occaſioned ſome delay in the advance of the troops. Upon their approach to the Ronelle ſeveral batteries were opened from the oppoſite ſide, but from ſuch a diſtance as to produce little effect.

They were anſwered and kept in awe by the Auſtrian and Hanoverian heavy artillery. After ſome time ſpent in cannonading, two diviſions of huſſars paſſed the river without oppoſition at a ford in the village of Merſhe.

His royal highneſs ordered the brigade of guards, two battalions of Auſtrian infantry, ſix ſquadrons of Britiſh and two of Hanoverian light cavalry, to purſue the ſame route, in order to take the batteries in flank, and ſecure a paſſage for the reſt of his troops. This movement had the deſired ſucceſs; the enemy retreated from all their poſts, falling back upon a redoubt which they had thrown up upon the commanding heights behind the village of Famars.

General Ferraris, after cannonading ſome time, attacked, upon his ſide, and carried the entrenchments by aſſault. The troops of the different nations diſplayed the utmoſt firmneſs and intrepidity in this arduous undertaking. The Britiſh troops, who had this opportunity of diſtinguiſhing themſelves, were the brigade of the line, viz. the 14th and 53d regiments, with the battalion formed from their light infantry and grenadier companies, commanded by major general Abercromby. I encloſe a return of their loſs. Seven pieces of cannon, and near 200 priſoners, were taken in the redoubts. Some ſquadrons of French cavalry appearing at this time, and threatening the flank of the infantry, though ſuperior in number, they were attacked with the greateſt valour by the regiment of Hanoverian garde de corps. The conteſt was of the ſevereſt kind; the ſquadrons mixed with one another, and the French were defeated, though not without conſiderable loſs to the garde de corps; the regiment had, upon that and other occaſions, three officers killed one taken, and four wounded, and ſixty-ſeven killed and wounded non-commiſſioned officers and privates. The reſt of the Hanoverian troops loſt about thirty-five men killed and wounded.

His royal highneſs advanced, with a part of the troops, to a hollow way within a ſmall diſtance of the works; but obſerving, from the diſpoſition of the enemy, that they could not be carried at that time without conſiderable loſs, from which no proportionable benefit would ariſe, he thought it better to defer the attack till next morning at day-break, approaching and turning them in the night.

The enemy, apprehenſive of the conſequences of ſuch a movement, abandoned the works as ſoon as it was dark, and withdrew into Valenciennes. This important poſition is now occupied by his royal highneſs, who has been joined by the reſt of his column.

It appears that the French Generals, foreſeeing they could not defend the paſſage of the Ronelle, and unwilling to riſk the event of a deciſive engagement in ſo confined a ſituation as that between the Ronelle and the Scheldt, made early preparation for retreat. They paſſed the Scheldt, and were ſeen marching towards Denain. Capt. Craufurd, Aid-de-Camp to His Royal Highneſs, obſerving a column of baggage, which was proceeding towards the River, took two ſquadrons of the 11th Regiment of Light Dragoons, though the convoy was at that time rather in the rear of their own works, and attacked and diſperſed the troops who eſcorted it, killed and wounded between 50 and 60, took 56 priſoners, and 8 waggons and 30 horſes.---The enemy advanced in force from the camp, and attempted to cut off this Detachment; they however effected their retreat with the loſs of only 3 men killed and 3 horſes. The enterprize and good conduct of captain Craufurd upon this occaſion, as well as the behaviour of the men and officers of the 11th regiment of Light Dragoons, has been highly approved of by his royal highneſs.

General Chiffait, upon his ſide, attacked and carried the heights of Anzain, a poſt of the utmoſt conſequence, which, to a certain degree, overlooks the citadel of Valenciennes, and which compleats the inveſtment of the place.

In this manner, with a loſs of men, which muſt be deemed very inconſiderable when compared with the importance of the object which has been attained, have the enemy been obliged to abandon a poſition upon which they had placed great re-

liance, which they had occupied long, and fortified with care, and to leave Valenciennes and Conde to their fate.

In the variety of attacks which took place, I cannot at this moment state with precision the loss upon either side: That of the combined armies is very small upon this side of the Scheldt, not above 250 killed and wounded: That of general Clairfait's corps of Anzain was more considerable than any other, and equal perhaps to the whole. That of the enemy was unquestionably greater.

Captain Craufurd, who carries this letter, will explain any further particulars of which you may be desirous to be informed.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) JAMES MURRAY.

The Right Hon. Henry Dundas,
&c. &c. &c.

Return of the KILLED and WOUNDED of the Second Brigade of British Infantry, commanded by Major General ABERCROMBY, in the action of the 23d of May, 1793.

Flank Corps, 14th regiment. Two rank and file wounded.

Ditto, 37th regiment. 1 drummer killed; 2 rank and file wounded.

Ditto, 53d regiment, 1 rank and file killed; 2 rank and file wounded.

14th regiment. 2 serjeants, 5 rank and file wounded.

53d regiment. 1 rank and file wounded.

Total. 1 drummer, 1 rank and file killed; 2 serjeants, and 12 rank and file wounded.

(Signed) R. ABERCROMBY,
Major-General.

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, *June*, 17, 1793.

ON Saturday morning general Dumourier arrived in town from Flanders, and soon after had a long conference with Mr. Rose, at his house in Palace-yard, Westminster. He comes under a passport of the duke of York, and therefore it is conjectured that he has a commission to execute. He has taken up his residence at a hotel in Leicester fields.

Translation of a Letter from Gen. Dumourier to Lord Grenville.

Saturday, June 15, 1793.

"My lord,

"I charge Monsieur De Lacoste, a merchant of Brussels, to deliver to your excellency this letter, and two passports from the arch-duke Charles; the one under the name of Charles Peralta, the other under my real name. I found great inconvenience in travelling through Germany without this precaution; and it was by the advice of Messrs. de Metternich and de Mercy, together with their friends, that I took an Italian name.

"My intention is not to stay in London, being too well known there to make my situation agreeable; I seek a house at a distance from London, where I can remain quiet, and wait the end of the troubles of my unfortunate country. If the greatest statesman in Europe, Mr. Pitt, and you my lord, will agree to this, so necessary for my safety, and my repose, I shall remain in the greatest privacy.

My lord Auckland, will acquaint your excellency of what the chevalier de Maulde informed him during the negociation. My lord Gower will also give you an account of my conduct towards England, during my ministry; but it is not for these that I claim the generosity of the English nation.

"Your lordship will see that it was necessity alone that made me change my name, when I came to seek an asylum in England. I respect the laws. The fiction I made use of when at Dover was merely local, and I hasten to repair it by a true declaration of myself.

"If my request can be granted, I will comply with whatever the prudence of the minister shall require of me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "DUMOURIER."

Lord Grenville's Answer.

"*Whitehall, June* 16, 1793.

"I received, Sir, this morning, the letter you did me the honour to address to me. It is the business of the secretary of state for the home department to take the orders of his majesty relative to the residence of strangers in this kingdom, and to notify the same officially; but as it is to me that you have addressed yourself on this occasion, I could not do otherwise than acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and answer the demand contained therein.

"Your stay in England will be subject to too many inconveniencies, to make it possible for the government of this country to permit it. I cannot but regret, that you had not gained information in this particular before you came to England. If your wish had been made known to me before you undertook the journey, I would have informed you without reserve, that it would have been a useless one. It remains now with me to point out to you my opinion, that you must conform, without delay, to the decision I have been under the necessity to communicate to you by this letter.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "GRENVILLE."

M. DUMOURIER.

Gen. Dumourier, on his arrival at Ostend, was arrested by the express order of the Prince de Cobourg, on account of the vindications of the revolution in 1789, which he had published at Brussels.

The mob finding, for the first time, that their enmity to this officer was sanctioned from authority would have torn him to pieces, if he had not thrown himself on the generous protection of

two

two Britiſh officers of the 27th regiment, by whom he was eſcorted to the quarters of Gen. Erſkine.

He is now on his way to ſome fortreſs, as yet unnamed in Germany.

Admiralty Office, June, 22, 1793.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Edward Pellew, of his Majeſty's Ship La Nymphe, to Mr. Stevens, dated off Portland, June 19, 1793.

I have the honour to inform you, that, at day-light yeſterday morning, I was ſo fortunate as to fall in with the national French Frigate, La Cleopatra, mounting 40 guns, and manned with 320 men, commanded by Monſieur Jean Mullon, three days from St. Maloes and had taken nothing.

We brought her to cloſe action at half paſt ſix, and in 55 minutes took poſſeſſion of her: the two ſhips having fallen on board each other, we boarded her from the quarter deck, and ſtruck her colours; and finding it impoſſible to clear the ſhips, then hanging head and ſtern, we came to anchor, which divided us, after we had received on board 150 priſoners. The enemy fought us like brave men, neither ſhip firing a ſhot untill we had hailed. Her captain was killed, three lieutenants wounded; the number of men not yet aſcertained, but from the beſt accounts, about 60; her mizen maſt overboard, and her tiller ſhot off. I am extremely concerned ſhe was not purchaſed at a leſs expence of valuable officers and men on our part, whoſe loſs I cannot ſufficiently regret, and to whoſe gallantry I cannot poſſibly do juſtice. We had 23 men killed, and 27 wounded, of which a liſt is encloſed.

I am very particularly indebted to my firſt lieutenant, Mr. Amherſt Morris and no leſs ſo to lieutenants George, Luke and Richard Pellew, and I was ably ſeconded on the quarter-deck by lieut. John Whitaker, of the marines, and Mr. Thompſon, the maſter; and I hope I do not preſume in recommending thoſe officers to their lordſhips protection and favour: and I ſhould do injuſtice to my brother captain Iſrael Pellew, who was accidentally on board, if I could poſſibly omit ſaying how much I owe him for his very diſtinguiſhed firmneſs, and the encouraging example he held forth to a young ſhip's company, by taking upon him the directions of ſome guns on the main deck.

A liſt of the Killed and Wounded on board his Majeſty's ſhip La Nymphe, Edward Pellew, Eſq. Capt. in an engagement with La Cleopatra, a French frigate, off the Start, on the 19th of June 1793.

KILLED.

Mr. Tobias James, Boatſwain.
Mr. Richard Pearſe, Maſter's Mate.
Mr. George Boyd, Midſhipman.
Mr. John Davies, ditto.
Mr. Samuel Edſall, ditto.

Together with fourteen ſeamen and four private marines.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. George Luke, ſecond Lieutenant.
Mr. John A. Norway, Midſhipman.
Mr. John Plaine, ditto.
Mr. John Whitaker, Lieutenant of Marines.

Together with ſeventeen ſeamen and ſix private Marines.

29.] Yeſterday at half-paſt twelve o'clock, the king came from Windſor lodge to St. James's where his majeſty held a levee. Capt. Edward Pellew was introduced to the king by the Earl of Chatham and received the honour of Knighthood.———Lieutenant Pellew was alſo introduced by the earl of Chatham, on being promoted to the rank of poſt captain.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Wexford, July 15.

TUESDAY, two men were committed to goal, charged on oath with being concerned in a riotous mob who had aſſembled on Monday laſt, at Templeſcoby, near Enniſcorthy, and for having arms in their poſſeſſion loaded with powder and ball.

Thurſday morning an anonymous letter was received by a reſpectable inhabitant, deſiring him to apply to the Magiſtrates to liberate the above men, threatening, in caſe of refuſal, to come in a body of 3000, and burn the town. Little notice was taken of this threat; nor did the inhabitants appear alarmed, till about three o'clock, when a gentleman rode haſtily through the town, to inform the Magiſtrates that the mob were not more than a quarter of a mile off, and appeared in great force.

Lieutenant Buckby, who commanded the detachment quartered in Taghmon, and who had been in town that day, alone, on regimental buſineſs, was, on his return to join his command, taken priſoner by the mob, and forced to march back with them to Wexford.

This alarming intelligence was immediately communicated to the Barrack, and in a few minutes about 50 ſoldiers of the 56th regiment, with three magiſtrates, headed by the brave but unfortunate Major Vallotton, marched to meet the inſurgents, who were drawn up, at the upper end of John-ſtreet, and in the road leading to Taghmon, in readineſs to receive them.

The Major, humanely intending to expoſtulate with them, advanced a few paces before his party; time was not given him to ſpeak; Lieutenant Buckby broke from the mob, who inſtantly fired at him; Major Vallotton was knocked down by them; a ſhort but deſperate conflict then enſued. We are ſorry to add, that Major Vallotton is ſince dead of his wounds.—The ri-

oters

others ran off in every direction, having nine men killed on the ſpot, and a conſiderable number wounded; many of whom are ſince dead.

Thus periſhed, by the hands of a lawleſs mob, the gallant Vallotton, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf laſt war, at the ſiege of Gibraltar, under the immortal ELLIOT, as firſt Aid-de-Camp to that General!

We are concerned to ſay, that two innocent people, whoſe curioſity led them too near the ſcene of action, unfortunately loſt their lives, and three or four were ſlightly wounded.

It may not be improper here to mention, that a party of 15 ſoldiers, headed by James Boyd, Eſq. eſcorting a priſoner from Taghmon to Wexford, met, near Bettiville, a number of the rioters, who had been routed in the engagement at Wexford, on whom the party fired, killed two men on the ſpot, and wounded ſeveral.

The number of the inſurgents killed, including thoſe who have ſince died of their wounds, (ſeveral having been found dead in the fields near town) is computed to be not leſs than 100.---A number of priſoners were taken and lodged in gaol; alſo ſeveral horſes, which were ſold by auction, and the money kept in the hands of the magiſtrates, hereafter to be diſtributed amongſt the ſoldiers for their gallant behaviour.

A number of guns, and various kinds of weapons have been taken, all of which have been lodged in the Barrack.

Every precaution is uſed to prevent a reſcue of the priſoners confined in goal. Two pieces of cannon are planted on that part of Barrack-hill which commands the whole ſtreet and entrance into the goal, and four more are ready to be tranſported to any other place in caſe of emergeney.

Particulars of the proceedings of Captain Forbes's detachments.

Having arrived at Bruff, about twelve miles from hence) at eight in the evening, and perceiving no appearance of tumults, not a man to be ſeen in the ſtreets, the ſhops and windows all ſhut, they were proceeding thro' the town, drums beating and fifes playing, when in an inſtant a ſmart fire was poured upon them from the houſes —the firing then commenced on both ſides; Captain Forbes ordered the field pieces to be pointed againſt the houſes whence he received the hotteſt fire; theſe were partly levelled; and the aſſailants drove from them: the muſketry fired at intervals during the night, as did the field pieces ſome rounds of grape ſhot—towards morning the people quit the town, leaving behind them two dead, which were all that could be diſcovered, though it is ſuppoſed many more muſt have ſuffered. The military returned at eight o'clock in the evening with two priſoners; three of their own party were wounded, and a man lately in the Militia, who went through curioſity, was unfortunately killed by the ſoldiers: the officers and men behaved with the greateſt activity and ſteadineſs.

We cannot omit mentioning the manly, cool, and intrepid conduct of Mr. Widenham, on the above occaſion, who was expoſed during the whole time not only to the ſame dangers with the army, but to more, as he was, more conſpicious, being the only civil commander preſent.

At eleven o'clock laſt night arrived Captain Wood's detachment of the 34th, which went to Kilfinane, they brought in 25 priſoners, and lodged them in our goal; they were fired on as they paſſed through Bruff, but returned the fire, that of the people ſoon ceaſed, and the Military took ſome of the above priſoners in that quarter. A troop of horſe accompanied them through the country.

On Tueſday laſt the Rev. Dr. Maunſell, returning to town thro' Athlacka, met near that place, a private of the Marines, who was on his way to Kerry, and had been wounded in ſeveral parts of his body. The Dr. ſtopped, had the man diſguiſed in a ſervant's great coat, took him into his carriage, and brought him ſafe to town, where he had a ſurgeon immediately to attend him, and every other neceſſary aſſiſtance given.—Thus, by the humanity of Dr. Maunſell, a poor innocent man, going to ſee his friends, was ſaved from further danger, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

Yeſterday a corporal and 6 men of the 34th, returning here with a deſerter, were met by a mob at Pallas Green, in this county, who reſcued the deſerter, took their arms, and wounded the ſoldiers in a deſperate manner.

Tralee, June 19.] "A few days ago a large Dutch ſhip, called the Zealiſt, anchored in Ballyheige Bay, in great diſtreſs. She came from Euſtatia, bound for Amſterdam, and was captured by the Egalite privateer the 29th of April laſt. Some time afterwards ſhe was re-taken by the ſhip Kingſton, letter of marque of London, bound to Jamaica; ſhe had on board eight or nine cheſts of gold duſt, and 200 tons of ivory, all of which, with every thing elſe of value, were taken by the French privateer.

"The captain, Adrian Mathewſon, with the crew, except two men and a boy, were taken out, and a French crew put on board. When re-taken captain Florence Mahony, was put on board to command her, with orders to make the firſt port of England, and then wait on Meſſrs. Dunbar and Jemiſon, Tencourt, London, for further inſtructions. A few days after Mahony got mad, hailed another ſhip and put the Frenchmen, except one, on board, giving for reaſon that he was in dread of being murdered by them—he alſo put two of his men on board, and got a man from her.

"A few days after, Mahony threw himſelf out of the cabin window, firſt doing as much damage as he could to the ſhip.—Having no mariners on board, they put the veſſel before the wind, and took chance for the firſt port, which happened to be Ballyheige:—She is now ſafely anchored at the Samphire Iſland, is copper bottomed, mounts 18 guns, and burden 600 tons."

June 28.] A mob of 3000 people aſſembled at Cattlecomer, in order to liberate a man who had been apprehended for circulating hand-bills againſt the Militia—the man was prudently given, but not ſatisfied with this, they attacked the houſe of Mr. Wilſon who had apprehended him; repulſed

pulſed at firſt by a diſcharge of muſketry from within, by which two of them were partly killed, they returned, ſet fire to the houſe, and murdered Mrs. Wilſon in endeavouring to eſcape the flames.---One of the ringleaders is taken.

Belfaſt, June 29.] On Tueſday laſt, there was a meeting of the governors and deputy governors held at Rathfryland, for the purpoſe of receiving objections from ſuch as might prefer them, againſt ſerving in the militia. An immenſe concourſe of people aſſembled on the occaſion, in order to teſtify their diſapprabation of the meaſure. The governors were attended by a party of the military, horſe and foot, and the day paſſed without any diſturbance.---But yeſterday, a ſimilar meeting was held at Caſtlereagh, which terminated far otherwiſe---the particulars of this tranſaction are ſo variouſly related, that it is impoſſible yet to come to an accurate knowledge of the real ſtate of the caſe: ſuffice it for the preſent to ſay, that a ſerious ſcuffle took place between the people who were aſſembled, unarmed, to the number of one thouſand or upward, and the dragoons, who guarded the governors, in which the latter were likely to be worſted---when expreſſes were ſent to Liſburn and this place, for all the military to proceed immediately to the aid of the dragoons---the people in the interim diſperſed. We are ſorry to add that ſome lives were unfortunately loſt, we have yet heard with certainty of no more than five killed, but ſeveral were dangerouſly wounded---none of the military were either killed or much hurt---ſhots were fired on the populace from the houſe where the governors had aſſembled. Caſtlereagh is a ſmall village, three miles diſtant from this town.

Limerick, July 17.] On Thurſday laſt a number of miſguided people aſſembled near the hoſpital in this county, for the purpoſe of ſwearing each other.---James Gubbins, of Kenmare-Caſtle, Eſq. on hearing of the meeting attended immediately, and remonſtrated with them on the impropriety of their proceedings; the aſſurance this gentleman gave them with his known character as a good landlord, a man of benevolence, and an upright magiſtrate, operated ſo as to cauſe them to diſperſe quietly in that quarter, and it is much to be wiſhed that ſuch timely interference would on all ſuch occaſions be uſed, to prevent trouble to the army and deſtruction to the unfortunate and infatuated people.

DUBLIN, *July*, 4, 1793.

YESTERDAY, were executed at the front of the new gaol, in Green-ſtreet, Laurence and Patrick Penroſe, (brothers) John Delany, and Edward Boyce. The three firſt for the murder of counſellor O'Grady, and the latter for firing a loaded piſtol at a policeman with intent to kill him.

They were executed two at a time: Delany and Boyce were thrown off firſt about one o'clock, and after hanging better than half an hour, were cut down, and the Penroſe's immediately followed.

They all acknowledged the juſtice of their ſentence. Boyce and Delany behaved in a hardened manner, and did not ſeem to have a terror of death upon them.——The Penroſe's before they were turned off, took an affecting leave of each other, and behaved with a propriety ſuitable to their unfortunate ſituation.

The three for the murder of counſellor O'Grady, denied each having perpetrated the act, but confeſſed being preſent at the time that gentleman was ſhot.——The bodies of the four were ſent to the ſurgeon's-hall for diſſection, according to the ſtatute.

Same day, at the commiſſion of Oyer and Terminer, James Sewell proprietor of a public-houſe in Barrack ſtreet, was arraigned and tried on an indictment, for an aſſault and illegal impriſonment of Robert Steven Williamſon, Eſq; of the poſt-office, on the 9th day of June laſt.

It appeared that the proſecutor, who had ſpent the day in the country, was returning to town through Barrack-ſtreet, between nine and ten o'clock on the night of the ſaid day, and hearing a fiddle playing in the houſe of Sewell, he ſtopped, and was invited in by Sewell and a ſerjeant Kelly, and having gone in accordingly, Kelly threw a ſhilling towards Mr. Williamſon's boot, which he took up and threw back again to Kelly.

Upon this, Kelly and Sewell told him he was the king's man, and that the ſhilling was to drink his majeſty's health. Mr. Williamſon then remonſtrated with them, and informed them, that he was not of that claſs of perſons who commonly inliſt as ſoldiers, holding an employment in the Poſt-office; but notwithſtanding, they detained him cloſe priſoner all that night and the next day, and between three and four in the afternoon brought him in a coach down to Rogerſon's-quay, and ſent him on board the Mary ſloop, a tender lying in this harbour, where, after receiving groſs abuſe from the parties, he was detained until the following day, when getting an opportunity of ſending a meſſage to the Poſt-office, he was liberated by the lord mayor and one of the ſheriffs.

Sewell was found guilty, and Kelly not appearing until the trial was over, was ordered to Newgate to abide his trial at the next commiſſion.

BIRTHS.

IN Eccles-ſtreet, the lady of Henry Hutton, eſq. one of the high ſheriffs of the city of Dublin, of a daughter.——In Dorſet-ſtreet, the lady of major Archbold, of a ſon.——In Merrion-ſtreet, the lady of the right rev. lord biſhop of Kilmore, of a daughter.——At Newtown-Pery, co. Limerick, the lady of Thomas Fitzgibbon, eſq. of a ſon.——In Merrion-Avenue, co. Dublin, the lady of Peter Digges Latouche, eſq. of a ſon.——In Eccles-ſtreet, the lady of colonel Cowley, of a daughter.——At Brookhill, co. Mayo, the lady of Joſeph Lambert, eſq. of a ſon.——At Stephen's-Green, the lady of the right hon. the earl of Mountcaſhel, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

AT Limerick, John Anderſon, eſq. to Miſs Ann Davis.——Edmond Morrogh, of Kilworth, eſq. to Miſs Lombard, daughter of the

the late James Lombard, of the city of Cork, eſq.——At Charles-Fort, Kinſale, Francis Lloyde, of Mount-Catharine, co. Clare, eſq. to Miſs Maria Johnſton, of Snow-hill, co. Fermanagh.——H. D. Bland eſq. to Miſs Graham, of James's-ſtreet.——William Swan, eſq. an eminent ſurgeon, to Miſs Semple, of Grafton-ſtreet.——Daniel Woodward, of Buſhy-park, eſq. to Miſs Mary Ann Bell, of Bell-grove, both in the co. Tipperary.——Abraham Bradley King, of Dame-ſtreet, eſq. to Miſs Oulton, of Dawſon-ſtreet.——In Gardiner's-row, by the lord biſhop of Oſſory, Dudley Loftus, of Killyon, co. Meath, eſq. to the hon. lady Jane Gore, youngeſt daughter (by his firſt wife) of the right hon. the earl of Arran, and niece to the earl of Anneſley.——In North Great George's-ſtreet, Richard Creagh, eſq. to Miſs Matilda Parſons, of Parſonſtown, King's co.——At Portarlington, John Maunſell, eſq. to Miſs Ann Handcock, daughter of the late rev. dean Handcock.——Richard Telford, of Mount-Temple, county Weſtmeath, eſq. to Miſs Short, only daughter of William Short, of Jervis-ſtreet, eſq.——Joſeph Glenny, of Glouceſter-ſtreet, eſq. to Miſs M. Bourſiquot, of Great Britain-ſtreet.——Robert William Wakenham, of Rathkeal, eſq. to Miſs Hare, daughter of Robert Hare, of Ballybrown, co. Limerick, eſq.——Nicholas Coddington, of Farm, eſq. to Miſs Barry, daughter of Gaynor Barry, eſq. and ſiſter to lady viſcounteſs Allen.

DEATHS.

AT Lucan, co. Dublin, Mrs. Dillon, lady of Charles Dillon, of Liſmuſſen, co. Meath, eſq.——At Portſmouth, William Biſton, lieut. in his majeſty's royal navy, and ſon of doctor Biſton, of Limerick.——In Dorſet-ſtreet, moſt ſincerely and deſervedly lamented, for her many amiable qualities, in the prime of her youth, Mrs. Buckworth, lady of captain Buckworth, and only daughter of alderman ſir Thomas Blackall.——In York-ſtreet, Edward Whitton, eſq. late of the Treaſury-office.——In Grafton-ſtr. Thomas Freeman, eſq. ſon of Francis Freeman, of Summer-hill, King's co. eſq.——Maſter Burgh, ſecond ſon of Thomas Burgh, of Oldtown, co. Kildare, eſq. He was unfortunately drowned in his father's demeſne. Having been engaged in raiſing ſome flowers in the garden, and going to the pond for water, it is conjectured that the watering-pot when full, being too heavy for his ſtrength, occaſioned his falling in.——At Dalky, co. Dublin, William Macartney, eſq. many years a repreſentative in parliament for the bo. of Belfaſt.——In Stewartſtown, co. Tyrone, Jane Dixon, widow, aged 103. It is worthy of remark, that her mother lived to the extraordinary age of 104.——At Newbawn, co. Dublin, Jeremiah Sullivan, eſq. an eminent attorney.——At Bath, *(England)* Mrs. Moore, relict of the late doctor Moore, of Dorſet-ſtreet, Dublin.——At Exeter, in England, the hon. Miſs O'Callaghan, daughter of the Rt. hon. lord Liſmore.——In Tralee, at the amazing age of 116 years, Joan Conway, the memorable antique mentioned ſome years ſince in the Gentleman's and London Magazine, and moſt of the Engliſh papers.

PROMOTIONS.

JAMES PLUNKET, of Rockſavage, co. of Monaghan, eſq. to be a juſtice of the peace, for the counties of Louth, Armagh and Monaghan.—The hon. Arthur Weſley, to be major of the 33d regiment of foot.——Archibald Butler, eſq. to be capt. in the 18th dragoons,——The Rt. hon. lord vicount Stopford, to be Lt. col. Narciſſus Huſon, eſq to be major, John Harvey, John Loftus Loftus, James Boyde, Ponſonby Tottenham and Henry Archer, eſqrs. to be captains in the co. of Wexford militia.

CIRCUITS OF THE JUDGES.

Summer Circuit 1793.	Leinster.	N. West.	N. East.	Connaug.	Munster.
	Juſtice Boyd JuſticeHewit	B. Power B. Hamilton	Lord Carlton Juſt. Crookſ.	Chief Baron Juſt. Downes	Juſt. Kelly B. Metge
Thurſday, *July* 18	Wicklow				
Monday, 22	Wexford	Mullingar	Trim	Roſcommon	
Wedneſday, 24					Waterford
Thurſday, 25		Longford		Carrick	
Saturday, 27	Kilkenny				
Monday, 29		Cavan	Dundalk	Sligo	Clonmel
Friday, *Auguſt* 2	Carlow	Enniſkillen	Downpatrick	Caſtlebar	
Monday, 5					Limerick
Tueſday, 6	Athy				
Wedneſday, 7				Galway	
Thurſday, 8		Omagh	Carrickferg.		
Friday, 9	Marybor.				
Wedneſday, 14	Philipſtown			Ennis	Tralee
Thurſday, 15			Armagh		
Friday, 16		Lifford			
Wedneſday, 21			Monaghan		
Friday, 23					Cork
Wedneſday, 28			Drogheda		

MILESIAN TRAIN B

Marching to Country Quarters.

BANDS

Wednesday,
Friday, 23
Wednesday, 28
Drogheda